

HANOVER
a bicentennial book
1761-1961

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Hanover, New Hampshire
a bicentennial book

*Essays in Celebration of
the Town's 200th Anniversary*

EDITED BY
FRANCIS LANE CHILDS

HANOVER
1961

The Hanover Bicentennial Committee

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THE Hanover Bicentennial Committee early in its planning for the celebration of the town's two hundredth anniversary conceived the idea of putting the town in possession, when the tumult and the shouting should be over, of some substantial and permanent memorial, and quickly decided that such a memorial should take the form of a book dealing with the town's history. This volume, which is the joint product of many minds, many hands and long months of labor, is the result of that decision.

The book is not in any way a formal or connected history of Hanover's two hundred years of existence. Frederick Chase's *History of Dartmouth College and the Town of Hanover, N. H.* (1891) and John K. Lord's *History of the Town of Hanover* (1928) cover more than the first century and a half in that way, and neither time nor money was available for doing that sort of task again. Instead, this is a volume of twenty-two independent chapters, each by a different author treating a separate topic of local historical interest. The variety of topics is of such spread as to cover in one way or another events and people from all sections of the town and from many periods of time.

Every town has its individual character. Hanover differs from all others in New Hampshire in having its special quality derive from the fact that from its earliest days a town and a college grew up here together. Seldom does anything happen in or to either of them without affecting the other. In these essays, however, while there are frequent references to college persons and college events, the emphasis has been preserved throughout on town persons and town events. Dartmouth College will observe its own bicentennial anniversary in 1969 and at or before that time will issue its own historical publications.

The editor and the able committee which assisted him are responsible for the general planning of the book, the selection of the topics to be dealt with, and the choice of writers to treat them, but the chapters follow no set pattern, for each writer was given

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freedom to develop his topic in whatever way seemed best to him. All have worked enthusiastically and diligently and have in their research investigated a vast amount of pertinent material, both documentary and orally transmitted. The resources of the Dartmouth College Library, including books and pamphlets, files of local newspapers, manuscript letters, diaries and the like preserved in the College Archives, have been graciously placed by the staff at the disposal of the various writers for this volume. All factual statements have been carefully checked; the absence of footnotes is due solely to the necessity of conserving space. In spite of great vigilance, however, it is probable that among so many names, dates and events some minor errors will have slipped by. For any such that may be found, we offer the readers our apologies and beg their forgiveness.

It is not possible here to thank by name all the great number of citizens who have so willingly assisted the writers in their task of bringing back to life the dead days of the past. This book is truly a community product. Not only has its publication been made possible by a generous grant of the town, voted in town meeting, but everyone who has been asked has responded readily in furnishing needed information. The making of this book has indeed touched the whole town from the River to Moose Mountain.

F.L.C.

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I

Of Colonial-Revolutionary Adventure

by Edward Connery Lathem

THE year 1760 marked the close of hostilities in the French and Indian War. With the surrender of Montreal to General Amherst on September eighth the British victory was complete, a victory that brought decisively to its conclusion the bitter series of struggles in which England, France and Spain had for so long contended with one another for supremacy in America.

It was a natural circumstance that from the war's end should spring new beginnings within the colonies, and not the least significant of these in New Hampshire was to be the opening up for settlement of previously ungranted land along and beyond frontiers which had until the coming of peace been so constantly "distressed by the enemy."

"During the war, the continual passing of troops through those lands," wrote the historian Jeremy Belknap, "caused the value of them to be more generally known; and when by the conquest of Canada, tranquillity was restored, they were eagerly sought. . . ." That New Hampshire's royal governor, Benning Wentworth, should also have favored an expansion of his domain is not to be wondered at when one recognizes that in terms of customary fees and presents, as well as through the liberal reservation of certain tracts for himself, the granting of new territory constituted, potentially, a very "lucrative branch" of his office.

In addition, there was still another factor which argued persuasively for promptness in disposing of these frontier areas: the presence there of squatters and wasters. The minutes of the provincial council in June of 1760, for example, reveal the following:

His Excellency [Governor Wentworth] also informed the Board that he had received advice that sundry ill disposed persons had entred upon the Kings lands on Connecticut river in this Province and had cut and made waist on the Kings timbers and was making settlements on his Maj^{ties} unappropriated lands in that quarter without lycence for so doing. . . .

Formal proclamations might well be sent forth "forbidding such

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practices &c upon sever penalties," but with the seat of authority so far distant as Portsmouth and with the likelihood of active legal enforcement equally remote, their effectiveness could hardly be great. The answer was not proclamations, but grantees—individuals with chartered rights and personal interests to protect; and clearly the first step toward the attainment of that goal was the laying out of the lands in question. Accordingly, as was recorded in a manuscript left behind by an early surveyor of the North Country,

. . . the Governor of New Hampshire, in the winter of 1760, concluded to extend his survey of Connecticut river above No. 4, as Charlestown, N. H. was then called, and commissioned Joseph Blanchard of Dunstable [now Nashua], to make the survey from the Northwestern corner of said No. 4 to the upper end of the Great Meadows, then known by the Indian name of the Co-os,—the lower Coos. Blanchard made his survey, mainly on the ice, in the month of March, of that year. Proceeding up the Connecticut, at the end of every 6 miles on a straight line, he marked a tree, on each side of the river, and numbered it for the corner of a township thereafter to be granted; and thus continued till he came to the extreme limit assigned him, which was at, or opposite to, the mouth of the Great, or as it is now called the Lower Ammonoosuck.

It was during December of this same year, 1760, that two gentlemen from Connecticut laid before the governor at Portsmouth one of the many petitions which he appears to have received with respect to the territory about to be granted. Acting as agents "for about Two hundred and forty others, Inhabitants of Windham County, in the Colony of Connecticut," Joseph Storrs and Edmund Freeman Jr. rehearsed to his Excellency, as Chase quotes:

That there is a tract of Land within his Majesty's said Province of New Hamp^e, at a Place called Cho-os, situate on both sides of Connecticut river, so called, commencing at Welles river where it emptys itself into Connecticut river afores^d, and from thence running northerly up said river about six miles, and southerly down said Connecticut about six miles, and carrying that Breadth Back Westerly about same distance; and also, one other Tract lying on the East side of the s^d river, opposite to the Tract above, and to carry the same Breadth Back Easterly the same distance from the said Connecticut river. Which two Tracts are capable of making Four Townships, and, as your Memorialists are informed, are as yet ungranted.

Wherefore your Petitioners and their associates Humbly Pray that they may be Indulged with a grant of the said Two Tracts of Land

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above Described, upon the usual conditions and reservations that his Majesty's Lands are commonly granted upon in this his Province; Your Petitioners now standing ready to enter upon and cultivate the same Immediately, and as early as Possible fullfill and Perform every article of their s^d Grant; and as in Duty Bound, they will ever Pray.

By summer Benning Wentworth was ready to act, and on July 4, 1761, he issued the first of the flood of charters that now began to pour forth from the provincial capital. (A total of seventy-eight, covering lands on both sides of the Connecticut, were sealed and dispatched during a period of but six months.) Four of the five July-fourth grants (including Hanover, Lebanon, Norwich, and Hartford; the fifth being Enfield) were made, substantially, to persons represented in the Storrs-Freeman petition, although the land awarded was much south of that for which they had particularly asked.

While the names assigned to the other of these towns seem obviously to have been drawn from communities in Connecticut wherein certain of the grantees resided, there has been some question regarding the origin of the designation "Hannover," as it was spelled in the charter. One local authority has declared that probably the derivation is

satisfactorily explained by the suggestion that there was at that time, in the Connecticut town of Norwich, a parish styled "Hannover," where the name indeed still persists, though the territory of the old parish has been divided among the towns of Lisbon, Windham, and Canterbury.

Others, however, have speculated that the governor may have given the name with direct reference to the reigning line of English kings, the House of Hannover, called after the German principality from which these monarchs had originated. Such action would, perhaps, have been particularly fitting as a mark of homage during that first year following the accession of George III.

The Hanover charter, still preserved among the town's papers, is a large printed form of the sort in general use at that period and differing from others only in the content of the manuscript entries made to fill out the various blank portions of the printed text:

P R O V I N C E o f N E W - H A M P S H I R E .

G E O R G E the Third,

By the Grace of GOD, of Great-Britain, France and Ireland,
KING, Defender of the Faith, &c.

To all Persons to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting.

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KNOW ye, that We of Our special Grace, certain Knowledge, and meer Motion, for the due Encouragement of settling a *New Plantation* within our said Province, by and with the Advice of our Trusty and Well-beloved BENNING WENTWORTH, Esq; Our Governor and Commander in Chief of Our said Province of NEW-HAMPSHIRE in *New-England*, and of our COUNCIL of the said Province; HAVE upon the Conditions and Reservations herein after made, given and granted, and by these Presents, for us, our Heirs, and Successors, do give and grant in equal Shares, unto Our loving Subjects, Inhabitants of Our said Province of *New-Hampshire*, and Our other Governments, and to their Heirs and Assigns for ever, whose Names are entred on this Grant, to be divided to and amongst them into *Sixty Eight* equal Shares, all that Tract or Parcel of Land situate, lying and being within our said Province of *New-Hampshire*, containing by Admeasurement, *Twenty Two Thousand 400 Acres*, which Tract is to contain five & five Sixths of Six Miles square, and no more; out of which an Allowance is to be made for High Ways and unimprovable Lands by Rocks, Ponds, Mountains and Rivers, One Thousand and Forty Acres free, according to a Plan and Survey thereof, made by Our said Governor's Order, and returned into the Secretary's Office and hereunto annexed, butted and bounded as follows, *Viz. Begining at a Hemlock Tree marked which is the North West Corner of Lebanon from thence South Sixty four degrees East Seven Miles by the North Line of Lebanon to the Corner thereof from thence North forty five degrees East Six Miles from thence North Sixty four degrees West Six Miles & three-Quarters to a White Pine Tree marked Standing on the Bank of the river Connecticut thence down the river to the first Bounds mentioned*

And that the same be, and hereby is Incorporated into a Township by the Name of *Hannover* And the Inhabitants that do or shall hereafter inhabit the said Township, are hereby declared to be Enfranchized with and Intitled to all and every the Priviledges and Immunities that other Towns within Our Province by Law Exercise and Enjoy. . . .

The grant, carrying provision for "the Liberty of holding *Two Fairs*" each year and a weekly Market, and establishing the time for the annual town meeting, was conveyed under the following conditions, also specified in the name of the king: that every grantee or his successors in interest must within five years "plant and cultivate" five out of every fifty acres of land held and, thereafter, "continue to improve and settle the same by additional Cultivations"; that "all white and other Pine Trees . . ., fit for Masting Our Royal Navy, be carefully preserved for that Use"; that before any of the township was otherwise allocated to the grantees "a Tract of Land as near the Centre of the said Township as the

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Land will admit of, shall be reserved and marked out for Town Lots, one of which shall be allotted to each Grantee of the Contents of one Acre"; that each year for ten years on the twenty-fifth of December "the Rent of one Ear of Indian Corn only" should be paid to the Crown; and, finally, that after the passage of ten years "Every Proprietor, Settler or Inhabitant, shall yield and pay unto Us, our Heirs and Successors yearly, and every Year forever, . . . on the twenty-fifth Day of *December*, . . . *One shilling* Proclamation Money for every Hundred Acres he so owns, settles or possesses, and so in Proportion for a greater or lesser Tract of the said Land . . . ; and this to be in Lieu of all other Rents and Services whatsoever."

On the reverse of the charter are found the names of the town's grantees or proprietors. Of the total of sixty-eight shares into which the proprietorship was divided, some fifty-odd were assigned to individuals included in the original Connecticut petition; others went to persons designated by the governor (a notorious form of patronage employed by Wentworth in providing for his family and friends, and a device that was ultimately to play a contributing part in his removal from the governorship); one share each was reserved for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, for a glebe for the Church of England, for the first settled minister, and for the benefit of a town school; and, last, equated as two shares was a tract of five hundred acres reserved for Governor Wentworth himself, whose canny practice it was to select a choice lot of such dimensions in each town he chartered.

The face of the land throughout the new town was, as Frederick Chase observed in his *History*, of a greatly diversified character:

Along the river were generally narrow intervalles, some of which have been since washed away, and immediately back of them high, rugged hills, through which in deep, narrow gorges numerous brooks rushed violently down to the river, affording at certain periods abundance of water-power. The hills, rising in what are substantially three or four successive ridges, culminate in Moose Mountain, which extends the whole length of the town near its eastern boundary, and reaches at one point the height of 2,350 feet above the sea.

Upon the western slope of the mountain Mink Brook, the principal stream of the town after the river, takes its rise, and flowing southward and westward, skirts the border just within the limits for upwards of three miles before it reaches the river. It was in early days a large and

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handsome stream, well stocked with trout and with mink, as its name implies. . . . The valley of this brook is, in places, of considerable width, and affords some fine intervalles,—superior indeed to those upon the lower levels of the river. Through the last four miles of its course, to within a mile of its mouth, the brook falls nearly four hundred feet, and offered in early days unsurpassed facilities for mills, more available to the settlers than the greater, but less manageable, power of the river. . . .

Except the intervalles, the whole town to the very top of the mountain was covered with heavy forest. . . . The wooded lowlands were wet, and settlements began invariably on the hills. There the soil, though often very productive, was (besides being covered with a heavy hard wood forest) generally stony, and sometimes barren, so that the town at first was not in high repute for fertility, but was accounted on the whole poor and unpromising. We learn from tradition that some years after the College had been placed here, a man who tried farming among the pines, on a river lot about a mile north of the college, becoming discouraged, offered to give his land to a neighbor if the latter would pay for the deed; and *the offer was refused*. . . . After a time the reputation of the town improved. Farmer and Moore, in their Gazetteer of 1820, describe it as having less waste land than any other town in Grafton County, one half being then under improvement. . . .

Although the charter was granted in 1761, it was to be four years before the first permanent settler arrived in Hanover. The intervening time was not, however, without activity with respect to the town. The first meeting of the proprietors (whose records from the outset carry the town's name as "Hanover," not adopting the Germanic spelling of the charter) was held at Mansfield, Connecticut, in late August, 1761. The organizational business consisted not only of electing officers and committees but included, also, a basic resolution

to proceed forthwith, and Mark out the Town lotts in the Town of Hanover, According to the Charter, And also to lott out the Meadow land in s^d Town into equa[l] shares among the Grantees and likewise to lay out an[o]ther Division in s^d Township to the Grantees at the Discretion of the Committee to be chosen for s^d purpose

At their second official gathering, held in January, 1762, the proprietors were able "to Receive and Confirm the doings of the Committee who were appointed to lay out some divisions in Hanover." That committee, acting under its instructions of the previous summer, had during October made a trip to the wilderness site and devoted its attention, first, to the "Town lotts," which the charter specified were to be situated as near as possible the

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geographic center of the town. The prescribed location proved to fall on a hillside area about a mile southeast of the present Hanover Center common. This established, a diagram of the tract was made by the committee, mapping it out in acre lots, each measuring ten by twenty rods, with "the space in the Middle of the plan and the spaces between the lotts . . . reserved for a Meeting house[,] Burying Yard[,] Training field[,] and Streets or highways." This plot, comprising "121 $\frac{3}{4}$ Acres," although intended as the place where population would be concentrated and wherein the life of the town would have its center, was, in point of fact, destined never to exist as Hanover's metropolis, save in the form of this "paper city" delineated in 1761.

Also charted by the five-man committee during its autumn visit were the river lots, which they described as "all abutting upon Connecticut River and lying parrallal with the N · E: line of said Town; Each lot contains 21 Acres and extending from sd River 160 rods. . . . And are 21 rods in Wedth upon square Measure." These long, narrow strips, which had been bounded along the river bank by the conventional practice of marking trees at appropriate distances, were sixty-six in number—one allowed for each proprietary share, except for the two shares held by Governor Wentworth, who had already made his shrewd reservation of five hundred acres in the town's southwest corner, and who was not, beyond the supplementary assignment of a town lot, to receive additional lands.

With these reports in hand, the proprietors proceeded to draw for both town and river lots "by putting the Number of Each lot on separate equal pieces of paper, into a Covered Hatt and then drawn out separately by two disinterested persons."

So began the apportioning of the town's land to its proprietors. In due course there would be made two different hundred-acre "divisions" (the first authorized in 1764 and finally assigned in 1767, the second voted in 1767 and laid out the following year), a complement of pine lots near the saw mill (in 1769), and another of sixty-acre lots (voted in 1773 and assigned in 1774). These divisions, together with a group of fifty-acre tracts "pitched" by many of the proprietors, and the mill lots, common land, and sizable gifts and grants (including the governor's lot) made to the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock and his college, are indicated on a map drawn in 1926 by Prof. J. W. Goldthwait, in which the inclusion of modern roads provides orientation for present-day reference.



HANOVER
Redrawn in 1961 by
ROBERT B. BARWOOD

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Next in importance to the laying out of the town was the provision of access to it, and this was looked to at a meeting of the proprietors in September 1762, when it was voted "to join with the proprietors of mo[re] or less Townships, upon Connecticut River in Clearing a Road from Charlstown to and thro' the several Townships which shall join in the Cost and Labour thereof." It was resolved, further, to assess a tax of five shillings Lawful Money upon each right or share toward financing the project. In the end, Hanover's portion of the expenses, borne jointly with Lebanon and Norwich, reached a total £26-10-0, as appears from the action taken a year and a half later in settling this account.

Attention now was intently focussed upon improvements within Hanover itself in further preparation for settlement. In 1764 a twelve-shilling tax was voted for the laying out and clearing of internal roads, each proprietor having the traditional option of paying either in cash or in work. The continuing development of town roads during succeeding years is documented by frequent references within the proprietors' records, including the following unhappy account, set down in December 1768, which seems also to suggest that Hanover's body of founding fathers was not entirely made up of individuals adhering to a rigid Puritan code of honesty and virtue:

Whereas this propriety at their Meeting 17th December 1767 voted to allow to Gideon Abbe 18 shillings for 6 days work on highways and to John Sargeant 12 shillings for 4 days work on highways it now appears to this Meeting that s^d Accounts were Misrepresented to s^d Meeting and that s^d Abbe had done but 2 days work and s^d Sargeant had done no work at all[;] it is now voted that s^d Abbey shall Receive and be allowed but 6 shillings of s^d 18/ and that s^d Sargeant shall not be allowed any part of s^d 12 shillings—

Up to 1765, Hanover was still uninhabited. The surveying groups and work parties that had come northward had, of course, remained only for short periods during seasons of favorable weather and then returned to Connecticut. Most of the proprietors, it should also be recognized, had not the slightest intention themselves of removing to the area that had been granted them. A few, to be sure, were genuinely bent upon becoming pioneers of the upper-Connecticut frontier, some others evidently saw in the township a means of providing opportunities for their children, but the great majority of the Hanover grantees, as was generally the case with other like proprietorships during this era, were par-

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ticipants in this undertaking solely for the purpose of deriving financial gain from what they regarded an "investment"; they were speculators, adventurers, promoters, interested in the land because of the hope and expectation of monetary gain. This fact is dramatically demonstrated by citing Chase's count that only ten of the town's sixty-eight original proprietors ever actually settled within it.

In the spring of 1765, however, Hanover was to have its first permanent settler in the person of Edmund Freeman 3d. One of the best informed among the proprietors regarding the town, having helped his father (the leading figure of the proprietorship) with surveying operations there, and having himself had a central responsibility for laying out and clearing roads, the twenty-eight-year-old Freeman arrived in Hanover in May with his wife and two small children, accompanied also by his brother Otis and several other young men. An additional handful of settlers came later that same season, and still more during the following year.

In the spring of 1767 the first children were born within the new town: a son on May 25 to Edmund and Sarah Freeman, followed in early June by a daughter in the family of Benjamin Royce. But it was increased immigration, not local births, that was to account for the principal enlargement of population in those first two years—as reflected in the provincial census of 1767 which records the presence of no fewer than twenty-six married couples, eleven unmarried men, sixteen boys, and thirteen unmarried females: a total of ninety-two.

With settlement under way, events now moved more swiftly in Hanover's development. On the same August day in 1761 that the proprietors had first met at Mansfield, they had also held, as a separate and distinct thing, the first town meeting. During the initial half-dozen years the two organizations—proprietorship and town—were in effect one; or, more accurately, the town organization was but a passive instrument of the proprietors, existing more in form and theory than in actuality. It met independently and elected its officers—a moderator, clerk, three selectmen, and constable—but it had no real business to transact, while the proprietorship, by contrast, was busily occupied with dividing up its land and in making the town appealing to potential settlers. Once settlement was fairly started, however, the situation quickly reversed itself, and the town organization began to function in response to, and reflection of, the needs of serving and regulating life within

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the growing community; whereas the proprietorship rapidly waned in both activity and importance.

The coming into its own of the town government took place in 1767. In July of that year the minutes of a town meeting for the first time proclaim the session to have been not of the proprietors but of "the Inhabitants" of the town, and the records immediately begin to reflect vigorous and expanding municipal enterprise. Just the number and kind of new officers elected to manage town affairs reveal, for example, something of this, as the moderator, clerk, selectmen, and constable were augmented by tythingmen, surveyors of highways, assessors, leather sealers, fence viewers, pound keepers, collectors of taxes and rates, deeriffs, sealers of weights and measures, hog howards, and even a choirester; as well as sundry committees for such purposes as "to procure preaching," to examine selectmen's accounts, to inspect and plan roads, "to pitch a place for a Meeting House," and to arrange for the installation of a settled minister. Along with these went, too, the raising of money for various purposes and improvements.

Clearly the greatest stimulus to the growth of Hanover was the establishment there in 1770 of Dartmouth College, a product of the vision and dedicated energies of Eleazar Wheelock and an outgrowth of the Indian charity school that he had conducted for a period of more than a decade previous. For varying reasons it had seemed desirable for Wheelock to remove his school from its Connecticut location and, simultaneously, as an extension and enlargement of the institution's scope, to direct attention to the education not only of Indians, but also of English youths as well. Several locations were considered, but finally the western part of New Hampshire was decided upon, and on December 13, 1769, the governor, on behalf of the king, issued the charter that brought the College into being.

Although liberal promises of land had been made to Doctor Wheelock to induce him to settle at various sites along the Connecticut, no "particular town or spot" had as yet been picked. Accordingly, in the spring of 1770, "as soon as the ways, and streams would allow," he set off, as he relates in a *Narrative* published the following year:

. . . I took the Rev. Mr. Pomer[o]y, and Esq; Gilbert, (a gentleman of known ability for such a purpose,) with me to examine thoroughly, and compare the several places proposed within the limits prescribed, for fifty or sixty miles on, or near said river; and to hear all the reasons,

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and arguments that could be offered in favour of each of them, in which service we faithfully spent eight weeks. And in consequence of our report, and representation of facts, the trustees unanimously agreed that the southwesterly corner of Hanover, adjoining upon Lebanon was the place above any other to fix . . . [the college] in; and that for many reasons, viz. 'Tis most central on the river—and most convenient for transportation up and down upon the river—as near as any to the Indians—convenient communication with Crown-Point on Lake Champlain—and with Canada, being less than sixty miles to the former, and one hundred and forty to the latter, and water carriage to each, excepting about thirty miles, (as they say) and will be on the road which must soon be opened from Portsmouth to Crown-Point—and within a mile of the only convenient place for a bridge across said river. . . .

With the determination of Hanover as the location for the college and charity school, Wheelock quickly cleared up his affairs in Connecticut and in August “returned again into the wilderness” to establish himself in the southwest part of town, where adjacent grants in both Hanover and Lebanon were to provide well over 3,000 acres for his college and himself:

. . . as there was no house conveniently near, I made a hutt of loggs about eighteen feet square, without stone, brick, glass or nail, and with 30, 40, and sometimes 50 labourers, appointed to their respective departments, I betook myself to a campaign.

I set some to digging a well, and others to build a house for myself and family, of 40 by 32 feet, and one story high, and others to build a house for my students of 80 by 32, and two stories high. They had so near finished my house, that by advice of principal workmen, I sent for my family and students, but when they had dug one well of 63 feet, and another of 40, and found no prospect of water, and I had found it therefore necessary to remove the buildings, I sent to stop my family, and try'd for water in six several places, between 40 and 70 rods, and found supply for both buildings—I took my house down and removed it about 70 rods. The message I sent to my family proved not seasonable to prevent their setting out—they arrived with near thirty students. I housed my stuff, with my wife, and the females of my family in my hutt—my sons and students made booths & beds of hemlock boughs, and in this situation we continued about a month, till the 29th day of October, when I removed with my family into my house. And though the season had been cold, with storms of rain and snow—two saw-mills failed, on which I had chief dependance for boards, &c. and a series of other trying disappointments, yet by the pure mercy of God, the scene changed for the better in every respect—the weather uncommonly favourable—new resources for the supply of boards, &c. till my

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house was made warm, and comfortable—a school-house built, and so many rooms in the college made quite comfortable, as were sufficient for the students which were with me; in which they find the pleasure, and profit of such a solitude; and since the settlement of the affair all, without exception, are sufficiently engaged in their studies.

Life in Hanover had not run its first decade before angry overtures of the forthcoming military clash with England began to penetrate even to so remote a North Country outpost. The town records of that era give succinct statements of steps taken locally as the erupting political situation within the colonies approached the verge of armed conflict.

August of 1774 found the townspeople meeting “in order to come into some resolves relative to a nonimportation agreement,” an anti-British action that had grown out of a meeting of the Committees of Correspondence held at Exeter during July. Six months later, in January 1775, the inhabitants were not only choosing “an agent to engage a man to come and make guns, and likewise to procure Ammunition,” but were also providing “to Furnish the Town with a sufficient stock of powder and Flints and lead as soon as can be.” Six weeks thereafter they convened once more, this time to vote

that we highly approve of the Measures entered into by the American Continental Congress held at Philadelphia last Summer and heartily adopt the association entered into by them in behalf of their Constituents; and that our hearty Thanks . . . are due to that reputable Body, and in particular to the Gentlemen who represented this province for thier indefatigable Zeal in concerting Measures for the security of the Liberties of the American Colonies against the attempts which have been made by desinging men to deprive us of them—

The passage of another six months found Eleazar Wheelock making the following fateful entry in his journal or “minutes of occurrences”:

June 16. the Noise of Cannon Supposed to be at Boston was heard all Day. 17. the Same Report of Cannon. We wait with Impatience to hear the Occasion & Event.

The occasion and event, despite the seeming incredibility that sound—even of artillery fire—could travel such a distance, appear veritably to have been that crescendo in the siege of Boston which climaxed with the Battle of Bunker Hill on the latter of the two dates. War, indeed, was now being waged in earnest, and but a

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year hence—fifteen years to the very day from the date of Hanover's chartering—delegates in Congress would boldly pronounce America's Declaration of Independence.

During these same years there had also been brewing in Hanover and its surrounding territory another revolutionary movement which, although it was barely to take on a military character, would nonetheless prove, politically, to be a campaign as belligerently fought as the attempt on the part of the colonies as a whole to free themselves of British rule.

It is hardly surprising that these "back settlements," far removed from the center of government and in less-advanced stages of development, should have differed markedly in interests from the other, older sections of New Hampshire; and perhaps it was inevitable that serious conflict should have arisen between them. Trouble, at any rate, was precipitated in abundance following the adoption by the Provincial Assembly at Exeter, late in 1775, of a scheme of representation to which Hanover and its neighboring towns violently objected as being inequitable and unjust. This dissatisfaction, protracted over many months and finally not assuaged, was to give rise to two particular developments during the winter of 1777-78: the transformation of the College district of Hanover into a separate town and the confederation of this new town, as well as Hanover itself and several others along the east bank of the Connecticut, with the recently organized independent state of Vermont.

From the beginning it had been expected that the College area would, in and of itself, constitute a municipality. As early as July 1770, before Wheelock actually established his students on the Plain, the town had appointed a committee "to treat with Governor Wentworth and the Trustees of Dartmouth College respecting setting off a part of said Town as a distinct district to s^d College"; and, again, the following March,

It was put to vote to see whither the Town will comply with the condition of fixing Dartm^o. College in the Town of Hanover required by the Trustees of s^d College Viz. that s^d Towns of Hanover and Lebanon previously petition the Legislature that a contiguous part of at least three miles square in said Hanover and Lebanon: be set of[f] and incorporated into a distinct and separate parrish under the immediate Jurisdiction of the College—passed in the Affirmative—

Voted that we do agree that said tract may be set of[f] as a parrish or Town as shall be tho't best . . . Voted that the Rev^d Dr Wheelock be

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our Agent to petition the General Assembly for the abovesaid incorporation—

The town's consent to such a separation was also reaffirmed five years later at its March meeting in 1775, and Wheelock was once more designated its representative for the achievement of that end.

When at last, early in 1778, the grievances of towns in the Hanover region reached a point beyond either containment or placation, the long-awaited opportunity for partitioning the College district was at hand; and on February nineteenth its independence was proclaimed by its inhabitants as "a separate town by the name of Dartmouth." Later, due to the realization that "Dartmouth" had already been assigned to the town now called Jefferson, the name was changed to Dresden.

The following spring the spirit of secession rose irrepressibly all along the upper Connecticut as towns of "the New Hampshire Grants (so called), east of Connecticut River," acted to join with the great body of towns of the "N. Hampshire Grants west of sd river," including those from "beyond the mountains"—towns that lately had renounced the authority that New York, despite their New Hampshire charters, had been given over them by the king in 1764 and which had, out of the "New Connecticut" movement, formed autonomous Vermont.

Through referendums held on both sides of the river the union of the New Hampshire communities with Vermont was mutually agreed to, and on June 11, 1778, the state legislature, meeting at Bennington, formally admitted Dresden, Lebanon, Lyme and thirteen other towns. Hanover had not yet taken action, but on July thirtieth it followed suit when its voters resolved "That this Town do Join with the State of Vermont for the same Reasons, and on the same Conditions that a number of the other Towns on the New-Hampshire Grants have already Joined said State."

The story of the events that followed as President Wheelock (until his death in 1779), Bezaleel Woodward, and the other leaders of the Dresden or "College Party" vied for advantage and control with Ethan and Ira Allen and their associates of the "Bennington Party" is a rare tale liberally sprinkled with trickery and intrigue.

It is plain that from the outset one of the objects of the "College Party" was to make Dresden the capital of independent Vermont. But this was not to be, and after only a few troubled months, the connection with Vermont of the towns east of the river was formally dissolved.

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By the following autumn a different course was being pursued, as is evident from Hanover's vote at a town meeting on November twenty-ninth, wherein were prescribed

the following instructions to the delegates appointed by this Town to attend the Convention at Dresden Viz That they use thier influence that measures be taken to obtain an establishment of a distinct State on s^d New-Hampshire Grants on both sides of the River, and 2^{dly} if that be [not] obtained that the whole belong to New-Hampshire—

The attempt was now to be the uniting, through one or the other of these two approaches, of towns east of the river with those in Vermont east of the Green Mountains, thus subverting the "Bennington Party" by excluding most of its areas from the proposed union. In a surprise move in the spring of 1781, however, the rebel New Hampshire towns, now substantially enlarged in number, were again made part of Vermont in another ill-fated adhesion that was to last barely ten months before being once more repudiated by the state assembly at Bennington.

Various elements in a period of pronounced tension and confusion now joined to sweep away all possibility either of the establishment of a separate state or of a boundary for New Hampshire other than the natural one provided by the river. Despite widespread defection from the now-hopeless cause, Hanover and Dresden persisted down to 1783 in tenaciously opposing "unconditional submission" to New Hampshire's jurisdiction and authority. At the end of that year, however, their resistance, too, was abandoned, and Hanover submissively became a part of New Hampshire once again, while after approximately six years of independent existence, Dresden, except for that segment of its area duly returned to Lebanon, was quietly absorbed back within the Hanover township.

Both the revolution against England and that of the upper-Connecticut valley were now over—one victoriously, with the prize of American sovereignty; the other abortively, in dispiriting failure. But the end of these two conflicts provided again the setting for fresh beginnings—beginnings that would include the adventure of a new nation, as the United States took substantial form, was strengthened and grew. And from out of this colonial-revolutionary background the story of Hanover, like that of state and nation, was also to develop and enlarge through the movements, actions, and events that would form new chapters of its continuing narrative as the town entered upon its unfolding future.

The Town's Prehistory

by John B. Lyons

FROM the perspective of one's lifetime, or even from that of 200 years of history, the landscape about us is unchanging. We are conscious of artificial inroads on our natural environment, and of the generally small changes which our culture impresses on the face of the earth. By and large, however, the hills and valleys about us may well be thought of, with what is actually a considerable stretch of poetic license, as everlasting.

Thus it is with Hanover. The forest has been cleared, the ground cultivated, and a town and college have spread over the countryside. Despite this, the river still flows past us, just as it has for eons of prehistoric time. The gullied plain has been built upon, but its outlines remain essentially unchanged. And the hills and intervalles of the township are almost exactly as they must have been when the first Indians penetrated this region thousands of years ago.

From the perspective of millions of years of geologic time, however, some of the seemingly commonplace and insignificant phenomena about us take on vastly greater importance. The soil and the bedrock of Hanover are constantly being disintegrated and dissolved; under the influence of rainfall and gravity the products of weathering eventually reach the streams, and are swept toward the ocean. This gradual wasting away of the land is almost immeasurably slow. Nevertheless, stretched out over periods of thousands or millions of years, its effects are immense. To take an example—between its mouth and Sand Hill (at the eastern edge of the Hanover precinct), Mink Brook has excavated approximately sixty million cubic yards of silt and sand within the past 11,000 to 14,000 years. Or using a different measure of time, the entire town of Hanover has lost approximately 150 cubic miles of bedrock to erosive processes during the last 300 million years.

The bedrock is the town's ancient and strong underpinning. It is the substructure on which we confidently rest our heaviest buildings; it is also the source to which we turn for artesian water

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and other natural resources. Through some mysterious osmosis, it is also the substance which is alleged (in song, at least) to enter the heart and brain of each Dartmouth man.

Under the Hanover plain the bedrock is generally hidden beneath 40 to 140 feet of glacially-deposited silt, save for those places such as College Park where it pokes up through this covering. Throughout most of the rest of the town the bedrock is buried by bouldery soil (glacial till) varying in thickness up to 100 feet.

Perhaps the best mental picture of the structural and geometric arrangement of Hanover's bedrock was suggested thirty years ago by the late Professor J. W. Goldthwait, when he wrote, "The pattern is like that on a surface of a plank of quartered oak, where the curved and bent layers of the wood fiber are intersected by the planed surface of the board, in zigzags and ellipses." The curved and bent layers of the Hanover area are a group of green or black schist formations which trend north-northeasterly across the town. Two large knots of granite divert the schists into ellipsoidal trends about them. The more westerly of these, the Lebanon granite, has a maximum length in a northeasterly direction of six miles; it extends from Lord's Hill (a mile west of Hanover Center) to Farnum Hill in Lebanon. The western slopes of Balch Hill and the village of Etna coincide respectively with the western and eastern boundaries of this granite.

A much larger body, the Mascoma granite, underlies all of Hanover east of Moose Mountain, as well as large portions of the towns of Canaan, Enfield, and Lyme. The Mascoma granite extends for sixteen miles in a north-south direction, and has a maximum width (east of Moose Mountain) of six and a half miles.

How did the bedrock form, and how far back can we trace its history? Four hundred and fifty million years ago, all of New England was an arm of the Atlantic. The ocean, at that time, had its western shore-line near the present Adirondacks and the upper St. Lawrence Valley. At the site of Hanover, black muds, volcanic rocks, and sands gradually accumulated in great layers over the ocean floor during an interval of at least 75 million years. As sedimentation progressed the ocean bottom gradually subsided, and a 25,000 to 40,000-foot blanket of detritus was amassed.

This process of marine sedimentation was terminated, approximately 375 million years ago, when the earth's crust throughout northern New England was crumpled, and temporarily elevated above sea level. Here and there small bodies of molten granite

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worked their way upward from deeper levels within the earth, shouldering aside the bedrock, and reaching positions where they eventually congealed. One of these granites is now exposed a half mile west of White River Junction; another holds up the cliffs at Fairlee, Vermont.

Hanover's first episode of continental existence lasted for only a few millions of years. The newly emerged land was soon reduced by erosion, and the sea once more encroached over New England. The first sediment deposited on the ocean floor by this new marine advance was a layer of quartz sand and quartz pebbles, on the average 50 to 200 feet thick. This material has subsequently been transformed into the hard, resistant quartzite whose outcropping now forms the backbone of Moose Mountain.

Following the cycle of sand and pebble deposition, the ocean over New England became warm, shallow and clear. In this hospitable environment, corals, shellfish and other marine organisms flourished, much as they do in present-day subtropical oceans. Simultaneously a succession of limestones was deposited on top of the sand and pebble beds. Some of the limestone beds consisted almost wholly of shell accumulations, but the deposit as a whole was very thin, and none of it is preserved, unfortunately, within the limits of Hanover.

The interval of limestone deposition was followed by one in which the ocean floor received an increasing quantity of black mud, which eventually accumulated during a 20-million year interval, to a thickness of 10,000 feet. Then a second cycle of crustal upheaval, more violent than the first, again gripped New England, permanently elevating the entire area above sea level. The region was squeezed as though in a gigantic vise, and the rocks were crumpled into tight north-northeasterly trending folds. In the area about Hanover the rocks were also heated to temperatures of 700 to 800 degrees Fahrenheit. As a consequence, and also because they were being simultaneously deformed, the original rocks laid down on the ocean floor were transformed or metamorphosed into green amphibole schists (formerly volcanic ash beds or lava flows), black schists (formerly black muds) or quartzites (formerly sands); these are the rocks which now underlie much of Hanover.

Toward the close of this major cataclysm, molten granite once more worked its way upward from the deeper levels of the earth. Two great bulbous masses rose into the Hanover area, both of

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them punching their way upward while arching and draping the metamorphic rocks over their roofs. From recently determined radioactive age measurements we know that this event occurred 310 million years ago; this is the age of our youngest extensive bedrock formations—the Lebanon and Mascoma granites.

The structural framework of Hanover was thus complete, with a minor exception. A few 10- to 20-foot wide sheets of magma forced their way upward 180 million years ago, and solidified as trap dikes. These rocks, however, are rare; the best exposed dike trends east-west for a mile and a half across the countryside about midway between Etna and Hanover Center.

For more than 300 million years, and until the recent past, the only significant event in Hanover's slow evolution has been the etching of the landscape by erosion. All in all, a thickness of at least four miles of bedrock has been slowly peeled away. In the process, the harder and more resistant rocks have gradually emerged above their surroundings. Thus Balch Hill and Velvet Rocks, underlain by Lebanon granite, rise 400 feet above the general level of the amphibole schists which wrap around the granite on the west. Moose Mountain, underlain by hard quartzite, rises 800 feet above the average elevation of the less resistant black schists forming the bedrock east of Etna. By the time of the Pleistocene glaciation, the topography east of the town had achieved much of its present essential outlines.

The Pleistocene ice ages, which commenced a half-million years ago, were marked by four cycles of accretion and subsequent wastage of continental glaciers. Focal points of maximum glacier growth were in the Hudson Bay region and in Labrador, and the ice spread unevenly southward from these centers on at least four separate occasions. Only during the last, or Wisconsin, advance did the glaciers reach New England, and then in such great volume as to completely overwhelm the land, burying the White Mountains, and extending as far south as the present site of Long Island. Thus, no more than 20,000 to 25,000 years ago, Hanover lay buried beneath at least a mile thickness of ice.

A continental glacier functions much like a bulldozer, scraping up the alluvium and loose rock caught in its path, churning them about as it continues its slow, relentless advance, and eventually spreading a rubble of intermixed clay and boulders over the countryside. Such a mass of till has been plastered over the local terrain, obscuring the bedrock over most of the area lying above

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the general level of the Hanover plain. Some of the boulders in this till originated hundreds of miles to the north, in Canada; others are of more local origin. Here and there beneath the till, especially on freshly uncovered outcrops, are gouges and striae left on the bedrock by boulders dragged along under the ice cap. Hayes Hill east of Etna abounds in such vestiges of the vanished glacier.

The evolution of the Hanover plain belongs to a segment of late-glacial history. Following the glacial climax, New England was slowly uncovered as the ice wasted down and retreated northward. According to Lougee and Antevs, who have studied the glacial geology of the Connecticut Valley, natural till dams were left behind at several places as the ice melted away, notably near East Haddam, Connecticut. Glacial meltwaters pouring down the valley were impounded behind this dam, and as the ice slowly retreated northward, the dammed water spread in the same direction, eventually inundating Hanover, and extending for 160 miles up the Connecticut Valley to near Lyme, New Hampshire. Lougee has called this great body of water Lake Hitchcock. A somewhat younger and lower stage of this lake, extending from the Massachusetts line to beyond St. Johnsbury, Vermont, has been termed Lake Upham.

Glacial meltwater streams, flowing either in crevasses on the ice or in tunnels beneath it, transport large volumes of coarse gravel. When the ice has disappeared from a region the sites of these former stream channels are marked by sinuous gravel ridges, termed eskers. Such an esker may be traced discontinuously for twenty-four miles from Thetford to Windsor, Vermont. The esker crosses the Connecticut and enters Hanover just south of the mouth of Camp Brook. It forms Occom Ridge and River Ridge, and continues southward for two-thirds of a mile below the town line, where it again recrosses the river near Wilder, Vermont. This fortuitous coincidence of geology and geography has given the town its most valuable mineral resource—several million cubic yards of gravel.

The esker, when first formed, stood as high as 150 feet above the ground on either side. It was soon immersed, however, in the waters of Lakes Hitchcock and Upham, and almost buried by the deposits formed in those lakes.

The sediments which were deposited in Lakes Hitchcock and Upham are of two varieties, deltaic gravels and varved (banded)

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silts. It is a well-established, easily-observable fact that the topmost beds of deltas form at, or very close to water level. Two delta deposits recognizable in Hanover, one with an elevation of 657 feet at Cutting Corner, south of Etna, and the other with an elevation of 565 feet at Sand Hill, are taken by Lougee to represent the respective water levels of Lakes Hitchcock and Upham. This would imply, during the life of Lake Hitchcock, a depth of more than 130 feet of water at the present site of Hanover plain, and a depth of more than thirty-five feet of water during the life of Lake Upham.

Varved silt, the other type of sediment which formed in these glacial lakes, is exposed in almost every excavation on the Hanover plain, and in a classic locality at the cutbank on Mink Brook, immediately south of the town. The varved silts have a maximum thickness of 140 feet at Hanover, but an average thickness considerably less than this. It is thought by some geologists that the varves represent seasonal deposits, the tan silt layers corresponding to material brought in during the spring and early summer floods, and the gray layers representing the fall deposits, with their higher content of clayey and carbonaceous material. Thus a light and dark band—a varve—may be interpreted as a year's deposit of silt. At the Mink Brook cut there are fifty varves from the bottom of the brook up to a height of forty feet above the stream bed. This is succeeded by a layer of sand, twenty-one feet thick, and then by 600 thin varves. The exposure has been interpreted by Lougee and Antevs as indicating fifty years in the history of Lake Hitchcock, an interruption (represented by the sand) during which the lake level was being rapidly lowered, and a succeeding interval of 600 years in the life of Lake Upham.

Varves vary in thickness, probably because of climatological factors. It is possible, in clay pits or exposures which are not separated by more than a few miles, to find corresponding variations in the relative thicknesses of the varve layers. However, the relative position of a varve representing a given year's deposit may vary from pit to pit. For example, one of the lowest varves in a pit at Piermont apparently correlates with a varve which is number 151 from the bottom in a pit at West Lebanon. This correlation can only mean that there was glacial ice but no lake at Piermont at the time varves commenced to form at West Lebanon. Evidently it took 150 years for the ice front to retreat the twenty-seven miles between these two points. The glacial lake pre-

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sumably spread northward between these two points at an average rate of approximately 900 feet per year. Using evidence such as this, and on the basis of a study of numerous clay pits between St. Johnsbury, Vermont and Hartford, Connecticut, Antevs has concluded that it required almost 4,000 years for Lake Hitchcock to spread from Hartford, Connecticut, as far north as Lyme, New Hampshire, and that Lake Upham, which eventually reached as far north as East Burke, Vermont, lasted for an additional 600 years. According to our best estimate, these events occurred somewhere in the interval between 17,000 and 11,000 years ago.

At the time the impounded meltwaters were eventually released from Lake Upham, all of Hanover west of Balch Hill and Velvet Rocks was a featureless plain. As the Connecticut reestablished its course, however, it cut down rapidly through the soft lake silts. Tributaries such as Mink, Girl, and Camp Brooks again became active, sluicing out thousands of tons of silt, and producing the gullied topography of the present town. The process still goes on, but at a reduced rate; it will continue until, thousands of years hence, Hanover is reduced to the general level of the Connecticut.

Some of the post-glacial drainage features of Hanover merit further brief comment. It was pointed out by Goldthwait, thirty years ago, that Girl Brook and Mink Brook have cut well-developed terraces and now-abandoned stream meander scars high above their present stream channels. These terraces are small-scale duplications of the larger terraces so conspicuous along both banks of the Connecticut throughout most of its course. What is their significance and history? It is probable that most of the terraces along the Connecticut and its tributaries formed at times when the process of gradual downcutting by the river was temporarily halted because of a bedrock obstruction in the stream channel. In this eventuality, that part of the river above the obstruction commences to meander from side to side, creating a flat floodplain at river level. If the river finally cuts its way around the downstream obstruction, its bed is abruptly lowered, and the recently-cut plain becomes a terrace perched above the river or stream.

Another conceivable explanation of terracing is related to the phenomenon of glacial rebound. The earth's crust is considerably weaker than we generally imagine, and it was strongly depressed, perhaps below sea level, by the Pleistocene ice cap. When the glacier retreated from New England, the crust eventually re-

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bounded to something close to its former elevation. A good indication of post-glacial tilting in the Connecticut Valley is recorded by the deltas formed close to the shoreline of ancient Lake Hitchcock. At one time these must have all been at the same level, yet today they decline from an elevation of 657 feet at Etna to approximately 100 feet near Middletown, Connecticut. The average rate of southward post-glacial crustal tilt throughout the valley is, thus, approximately four feet per mile. If the rebound which has caused this tilting is intermittent, it may account for some of the terracing. During periods of no uplift, the river may establish a gentle drainage gradient, and a flat floodplain. If the crust suddenly rises, the river must downcut rapidly to reestablish a smooth gradient; in this process the previous floodplain is abandoned, and may be preserved as a terrace above the new and lower river level.

With the preceding discussion of terracing, we have now followed the thread of history 450 million years into the present. To round off the picture, a brief survey of the mineral resources created during this long time span is, perhaps, appropriate. One might wish that he could write more glowingly about this facet of the town's development, but the facts are hard to improve. To Chase, writing his 1891 *History of Dartmouth College and Hanover, N. H.*, the record of mineral productivity seemed so dismal as to prompt the comment that the town's mineral wealth, "whatever it is, so far as is known, lies above ground."

History, unfortunately, does much to buttress this gloomy assessment. Even so common and necessary an agricultural commodity as limestone does not occur within the town limits, and the early settlers of Hanover were obliged to obtain their supplies from quarries in the hills east of Plainfield, twelve miles to the south. According to a note left by the late Professor J. W. Goldthwait, Slade Brook in the northwestern portion of Hanover is misnamed, and should be called Slate Brook because of a 1785 deed which reserves two acres for the Freeman slate quarry, a venture fated for swift oblivion. Copper ore, similar to that which has been mined so successfully at South Strafford and Ely, Vermont, has been known for at least seventy-five years in areas a mile north and a mile west of Mt. Tug, but not in sufficient abundance or richness to tempt even the most optimistic promoter. About thirty-five years ago Mr. Harley Camp of Etna opened a small flagstone quarry in the black schists a mile and a

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half east of the village, on the south side of the road crossing Hayes Hill toward Ruddsboro. Several yards of material were quarried and used in Etna and Hanover, but the demand at that time was not high, and the venture was allowed to lapse. Lord's 1928 account of the history of Hanover cites brickyards in three localities in the early town. There is, however, no mention of a kiln and it seems likely that the Hanover clays were never exploited. According to Mr. Harley Camp, gold was found seventy-five years ago on the ridge behind the home of W. H. Hart in Etna village. The find, evidently, was a curiosity rather than a mineral deposit, and has long since been forgotten. Kyanite, an aluminum silicate with excellent refractory properties, occurs at Hayes Hill in Etna. Despite a 1941 publication by Dr. H. M. Bannerman describing the deposit, it still awaits drilling and possible development.

Of the mineral commodities significant in the town's economy, gravel and granite are the only ones which have had any extensive use or value. Mascoma granite from the Tilton quarry (two miles south of Goss Neighborhood and a mile east of Moose Mountain) was used, until seventy-five years ago, for the foundations of many of the homes in Etna. Lebanon granite has been quarried from many places in the area east of Hanover during the first 125 years of the town's history. The locations of the old workings and the building purposes for which the granite was quarried are set forth in some detail in the second volume of Hitchcock's *Geology of New Hampshire* (1877) and are therefore not repeated here. However, the only use made of the granite within recent times has been for crushed rock. The Sullivan quarry at the east edge of Chase field was the source of the aggregate used in the concrete of the Alumni Gymnasium, built in 1907-1908. It also, for a while, functioned as a source of road metal, but the pit has now been closed for forty years. Bedrock quarrying within the town was last carried on about thirty years ago, when the New Hampshire Highway Department opened a working for crushed stone road metal in the green hornblende schists cropping out along the east side of Lyme Road, near the mouth of Camp Brook. This venture likewise suffered an early demise.

The sand and gravel pits in the esker, at the Record and Cummings pits two and a half miles north of town, and at the Edgerton pit on Mink Brook are undoubtedly Hanover's most valuable natural resource. If one adds to their output the value of the production of sand and gravel from the Sand Hill delta (the pits are now

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covered by Storrs Road and its houses) and of the Cutting Corner delta (at Etna) our debt to the Pleistocene glaciers is obvious.

One valuable resource which is neither mineable nor exhaustible, nor doomed for discard by the march of progress, is the rolling and picturesque countryside we are fortunate enough to inhabit. For this prized possession the town is indebted to the slow march of 450 million years of time.

3

The River

by William Randall Waterman

WITH the completion of the great power dam at Wilder late in 1950 the Connecticut River at Hanover acquired the character of an extensive, if narrow, lake. Upon this well-controlled and attractive body of water Dartmouth crews now practice and race, canoes glide quietly about, and outboard motors whine noisily. Occasionally a water skier displays his skill and a fisherman tries his luck. Of commercial activity there is none.

But if the river at Hanover has become something of an aquatic playground, such was far from being true in the early history of the town. For the first settlers the river offered a means of transportation to their new homes. The second family to settle in the town, Jonathan Lord with his wife and child, came up the river in a pine canoe in the spring of 1766. Others, no doubt, brought their families and simple household goods to Hanover in similar manner or in winter over the river ice. It was on the river, too, that the early settlers journeyed to the grist mill at Charlestown (Old Number Four), for Hanover's first mill on Mink Brook, in what is now Etna, was not built until 1769.

For upwards of forty years the river provided our forefathers with almost the only means of freighting their goods to and from the outside world. Well before the Revolution the transportation needs of Hanover and the upper valley of the Connecticut were being met by enterprising flatboatmen. In 1773 Benjamin Wright and Son were engaged in such a business, bringing goods up the river for the College. These early flatboats plied between the falls. Around the falls the goods were transhipped by ox carts or horse wagons, to the profit of the neighboring farmers. Of these early flatboats little is known, but in the golden age of flatboating on the Connecticut they were, above Bellows Falls, some sixty feet in length and ten feet wide with the floor rising gently at either end. For use in favorable winds they carried a mast amidship with a large square sail. Downstream the boat moved with the current, steered by a great oar at the stern. Upstream the main dependence was on poling. For this purpose there were walkways on either side

The River

of the boat. The polemen planted their long iron-tipped white ash poles firmly in the river bed, rested the upper end against their shoulders, and walked from bow to stern. This method of progress, about a mile an hour, was known as a "white ash breeze." It was laborious work, producing large shoulder calluses which were toughened by liberal applications of rum. Between Wells River and Hartford, Connecticut, the round trip took about thirty days, the customary freight charges being \$20 per ton upstream and \$10 downstream. From Hanover the time and charges were probably somewhat less.

Such were the transportation facilities that served Hanover until well into the nineteenth century. Up the river came both necessities and luxuries—"A General Assortment of English and West India Goods." Downstream in payment our ancestors sent such country produce as potash and pearlash, ginseng, butter, cheese, beeswax, grain, furs and pork, as well as shingles and lumber in the form of logs. For the convenience of the residents and merchants of Hanover and Norwich there were flatboat landings on either side of the river where the bridge now stands.

The growth of population and of trade following the Revolution brought an increasing demand in the upper valley of the Connecticut for better transportation facilities. The answer appeared to lie in improving the navigation of the river. The chief obstacles to such improvement were the falls, of which there were six between Hanover and Hartford, Connecticut. In the valleys of the Potomac, the Mohawk and the Schuylkill about the same time, the solution to the problem of effectively "harnessing the rivers" was found to be in "locking the falls," that is, in circumventing the falls by a system of locks and canals. With such a project in mind on the Connecticut, the legislatures of New Hampshire and Vermont in 1792 incorporated a "Company for Rendering Connecticut River Navigable by Bellows Falls." Similar companies were soon organized to lock the remaining falls and by 1810 the river was opened to through flatboat traffic from Wells River to Hartford.

The interest of Hanover in these efforts to improve the navigation of the river lay in the White River Falls. These were about a mile and a half below the Hanover landing and just over the line in Lebanon near what is now Wilder, Vermont. Here the river fell thirty-seven feet in less than a mile, passing over three rock bars, the great fall being at the middle bar. It was at these falls that

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Major Rogers and a remnant of his Rangers, returning from their raid on the village of the St. Francis Indians in the fall of 1759, wrecked their raft and almost met disaster as they "very narrowly escaped being carried over them by the current." The falls, indeed, had long been noted for their violence and the necessity of a long carry.

In June 1792 the New Hampshire Legislature incorporated the White River Falls Bridge Company with authority to lock the falls, cut canals, and build a toll bridge within the limits of a grant extending from the mouth of Mink Brook in Hanover to the eddy below the lower bar in Lebanon. The incorporators were Aaron Hutchinson, a well-to-do lawyer and Justice of the Peace of Lebanon, General Ebenezer Brewster, one-time steward of the College and Hanover innkeeper, and Major Rufus Graves, a Dartmouth graduate and Hanover merchant. As it turned out, the White River Falls Bridge Company soon lost interest in the falls, concentrating its attention on the toll bridge.

That the White River Falls were eventually locked was due to the enterprise and energy of Mills Olcott. In March 1806 one Gordon Whitmore, who operated mills at the falls, persuaded Olcott to join him in constructing a "slip" about the existing dam for the purpose of passing lumber by the falls. The estimated cost was \$300. It soon became apparent, however, that more extensive works were needed, and, Whitmore being without capital, Olcott agreed to advance the funds for the building of an adequate system of dams and locks. To secure the future of his project Olcott now petitioned the New Hampshire Legislature for the privilege of locking the falls and levying tolls. The petition was granted; and the White River Falls Company was incorporated June 12, 1807, Olcott being the sole incorporator. By the terms of incorporation the Company was permitted to set its own tolls for a period of twelve years.

For four difficult years Olcott struggled with his problem. Time and again freshets partially destroyed the dams and locks, and on one occasion led to the drowning of three of the workmen. Whitmore as superintendent proved incompetent and had to be replaced. Financially Olcott was forced to extend his credit to the limit, borrowing money at twelve and even eighteen per cent.

The works, on the New Hampshire side of the river, were finally opened to traffic in the spring of 1810. They consisted of a dam and three locks at the upper falls (that is, the middle bar, the

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upper bar having been adequately covered by the raising of the dam) and a dam and two locks at the lower bar. Instead of an investment of \$300 as originally contemplated, the works had cost nearly \$23,000 plus some \$5,000 interest on borrowed money. Subsequent litigation in which Olcott had to defend the interests of his Company must have raised the total cost to nearly \$40,000.

Although the opening of the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike in 1804, and later of the Coos and Grafton Turnpikes, diverted much of the freight traffic from the river, Olcott insured the success of his venture by persuading the New Hampshire Legislature to enact two important measures. The first of these forced the lumber interests to float their logs down river in great rafts made up of "boxes," 60' by 12', which could be detached from the rafts, passed through the locks and reunited below. It was this measure, according to Olcott, that made his works profitable. The second measure, passed in recognition of the heavy costs of construction, freed the White River Falls Company from taxation for a period of ten years. As already noted the Company had been given the right to set its own tolls, a privilege it continued to exercise long after the original grant had lapsed. For many years these tolls, the highest on the river, were \$1.00 per ton for merchandise and lumber and \$2.00 for each boat. From the record of toll receipts, kept for upwards of half a century, it would appear that Olcott's foresight had paid off in "most ample and satisfactory returns."

Following the death of Mr. Olcott in 1845 and that of Mrs. Olcott three years later, the Company was re-incorporated as the White River Falls Corporation with plans to utilize the power at the falls for manufacturing. Although nothing came of this, the locks were maintained a few years longer until the coming of the railroad in 1847 ended what was left of the freight traffic on the river, and the closing of the locks and canal at Bellows Falls in 1858 brought the lumber traffic to a close. And so the story of Olcott's locks passed into history, though the Corporation retained its franchise until 1881 when it passed into other hands.

Up to the middle 1820's efforts to improve the navigation of the Connecticut above Hartford had been confined to the building of locks and canals about the falls. Now came more grandiose schemes. Impressed by the success of the Erie Canal, and caught up in the resulting canal craze, the "Canalites" proposed the construction of a canal paralleling the river from Northampton to Barnet, Vermont. On the other hand the "Riverites" would merge

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the existing canal and lock companies on the river into a single corporation, build additional dams, locks and canals, and develop an extensive system of slack water navigation. Despite a vigorous and ably conducted propaganda campaign by both groups nothing was done. The capital was just not available. Hanover and Norwich were never to enjoy the benefits of cheap canal transportation.

In a final effort to provide better transportation facilities for the upper Connecticut valley the Connecticut River Valley Steamboat Company undertook in 1831 to build and operate six little steamboats to run between the falls, the existing locks and canals being too narrow to pass steamboats of sufficient size and power for effective use on the river. In late June, 1831, however, the smallest of the boats, the *John Ledyard*, made an experimental voyage up the river from Hartford. Ably piloted by Captain Sam Nutt of White River, the little steamboat, a stern wheeler, passed gaily up through the locks and canals. No doubt Hanoverians were at the falls or on the bridge to cheer her passing. Wells River was reached without trouble, but there a bar prevented further adventure, and the *John Ledyard* turned downstream, her departure immortalized by a Haverhill bard.

It's gone! it's gone! the day is past,
And night's dark shade is o'er us cast,
And farther, farther, farther still,
The steamboat's winding through the vale,
The bells ring out their farewell peal,
The cannons roar o'er hill, through dale,
We'll hail the day when Captain Nutt
Sailed up our fair Connecticut.

The boat designed for the Wells River-Hanover service was built at Wells River by Captain Nutt, and named the *Adam Duncan*. Unfortunately, by the time the vessel was completed in the spring of 1832 the Steamboat Company was in financial trouble. It failed the following summer. Meantime, after a successful trial, the *Adam Duncan* undertook a Fourth of July excursion to Hanover. It ended in tragedy, for the connecting pipe between the boilers burst. "Several of the passengers were in the fire room," says one of them, "but no one was injured except Dr. Dean of Bath who jumped overboard and was drowned." The *Adam Duncan* was never to see service on the river. The following

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year she was auctioned off to Mills Olcott for \$435, and eventually was floated to Hanover where her engine was removed and shipped to Hartford for sale. The hull seems to have rotted away on the bank above the falls.

For many of the good people of Hanover and Norwich the necessity of crossing the river was more important than transportation along the river. The early settlers, no doubt, used their canoes or crude flatboats, but about 1770 one John Sargent who kept a tavern near the landing on the Vermont side established a public ferry where the bridge now stands. Unfortunately for Sargent, who was soon in the bad graces of Dr. Wheelock for selling rum to the students, the jurisdiction of New Hampshire, as fixed by George III in 1764, extended to the west bank of the river, and the Provincial authorities claimed control of all ferry rights. On petition of Dr. Wheelock in 1772 Governor Wentworth, acting for the Crown, granted these rights to the Trustees of Dartmouth College and their assigns "to cover the whole length of the township of Hanover." This ferry monopoly not only angered Sargent who for a time defiantly continued to operate his ferry, but even more the town of Norwich which asserted for some years its right to a half interest in the ferry. Eventually Sargent came to terms with the College. The difficulties with Norwich seem to have ended in 1784 when a Norwich town meeting voted "that the Committee who were appointed to build the boat two years ago for a ferry boat between this town and Dresden, be directed to lock up said boat and dispose of the same to the best advantage."

After passing through a number of hands, the ferry lease was taken over in 1793 by Dr. Joseph Lewis who maintained the ferry, toll free to the clergy and College officials, as well as to those who did business at his grist mill, until the first bridge was built in 1796. For many years there was no formal road to the ferry on either side of the river. Not until 1778 did Norwich lay out a highway "to the ferry place near John Sargent's." On the Hanover side an old cart path up the ravine gradually grew into a highway, now West Wheelock Street, but it was not formally laid out until 1797 after the toll bridge had been built.

Up the river from the main ferry three other ferries operated at one time or another under the College grant. The first of these was the "Rope Ferry" (so called because the boat was attached to a rope stretched across the river) at the mouth of Girl Brook and the Vale of Tempe, connecting on the Vermont side with a road

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to the home of Lieutenant-Governor Olcott (now the Albert H. Johnson place) and the old Norwich meetinghouse, and on the Hanover side approached by "Rope Ferry Road," as it was called as early as 1793. When this ferry was first established is unknown. That it persisted after the College had assigned its ferry rights to the Bridge Company is evident from complaints of trespass in the records of the Bridge Proprietors as late as 1806. Some distance above the "Rope Ferry," near the home of Timothy Smith, a second ferry operated where a winter road had long been in use across the ice. This ferry seems to have been in existence as late as 1840, but, if so, in defiance of the rights of the Bridge Company. The northern-most ferry was just below the mouth of the Pompanoosuc. Here there had been a ferry of sorts since the earliest settlements, but in 1785 the Trustees leased the rights to Isaac Rogers. In 1804 the ferry passed into the hands of Timothy Bush of Norwich, but apparently was not kept up, for a few years later the Trustees refused to re-establish it. However, something in the nature of a ferry was maintained in the vicinity for many years.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century there arose a growing demand for improvements in overland transportation. As the states could not tax their people for such improvements, private capital undertook to solve the problem through state-chartered toll roads and bridges. On the Connecticut the first such bridge was built by Colonel Enoch Hale at Bellows Falls in 1783. The second was built at Hanover in 1796.

In August 1794 the Trustees of the College, concerned for their ferry rights, authorized the College Treasurer to state the terms on which the College would agree to the erection of a toll bridge within the limits of the grant made by the Legislature to the White River Falls Bridge Company. It will be recalled that the northern limit of this grant had been the mouth of Mink Brook. The original intention had been to build the bridge at the falls, but, as it soon became evident that this would be quite off the probable line of traffic, the Legislature was persuaded in 1794 to extend the grant two miles farther north, making possible a bridge at the Hanover-Norwich ferry.

The College supported the bridge enterprise not only by subscribing for several shares of the Company stock, but by leasing to the Bridge Company its ferry rights from the Lebanon line to Rogers' Ferry. There was, however, opposition to the bridge, some

of it in Hanover but much more in Norwich where a town meeting voted unanimously "that we wish there might be a free bridge built over the Connecticut at the ferry at Dr. Lewis's, but in case we cannot have a free bridge built there, we rather have a ferry kept there than have a toll bridge built." To counter this opposition the Bridge Proprietors assured the people of Hanover and Norwich that it had "never been their intention to obstruct the passing of Connecticut River by Dr. Lewis's by any bridge we might erect, and that we never shall obstruct the same; but every person shall ever have the liberty to pass by water or on the ice, in the same manner as they do now, and no road to the river shall ever be obstructed by us." Furthermore the Proprietors promised that the bridge would be open toll free on Sundays to people going to meeting, and that no tolls would be levied during the winter months when there was passing on the ice and snow on the bridge.

The architect and builder of the bridge was Rufus Graves, Hanover merchant and one of the original incorporators of the White River Falls Bridge Company. The bridge Graves built must have been a remarkable affair. Resting on stone abutments, it crossed the river in a single span so arched that the center was some twenty feet higher than the ends. President Dwight of Yale who saw it in 1797 states that its entire length was 344 feet, its width 36 feet, and the stone abutments 40 feet square. Many of the huge pines of which it was built were sixty feet long, hewed eighteen inches square. Deacon Benoni Dewey is said to have supplied twenty such pines at a dollar each.

The White River Falls Bridge, as it was known for over sixty years, was opened to traffic in the fall of 1796. The cost had been almost \$13,000. To raise such a sum subscribers to the two hundred shares of Company stock had been assessed \$63.75 a share. Although Aaron Hutchinson of Lebanon was, and remained, the largest single shareholder, many of the shares were taken by merchants of Boston, Providence, Worcester and Montreal who no doubt saw in the bridge a link in an improved system of transportation to the Boston market, or perhaps just a profitable investment. Rufus Graves who had done much to solicit this outside capital unfortunately became so badly involved in the finances of the bridge and his mercantile interests that he shortly failed in business and left Hanover, selling out his bridge holdings.

The first bridge was short-lived, collapsing of its own weight in

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1804. No one was injured, though a horse and wagon hurrying for the doctor is said to have narrowly escaped. The shareholders were assessed, and the bridge quickly rebuilt "of such strength as to last till the timbers rot." It was for this bridge that the center pier was built, eliminating the high arch of the first bridge.

With repairs in 1823 the second bridge stood until 1839 when again in disrepair it was wholly rebuilt except for the stonework. The third bridge like its predecessors was an open bridge with a four-foot parapet on each side. It was during the building of this bridge that the Company suffered its only serious accident. A team went off the ferry, temporarily in use while the bridge was building, drowning two horses.

The promises made to the people of Hanover and Norwich were not always lived up to by the Bridge Proprietors. For years there was a running quarrel over the road to the water on the Hanover side. There were controversies over the tolls charged the residents of the two towns, and liberty to cross the bridge toll free in the winter months was curtailed. The general Sabbath privilege seems to have been discontinued after the collapse of the first bridge, though later restored to the clergy. Finally, in January 1852, the Proprietors unwisely voted "to discontinue the passage of the bridge free of tolls, from and after March 1, 1852."

This action of the Proprietors, in direct violation of earlier pledges, aroused intense indignation. Editorials hostile to the Proprietors appeared in the *Dartmouth Advertiser*. Meetings were held and arrangements made, and carried out, to reopen the road to the water on the Hanover side. The Proprietors met these activities with threats of prosecution, aimed particularly at Dr. Dixie Crosby and Professor Sanborn who had been prominent in the movement. In January 1854, Professor Sanborn while in Woodstock to deliver a lecture was actually arrested at the request of the Proprietors. This further fanned the flames of resentment and led to talk of ridding the community of the bridge monopoly by town action. The Proprietors quickly realized their mistake and withdrew their suit against Professor Sanborn, but refused to yield on the issues at stake.

By this time matters were apparently getting a bit out of hand, for the records of the Proprietors indicate that the toll gate had been forced more than once. Apparently, too, teamsters were failing to keep their horses at a walk on the bridge, causing dangerous vibrations in a structure which by 1854 was in a precarious condi-

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tion of disrepair. "A short time ago," reported the *Dartmouth Advertiser*, "three of the owners happened to be on the stage together. With a spice of the waggish the driver [Ira B. Allen] laid on the strings, the bridge swayed and shook so that they were really alarmed for their safety, and called out for him to stop. 'Oh! safe enough! no danger! got the *owners* aboard! get up along!' was the reply." With public opinion increasingly hostile to the bridge monopoly, and the bridge itself "not worth repairing," it was, perhaps, not altogether surprising that on the morning of August 6, 1854, the bridge was destroyed by fire. Arson was suspected but never proved.

For five years after the burning of the bridge transportation across the river was by ferry, an unhappy return to the eighteenth century. Plans for rebuilding the bridge were considered, but the Proprietors decided to proceed only "as soon as the public sentiment will warrant its safety from malicious injury or destruction by fire." This failure to rebuild the bridge within the two-year grace period permitted in the ferry lease to the Bridge Company brought several letters and a petition to the Trustees of the College suggesting that the lease be revoked as forfeited.

Meantime, interest in a free bridge had been growing. In September 1855 the Hanover Selectmen were petitioned to lay out a new highway on the site of the toll bridge. This meant a free bridge. The Selectmen refused, apparently due to a lack of interest in the eastern part of the town. Undismayed by this setback, a group headed by Dr. Crosby promptly presented a petition of similar nature to the Court of Common Pleas, which referred it to the Grafton County Commissioners. After two hearings in Hanover in August and September, 1856, the Commissioners reported to the Court "that a due regard to the public good requires that a Public Highway be laid out agreeably to the prayer of the petitioners," and that the town of Hanover should assume the costs. In their report the Commissioners laid out the highway, taking over the rights of the Bridge Company and those of the ferry "granted by George III to the Trustees of Dartmouth College and by said Trustees leased to said Corporation." In compensation the town was to pay \$1,500 to the White River Falls Bridge Company and \$833.33 to the College for its ferry rights.

To the report of the Commissioners exceptions were taken by the town and the Bridge Proprietors. The College though favoring a free bridge remained neutral. The case now went to the Su-

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preme Court of New Hampshire which, in December 1857, overruled all of the exceptions but one, an error on the part of the Commissioners, which it ordered corrected. Apparently the town reserved the right to take the issue to the Supreme Court of the United States, but wiser counsels prevailed. After spending some \$1,000 in litigation both town and Bridge Company concluded that it would be best to accept the decision of the Commissioners. In this the College concurred, the Trustees offering to turn over to the town for construction of a free bridge the compensation awarded for their ferry rights, and to lease those rights to the town for a dollar a year.

There remained the hostility of the eastern part of the town which resented having to pay for a bridge it would rarely use. Feeling ran high, but thanks to a happy visit by President Lord to the store in Mill Village (now Etna) the bridge project was saved. He discussed the issue with the village leaders in a friendly spirit, and with such success, that a subsequent town meeting voted its approval.

The free bridge was built by the joint efforts of Hanover and Norwich. It was the first covered bridge and cost about \$12,000 of which Hanover contributed \$8,500, Norwich some \$2,000, the College \$833.33, and the citizens of Hanover by subscription an equal amount. Completed in June 1859, it was the first free bridge over the Connecticut. To celebrate the happy outcome of the long and bitter controversy "a large and respectable audience from Norwich and Hanover" gathered in the College church on the first of July. After speeches by Professor Sanborn and others, Doctor Crosby remarked, "It is important that our Bridge should have a name," and suggested "that our new structure be christened the 'Ledyard Free Bridge'." The motion was put and unanimously approved.

The Ledyard Free Bridge proved to be a very sturdy structure. Not only did it survive the great freshets of 1869 and 1927, but because it was a covered bridge its timbers remained sound. With minor repairs in 1911, and more extensive changes in 1927 when heavy wooden arches on either side of the roadway were added, it stood for seventy-five years. In the end it succumbed only to the demand for a more substantial bridge to carry the volume and weight of modern traffic. In 1935 it was replaced by the present steel and concrete bridge at a cost of \$153,000, shared by the towns of Hanover and Norwich with the aid of their respective states and the Federal government.

The River

For two hundred years the Connecticut river has played its part in the life of the town. Without the river, indeed, the history of Hanover would certainly be far less colorful. And if its commercial interest to the town has long since departed, and ferry and bridge controversies are no more, the river has much to offer in serving the aesthetic and recreational needs of the community.

4

From Oxcart to Airplane

by Armstrong Sperry

TWO hundred years ago, the twin problems of transportation and communication in New Hampshire followed one another as closely as a hitched oxcart followed its team of plodding oxen. In the court records of that time, the first roads were known as "trodden paths"—an apt epithet, since they were, in the beginning, trails worn deep by generations of moccasined feet. The formidable task of widening such paths to accommodate oxcart or sled, by means of the most primitive tools, confronted the first settlers of the Hanover plain.

Trees must be felled and burned, mighty stumps uprooted to lay even the rudiments of a road. Domestic cattle (next to the Indian the best of all path-makers) established their own routes as they wound around the hillsides to pasture or drinking place.

It was not enough for a man to raise hay and grain and food for family consumption; no settlement that produced only what it consumed would prosper. Surpluses must be transported to coastal towns, to be bartered in exchange for the many essentials which no farmer, however resourceful, could produce by himself: coffee and tea, sugar and molasses, firearms and cutlery, gunpowder and salt. The church, too (perhaps that first one in Hanover Center), might be miles away, rough going for even the most devout; and small children somehow must get to the schoolhouse and be home again before dark. So it is not surprising that while the roads to and from Hanover grew slowly, infinitely slowly, they grew doggedly as well.

In 1769, four years after the first settlement in the Hanover region, an event occurred which would change the picture radically and open up a whole new system of transportation: the Charter of Dartmouth College. In order to connect the College with the country estate of the Governor, ninety miles distant, the provincial legislature ordered the construction of New Hampshire's first cross-country highway: the Wolfeboro Road. Climbing ruggedly up to a 1900-foot saddle on Moose Mountain, it ran from Wolfeboro to Hanover by way of Plymouth; but no carriage



Ledyard Bridge, completed in June, dedicated July 1, 1859.
The log house is the old Ferry Company toll house,
built in 1780, burned Oct. 19, 1860



Ledyard Bridge shortly before its replacement by the iron bridge



Cutting ice on the river



Log drive 1895



Norwich and Hanover Station at train time



"The Street Car"



The Gay Nineties at the Wheelock House
Starting for a picnic at Enfield in 1893



River Street (West Wheelock) 1865

From Oxcart to Airplane

passed over it for many years to come. Since this road was not completed in time for the Governor to attend the first College Commencement, he and his retinue were forced to reach Dartmouth on horseback, by way of Plymouth and Haverhill.

After the Wolfeboro Road, two other highways opened up, meandering along the ridges southeast of Etna—one across Pork Hill to Ruddsboro still in use, and a second across Mt. Tug toward Lake Mascoma. This second road has long been abandoned, though in early days it was an artery of communication with "Lebanon City." The Greensboro Road was soon to follow.

Already, however, Freeman and his followers had established the plan of Hanover village proper, much as it is today. A highway had been plotted along the course of what is now Main Street, from the southwest corner of the College Green to Mink Brook Meadow. Shortly thereafter a county road was laid out from Plainfield to Lebanon, thence into Hanover, running diagonally across the Green and north toward Lyme.

The labor inherent in building those first through roads staggers the imagination. The first step was "underbrushing through," as the process was called. Bushes and saplings were cut down and burned, making it possible for a horseman or packhorse to pass. The lay of the terrain, with its inevitable streams, hills and ravines, of necessity lent a serpentine course to the route. After cutting down and burning, yoked oxen hauled out the giant tree stumps. Even then, the roots of the larger trees swelled beneath the surface of the earth, like outsized molehills, among which horses stumbled, floundered and broke their legs. Rainwater transformed many low places into practically permanent swamps and marshes.

Such conditions gave rise to the most common of the early roads: the corduroy road. The supply of wood being endless, it was put to every conceivable use, including road-building. Trees half a foot in thickness were trimmed of branches, the trunks laid parallel to each other to form a road over wet places. The resulting surface, ridged like the cotton corduroy in common use at the time, suggested its name. Soil was shoveled in between the logs and on top, tamped down to form some sort of surface; but the next rain invariably washed it clean and the whole laborious process must be repeated.

But for Hanover and her neighboring towns, toward the end of the century, the day of the turnpike and vast changes were

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dawning. With its heavier foundation of stone, the turnpike came to be the road best adapted to the country through which it must pass. Its name derived from the gate erected at regular intervals along the way, levying upon the traveler tolls which helped to defray the cost of maintenance. The charges were determined according to the distance traveled, the type of vehicle, the number and kind of cattle being driven.

In general, the charge for each ten miles was 12½¢ for every wagon with two horses or oxen; 25¢ for every coach, phaeton, or other pleasure carriage with two horses; 12¢ for every one-horse pleasure carriage (then, as now, pleasure ran into money); 4¢ for every horse and rider; 20¢ for a score of cattle or horses; and 6¢ for a score of sheep or hogs.

The first New Hampshire turnpike was completed in 1797, at an average cost of \$900 per mile. It was built in general accordance with the principles of a Scotch engineer, John Loudon McAdam. As they grew and developed, the turnpikes proved to be more durable than any other kind of road in New Hampshire. They were the forerunners of today's macadamized highways.

The route most closely associated with Hanover, since it was the main link between the town itself and civilization to the southeast, was known as the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike. The corporation charter was granted in 1800 by the state legislature, with authority to build "from the east bank of the Connecticut River in Lebanon, nearly opposite the mouth of the White River, to the west bank of the Merrimac in Salisbury or Boscawen; and a branch running to it southeasterly from the White River Falls Bridge in Hanover."

Much of this noted turnpike originally had been an Indian trail. In the memoirs of George Ticknor, Dartmouth graduate of 1807, we find a description of this route as it was in 1802. Ticknor's father had been educated at Dartmouth and from time to time made the trip from the family homestead in Boston to visit his Alma Mater. These are the young George Ticknor's words:

My mother went with him (to Hanover) and so did I. The distance was hardly 120 miles, but it was a hard week's work with a carriage and a pair of horses, the carriage being what used to be called a "coachee." One day I recollect we made with difficulty 13 miles, and the road was so rough and dangerous that my mother was put on horseback and two men were hired to go on foot, with ropes to steady the carriage over the most difficult places.

From Oxcart to Airplane

In spite of these difficulties, somehow the first stage from Hanover to Boston began its run in 1806, over this same perilous route. Passenger stages, however, at that time were still scarce in the Hanover region; and while ox carts were in general use on the farms, two-wheeled wagons, heavy and clumsily built, were employed for all overland transportation. Since the smallest villages furnished freight enough for several teams, the aggregate was large. Every day, Sundays included, the teams passed through the towns lying along the turnpikes; and no vocation called for more robust men than that of teamster. Long whip in hand, the drivers strode beside their teams, twenty miles a day on an average. The whip was their badge of office, seldom applied to a horse. The teamsters' calling demanded assets other than brawn: keen traders they must be, to sell advantageously the goods they carried to town, and to choose wisely for the return trip. Hanover's merchants, like those of other villages, themselves seldom visited the cities. They depended wholly on the teamsters for their wares.

The early two-wheeled carts soon gave way to wagons of commodious size. Each horse was responsible for a ton of freight. But there were other carriers as well: a three-horse team called a "spike," a two-horse team called a "podanger"; a single horse with cart was known as a "gimlet." Whenever the smaller teams became mired-down in the mud, the regulars always rallied to the assistance of those in trouble.

In winter, when Hanover and her neighboring towns lay half-buried in snow, the freight wagons generally were housed. Dozens of sleighs took their place. At this season the farmer no longer relied on the teamster; he himself carried his produce to town, just as his father had done in the days before the Revolution. Summer and autumn were the farmer's seasons of increase; winter was his time of trade and recreation.

Word was circulated, chiefly at the Sabbath nooning, that at daybreak on a certain date the long trip to market would get under way. Often thirty or more neighbors from Hanover or Lyme or Orford would start out together on the long road to the coast. Two-horse "pungs" or single-horse "pods" were closely packed with farm produce. Anything that a New Hampshire farm yielded could be sold in Portsmouth or Salem or Boston: frozen venison, poultry and hogs; wheels of cheese, four to a cask; firkins of butter; sheepskins and deer hides; pelts of fox and bear and

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fisher-cat; yarn spun by the women on long summer evenings; yards of linsey-woolsey woven by work-gnarled hands.

So closely packed were the sleighs that no seat remained for the driver. He stood on a small step in the rear, protected by the sleigh's high back from the biting winds that swept down from the north. Often he ran alongside his team to keep from freezing.

Tavern-keepers whose inns lay along the route would have grown rich if all these travelers had paid their board. But even the more prosperous farmer carried his own food, as well as oats for the horses. A portion of the oats might be deposited with the tavern-keeper on the way down to be used on the way home. The farmer's wife saw to it that there was plenty of provender for the journey: the inevitable doughnuts; roast pork and cooked sausage; rye-and-injun bread. And always a huge pot of frozen bean porridge hanging at the side of the sleigh, giving rise to the nursery jingle:

Bean porridge hot, bean porridge cold;
Bean porridge in the pot, nine days old.

Now and again chunks of the frozen porridge would be chopped off and thawed for refreshment. A tavern meal cost 25¢, and what Yankee farmer worth his salt would expend on victuals such an outlay of capital?

The tavern-keeper, for his part, reaped his profits from the solacing liquors he sold, as well as sleeping accommodations offered. The latter were simple enough. Great fires, replenished throughout the night, were built in taproom and parlor. Each driver stretched out on fur robe or blanket, feet to the fire. For this rude lodging the charge was ten cents; but the sale of rum and toddy, of mulled cider and flip, poured a steady stream of silver into the pockets of the tavern-keeper—a man who deserves special mention in passing, for he was a major medium of communication through whom news of the day was spread. Coming as he did into contact with leaders in politics, in business and in law, the tavern-keeper sharpened his wits and grew wise in counsel. Frequently he was the most influential man in town, prominent in local affairs. His tavern was of great social and economic importance in the community.

Possibly it was due to this fact that the inn-keeper and his hostelry were subject to constant legislation by the provincial Assembly of New Hampshire. For example: no landlord could

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"knowingly harbor in house, barn or stable, any rogues, vagabonds, thieves, sturdy beggars, masterless men or women." This legislative scrutiny increased after the stagecoach lines inaugurated regular schedules, ushering in a new era of transportation.

Big things were happening. The first mail had been received at Dartmouth College by messenger in 1773—a six-day trip from Hartford, Connecticut. After the Revolution, the first official postal service in New Hampshire was established by the state legislature on February 12, 1791. Four routes were set up to be traversed by post-riders on regular schedules. The earliest reference to Hanover in the United States postal records in Washington shows that from October 1 to December 31, 1792, Ozias Silsby carried the mail from Hanover to Portsmouth. A letter written on a single sheet of paper cost six cents within an area of thirty miles from town. The charges increased with the distance, reaching twenty-five cents for four hundred miles or over. If two sheets of paper were used, the charge was doubled.

The lot of the post-rider was unenviable at any season, especially so during the winter months. Adding to the hazards of weather, highwaymen and footpads were by no means unknown. Before the Revolution, the rider's plea "I am on His Majesty's service" sometimes prevailed for safety's sake; but after regular routes and hours had been established, the post-rider often was forced to rely on his own wits and the swift hoofs of his mount. At the onset of the Revolution, the Committee of Safety appointed a post-rider, for three months, who was to ride from Portsmouth to Haverhill by way of Conway and Plymouth, thence down the Connecticut to Charlestown and back to Plymouth. He was to make the trip once in two weeks and to receive the "sum of 70 hard dollars, or paper money equivalent."

In 1803 a passenger stagecoach, carrying the *Dartmouth Gazette* with it, began running on weekly schedule between Hanover and Haverhill—the latter already a prosperous staging center. A permanent line was established presently between Concord and Haverhill through Plymouth. Scarcely was this under way when a rival line was started which passed through Hanover to connect with the stage line for New York. Lesser lines of coaches sprang up, running to the White Mountains, to Montpelier, Vermont, to Chelsea and elsewhere. Thus the stagecoach and the mails opened up a new way of life for the inland settlers—a means of transporta-

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tion to and communication with Hanover's neighboring towns, as well as to the distant cities of the coast.

The War of 1812, with the British blockade of the eastern seaboard, brought land transportation to a peak of activity. Back and forth from upper New Hampshire and Vermont, to Boston, Portsmouth and Salem, rolled the great covered wagons—the famous Conestogas of Pennsylvania. With their six- or eight-horse teams they carried the products of soil and forest to the towns, returning with merchandise essential to the well-being of the inland dwellers.

Roswell T. Smith, born in Hanover in 1825, in a manuscript completed in his later years has left a colorful note about stage-coach travel in his youth. Mr. Smith has this to say:

In addition to the regular Hanover-Haverhill line, a mail coach carrying six passengers ran daily where the River Road now is, until it struck the county road for Lyme. . . . It was called "The Telegraph Line" and ran with great regularity and speed, regardless of the state of the roads. The six splendid horses seldom broke their trot except as they passed over the crest of a hill, down which and across the valley they would go upon the run. We miss some fine things in our day! One can almost hear the thunder of the horses crossing Slate Brook Bridge, and see the leaders as they shake their manes at the top of the hill, and change their run into a trot.

Concord had become one of the chief staging towns in New England. Lines fanned out from the state capital to all parts of New Hampshire, and three stage runs were on regular schedule each week from Concord to Hanover. The stages left Concord at 5 A.M. and reached their destination at 4 P.M. The southbound stages clipped a full hour off this time, leaving Hanover at 6 A.M. and arriving in Concord at 4 P.M. The route taken was the Fourth New Hampshire Turnpike and the fare was five cents per mile.

The early coaches themselves were likened to "everything from a distiller's vat to a diving-bell; with sundry violon-cello cases hung between the front and back springs." Other travelers likened the coach's motion to "that of a vessel in a heavy sea, straining all her timbers, with a low moaning sound as she drives over the boisterous waves." The average coach had three seats on the inside, accommodating three passengers on each, and one sitting outside with the driver. Each coach had its name blazoned on its sides

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in fulgid colors; or possibly the picture of a post-boy blowing his horn, with a gilded inscription beneath the flying hoofs of his horse:

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
News from all nations lumbering at his back!

Use of the stagecoach was frequently denounced from the pulpit, in this spirit:

Those who travel in these coaches contract an idle habit of body; become weary and listless when they have ridden but a few miles, and then are unable to travel on horseback or to endure frost, rain or snow.

But comfortable or otherwise, these vehicles were stoutly built. They had to be. The wear and tear to which they were subjected was tremendous—ploughing through hub-deep mud, plunging into chuckholes, bumping over rocks and stumps, fording swollen streams. Not until 1826, when a carriage-maker of Concord, Lewis Downing, built what came to be known as the "Concord coach," could a passenger be assured of a reasonably safe and comfortable journey.

By this time a regular mail stagecoach had been built on a model supplied by the Post Office Department—a somewhat clumsy conveyance. In addition to the mails, this coach could carry three passengers. Often on the journey from Hanover to Haverhill, a postilion would be waiting at the bottom of the longer hills with two horses ready-harnessed, adding his pair to the coach's four. At the top of the hill the postilion would detach his pair and return to the bottom to await the next coach. The mail coaches were not long in use, however, for the Concord style made swifter going and treated its passengers with more consideration.

The stage-driver, like the tavern-keeper, was a fixture of the day. As a means of communication he surpassed the *Dartmouth Gazette* and the Hanover Postal Service combined. From village to village he carried the news, often from house to house, sometimes words of health or of illness. It was not uncommon for a driver to stop his horses and walk them past a house where an anxious mother or sister waited: and the passengers in the coach would hear him call out: "Tom's doin' better, ma'am. Fever's all gone and he'll be up tomorrer." One driver on the Hanover-Portsmouth line boasted that he bought bonnets in Portsmouth for many of the women along his route who couldn't get to town. He

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claimed that he never bought two alike, that there wasn't another driver the ladies would trust with this important service.

One of Hanover's best-known drivers of later years was Albert Wainwright. Originally a tinsmith and first owner of the Hanover Hardware Company, Wainwright operated as well a coach line between Hanover and Wilmot. When he died, in 1892, the town lost one of its most colorful personalities.

Amos Tarleton, an old landowner in Haverhill, has left a vivid description of stage-drivers on the Hanover-Haverhill line:

The winter dress of these old drivers was nearly all alike. Their clothing was of heavy homespun, calfskin boots, thick trousers tucked inside the boots. Over all these were worn Canadian hand-knit stockings, very heavy and thick, colored bright red, which came up nearly to the thighs, and still over that a light leather shoe. For hand protection they wore double-pegged mittens, leather gauntlets, fur gloves, wristlets and muffedettes. Their coats were generally fur or buffalo skin, with fur caps and ear protectors, wool or fur tippetts. Also a red silk sash that went around the body and tied on the left side with a double bow with tassels.

But the year 1835 saw the beginning of the decline of the stage-coach and its picturesque driver, for the first actual railroads to serve eastern New England were three in number and they all opened that same year: the *Boston and Lowell*; the *Boston and Worcester*; the *Boston and Providence*. Soon thereafter a name that would become well-known appeared on a New Hampshire charter: the *Boston and Maine*.

Those of the old stage-drivers who saw the shadow cast by coming events took jobs as express men with the railroads, as brakemen, ticket sellers, or conductors. Somehow they could never learn to become engineers.

But throughout New Hampshire, railroading was slow to get under way. Matters dragged along until 1843, when an important meeting was held in Lebanon. This was a special convention of the "friends of internal improvements in New Hampshire." Its purpose was to stir up popular demand for a railroad that would connect Concord with the rapidly growing lines in Vermont, which already were planning to converge in White River Junction. The Lebanon meeting was presided over by Charles Haddock, professor of political economy at Dartmouth and a nephew of Daniel Webster. Haddock must have possessed something of his famous uncle's eloquence, for the desired results were soon

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evident: by December of 1844 the legislature had chartered the *Northern Railroad*, to run from Concord to White River Junction; the *Concord and Montreal*, to run from Concord to Woodsville; and the *Cheshire*, to run from Fitzwilliam to Walpole. Three years later the rails pushed on as far as Lebanon.

The first train from Concord to Lebanon snorted into that town on November 17, 1847, belching smoke and flame. The ubiquitous Daniel Webster was prominent among the passengers, an event which he commemorated in these sober words:

It is an extraordinary era in which we live. It is altogether new. The world has seen nothing like it before. I will not pretend, nobody can pretend, to see the end. But everybody knows that the age is remarkable for scientific research. . . . The ancients saw nothing like it. The moderns have seen nothing like it till the present generation.

By the following June, when the bridge across the Connecticut was completed, regular service was established to White River Junction. In 1847 also the Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers Railroad, chartered by the Vermont legislature in 1835, was opened from White River Junction to Wells River on the west bank of the Connecticut, and the first passenger train was run as far as Bradford on October 10. The Norwich and Hanover station at Lewiston was then established, to continue there until its closing December 1, 1959. The citizens of Hanover no longer were cut off from the great cities of the United States, though only the more affluent could afford to pay \$1.75 for a ticket from Lebanon to Concord, or \$3.25 from Lebanon to Boston. However, many a landowner found his income augmented by the never-ending need for fuel to stoke the engines: wood. Thousands of cords each year were fed into the maws of the iron monsters as they bumped and jolted over the rails. Ties also were locally produced and cost about eighteen cents apiece.

The mail trains were the one exception to the statutory edict that no trains throughout the Granite State could be operated on Sunday; and Sunday runs were permissible only for mail reaching Boston on a Saturday. One unsung poet was moved to pen this mournful *envoi*:

We hear no more the clanging hoof
And the stagecoach rattling by;
For the steam king rules the troubled world,
And the old Pike's left to die.

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But the picture was not as wholly gloomy as the nameless poet would have us believe. A few coaches still rattled over Hanover's streets and roads, but by 1908 they were being called "hacks." One truly stylish rig is still remembered by local residents. Small and black, it sat high up on its red wheels, with two pairs of seats facing each other, shining glass windows, and elegant upholstery. It carried passengers to and from the Hanover-Norwich station at Lewiston.

There was also a larger four-horse stage with an extra and somewhat hazardous seat on top. This seat and its occupant teetered up and down over the baggage rack, the only consolation being the passenger's ticket which cost but twenty-five cents for two rides. And there remained that fearful and wonderful winter vehicle known locally as "the street car." Long and low, it ran on sledlike runners, had three doors to a side and running-boards. It met all trains, and the town kids watched surreptitiously for a chance to hook their sleds onto the baggage rack at the back. Jason Dudley ("Uncle" Dudley to the kids) had charge of this contraption, making sure that the tip of his whip was handy to discourage the small fry with their sleds. Public vehicles such as these were in use in Hanover until the first automobiles began to shoulder them aside.

The coming of the railroads gave a tremendous impetus to the express business. Shrewd Yankees were quick to pounce upon the advantages of the railway's rolling stock for transporting freight to various points along the growing networks of rail. Many express companies sprang up to take care of this unforeseen windfall. Freight for the Hanover region was dropped off at Lewiston, to be picked up and delivered by Albert Wainwright or "Uncle" Dudley. It was no uncommon sight, however, to see packages being delivered about town by a wheelbarrow trundled by Joseph Emerson.

Pushing north, the first telephones were installed in Bellows Falls by the American Bell Telephone Company in 1881. But it was not until 1901 that Hanover saw its own exchange opened, with a list of twenty-six subscribers, though a single telephone on the White River Junction exchange was in use for more than ten years before in Mr. Storrs' bookshop. An automatic switchboard was installed in 1905 with eighty-six subscribers. This was replaced seven years later by a central office switchboard to serve 264 subscribers.

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A longtime resident of Hanover recalls the early phones in these words:

Our first telephone was an enormous instrument on the wall, with a dial, something like a cribbage board. There was a little peg hanging on a chain. You put the peg in the number and drew the lever down to the peg and released it. One of my pals was the son of the Episcopal minister. My father came home one afternoon and found a whole string of children across our kitchen, holding hands. At one end of the line was this boy, with his hand in a strategic spot in the telephone apparatus, and the last child in the line had his hand in a bucket of water in the sink. When Henry would do something to the phone, an electric shock would run through the hands and arms of the children, to their howls of delight. Needless to say, my Dad took care of Henry!

It was not until December of 1912 that the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company installed in Hanover the present type of switchboard, and as the town grew additional positions were added.

The Post Office Department, meanwhile, had been keeping pace with telephone and telegraph. Within recent memory Horace E. Hurlbutt received his first commission as postmaster, signed by Theodore Roosevelt in 1908; and four years later his second commission from William H. Taft. This appointment followed that of the hapless Leon Sampson who, unable to keep his hand out of the post office till, claimed he had been held up and robbed. Unfortunately, the glass of the broken window was discovered to have fallen *outward* instead of *in*. Local sympathy, however, favored Mr. Sampson, since his wife was known to be flighty and extravagant.

Except for this *contretemps*, post office affairs in Hanover have moved steadily toward the swift completion of their appointed rounds. Elmer T. Ford (who owned the hardware store known as T. E. Ward's) succeeded Horace Hurlbutt as postmaster. He in turn was followed by James Farnham, Roland Lewin, and John Gould. Today's mail operates smoothly and efficiently under the sterling guidance of Mr. Ives Atherton.

Just as the oxcart gave way to the stagecoach, the coach to the railroad, today the locomotive bows its Diesel head to the airplane.

Perhaps more than any other two people in Hanover, Joe and Bea D'Esopo have watched the world grow smaller as the planes grow larger. In 1934, in a small upstairs office in what is now the

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Campion block, their Dartmouth Travel Bureau opened formally for business. Almost from the onset, the D'Esopos found themselves caught up in the first of what would become many emergency cries for help—in this particular case a Dartmouth freshman from Cuba who had received word of his mother's serious illness. Nowadays arranging such a flight would be a routine matter of minutes. At that time, however, it meant securing on short notice a Pullman reservation to New York, another to Florida, then a Pan American Seaplane to complete the journey—a major feat of accomplishment for those days.

Airlines reached the fringe of the Hanover area with the advent of the *Boston & Maine Central Vermont Airways*. The original airport was in White River Junction, where the Drive-In Theater now stands. The B & M began service with ten-passenger, twin-engine Cessnas, making one flight daily to and from Boston. But it wasn't long before the demands of the Air Age made imperative a larger airport. The present one is located in Lebanon, five miles from Hanover—a site ringed with handsome mountains which sometimes pose the question of whether or not the flights will take place at all.

During the great spring flood of 1936, roads were washed out, telephone service at a standstill, bridges gone—while nearly two thousand students clamored to get to their respective homes. As soon as the roads were cleared to White River, via Norwich, the Airways started sending in planes; and as each fresh plane landed, the office would call the D'Esopos and bark: "You've got just ten minutes to get fifteen boys over here!"

Shortly after World War II the Dartmouth Travel Bureau moved to its present location on Allen Street. Originally the two D'Esopos comprised its entire staff; now it has six full-time employees as well as several people working part-time. A business which started with such modest beginnings, making only steamship reservations, now encompasses all phases of travel.

In the light of present-day miracles of performance in the air, it seems incredible that night flying from the local airport was unknown before 1947. Here, in part, is the *Hanover Gazette's* report of the event:

Night flying was inaugurated in spectacular fashion on Monday evening when, for the first time since the field's establishment, a plane took off under lights on an emergency mission to Boston. Since local

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planes are not equipped for night flying, a BT13 was flown down from Laconia to do the job.

In the ten years of its young life, the Lebanon Regional Airport has enjoyed a phenomenal increase in passenger traffic. Flying less than half the passengers who ask for space, LRA ranks consistently first as the major air terminal of New Hampshire. But time has caught up with it. Nowadays it is economically impossible for any airline profitably to run twin-engine, 24-passenger planes. To do business on a nationwide or worldwide scale, to meet today's demanding deadlines, air travel and air freight are imperative. Without access to larger planes and increased operating schedules, the entire Hanover-Lebanon region could soon be without transportation except by highway.

The answer, of course, lay in a larger runway. The new 5500-runway accommodates 4-engine aircraft, including Northeast Airlines DC-6B equipment, and it is hoped to increase operating efficiency from a present average of 80% of scheduled flights to over 90%. The present ceiling of 1500 feet may be reduced to 1000; and with more navigational aids in the future it might be further reduced to only 600 feet.

The uneconomical DC3 is being replaced by 4-engine aircraft that will carry twice or more the number of passengers, as well as their baggage. There will be ample space for air freight, express and mail. Already Northeast Airlines has added new equipment to its fleet—the last word in transportation and communication, carrying many passengers and clipping the flying time to New York from two hours to one.

But even with the bright future of ever-expanding air travel, it is not uncommon to hear a Hanover resident (stranded at the mercy of foul weather and uncertain flight) mourn the passing of the "good old days" of Pullman service, club cars and diners, aseptic lavatories, drinking-water actually iced and not tasting as if scraped from the bottom of a rainbarrel, and a "redcap" at journey's end to shoulder the luggage. Like the Indian and the oxcart, these phantoms of another time linger more fondly in the afterglow of memory than they do in the noonday glare of fact.

Roads and Runnels, Hills and Hollows

by Charlotte Ford Morrison

THE old histories of Hanover are full of enigmatic place names, never explained, that have a certain fascination. Whoever invented "Vale of Tempe" and why is the runnel in it called "Girl Brook"? Where did "Weatherby Road" come from, and even more, the stream called "Committee Meadow Brook"? This is an attempt, not always blessed with success, to ferret out the occasions and people whose names and doings are memorialized in Hanover's streets, roads, hills, brooks, ponds and even "hollows." Hanover's place names seem now to be endowed with a certain degree of permanence, so that we might expect them to last at least until our Tercentenary, but the most casual research leads to suspicions as to permanence. Few among us, doubtless, could identify "Trescott Road" as one of our major thoroughfares, yet it was named only three-quarters of a century ago.

Let us begin in the middle of the village on the plain and then fan out into the town, and proceed in orderly course in an attempt to identify the origins of our varied topographical nomenclature.

Unlike most New England villages, Hanover did not immediately start life as a one-street town—and that street Main Street. In the very beginning the village at the College had no streets at all. The village was laid out in 1771, probably by Jonathan Freeman, with the lots abutting on the Green.

The first real street, Main Street, was laid out in 1775 from the southwest corner of the Green to Mink Brook Meadow. Originally it was called Lebanon Road, as the road led to Lebanon City (now West Lebanon). A county road, coming from Plainfield and Lebanon, soon ran over the same path to the Green, then diagonally across the Green from the southwest to the northeast corner, and thence on toward Lyme. For many years this extension was called "Lime Street" and later the River Road.

Main Street became almost immediately a dividing line of the village. Gradually, business enterprises developed to the south while the northern part of Main Street acquired beautiful homes

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belonging to members of the College faculty, leading to the name "Faculty Row," which North Main Street was called for many years. As the village gradually expanded, there was a tendency for members of the college community to build to the north and east, and the street names took on significance from College history. In the areas to the west and south, developed largely by the businessmen of the village, the streets at first assumed rather unimaginative names, but later as farms were subdivided and homes built, they received the names of some of the old families who had contributed so much to the community.

There was an abortive attempt to name the streets in 1858, but this was not formally accomplished until 1875. In 1874 the Precinct had made a contract with the gas company for twelve street lamps. With New England thrift, the street names in common use at the time were painted in red on the lamp posts.

As Main Street had become the north-south dividing line, Wheelock Street gradually became the east-west one but it took many years for it to become almost our only monument to Eleazar, founder and first president of Dartmouth. For many years West Wheelock Street was called River Street and East Wheelock, Hanover Street. By 1879, however, the whole street had become Wheelock.

Of the various roads leading into the village, Rope Ferry Road was one of the oldest. In February 1795 a road was "trod" from the northwest corner of the Green "to the rope ferry so called." In 1831 the College removed from the Green the huge white pine stumps that had remained there since the forest was first cut down in 1770, and carried them to Rope Ferry Road where they were used to form fences for a long distance on both sides of the highway; parts of them lasted for seventy years. Consequently, through much of the nineteenth century, this road was familiarly, if not officially, called Stump Lane.

From Lebanon came a road with an interesting name. On March 13, 1770, proprietors of the Town of Lebanon voted 1441 acres "for the support of Dr. Wheelock's school, on condition that it be erected in Hanover." The road over the rocky eminence thus donated to the College acquired the name "Mount Support Road."

Traces still exist of the Wolfeboro Road, which Governor Wentworth ordered built, over hill and dale, and which he traversed himself to attend the Commencement of 1772. Trescott

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Road, now East Wheelock or Balch Hill Road, meanders south of the reservoir to Etna Village. It was opened in 1787 and ran from Trescott's farm (now owned by Allen C. Adams) to Dartmouth College. In 1775 the town had voted a road for Jeremiah Trescott "to accommodate him for meeting" at the Center. The road from Hill's Mills (Etna) to Hanover later became the Greensboro Road. A potash, a wash-house and a brickyard, with other industries, developed on the street which we know now as Lebanon Street.

Slowly, as the town grew, streets were opened leading to Main or Wheelock Streets. In 1835, Allen Lane was opened to give access to a livery stable, built by Amos Dudley and later acquired by Ira B. Allen. As the stable faced east the lane led only to the stable. In 1869 the stable was enlarged and faced north and Allen Lane was opened to School Street. In 1877 when the new schoolhouse was built, Allen Lane became Allen Street and was extended to Maple Street. Some years later, when five houses were built to the west, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Haskell decided they wished to have a name of their own rather than Allen Street, so the short street from Allen to Maple became Prospect Street, over the protests of the town fathers. Today's Allen Lane bears no resemblance to the original lane of the name!

In 1843, after the brick schoolhouse in District I, the College District, had been built, which the Christian Science Society now owns, School Street was formally "dedicated" to public use as a highway. A short street, leading West from School Street bore the name of "Back Street" for some time, but was soon dignified with the name of Maple Street. Maples were planted early in the town but, as they were considered short-lived, they were soon replaced by elms—and today there are no maples on Maple Street. This street was extended to West Wheelock in 1879 to accommodate a creamery where the Evans house now is. In 1903 Eben Sargent, a builder from Norwich, started construction on a group of houses on a street leading north from Maple, which was soon to bear his name. In 1904, with houses being built on Sargent Street, Maple Street was extended westward and the street from Maple to Wheelock became West Street. In 1878 Pleasant Street, rightly named for its view toward Ascutney, was opened and in 1910 School Street was extended southward. History does not say why the short street connecting Main and School was named West South instead of Maple.

Northward on Main Street the side streets begin to take on

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names closely identified with College history. Sanborn Lane, originally called Cemetery Lane and perhaps because of its name the first street to boast of a street light, was named for Edwin D. Sanborn, professor of belles lettres, whose home was for many years on the lot on the south corner of the lane. Wentworth Street, originally called Church Street for the College Church which stood where now is the lawn in front of Sanborn House, was named for Sir John Wentworth, governor of the Royal Province of New Hampshire, 1766-1775, and ex-officio trustee of the College. Elm Street, originally called Cross Street, reflects the efforts of the "Hanover Ornamental Tree Association" which, from 1843, was responsible for many of the old elms now so rapidly disappearing from the village.

Tuck Drive was opened in 1914 and named for its donor, Edward Tuck, also the donor of the Tuck School. In early years this was known as Webster's Vale, from having been Daniel's favorite walk. Webster Avenue, opened in 1896, was named for Daniel Webster, Member of Congress, Senator, Secretary of State, but best known to us for his "It is, sir, a small college" speech. Choate Road, opened in 1917, was named for Daniel's distinguished contemporary, Rufus Choate, also a Member of Congress and Senator. Clement Road, opened in 1916, was named for Phineas Clement, a farmer on what later became the Clark School property. Maynard Street was opened in 1892 to give access to the Mary Hitchcock Hospital which was then under construction. The street, originally called Hospital Street, was named for Mary Maynard Hitchcock in whose memory her husband, Hiram Hitchcock, had erected the hospital.

Occom Ridge, widened and extended in 1900, was named for Samson Occom, a Mohegan Indian born in 1723 and educated in Connecticut by Eleazar Wheelock. An ordained minister, he was sent to England by Wheelock on a successful mission to raise money for the College. Occom, incidentally, never saw the town which memorializes him in so many ways! Hilton Field Lane is named for Henry H. Hilton, a trustee of the College who, in 1915, provided the funds for the purchase of the Hanover Country Club golf course called Hilton Field.

Most of what were once the large farms on the Hanover plain have been developed into residential areas in which many of the streets bear the family names of the original owners. One might well ask his friends "Whose farm do you live on?" Bradley P.

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Tillotson's farm extended from East Wheelock to the Lyme Road, and from Park Street to Smith Road, but no street bears his name. Park Street appeared on maps in 1870 and Parkway was opened in 1913, both reflecting the proximity of College Park. Balch Street, opened in 1915, was named for Adna P. Balch, a wealthy resident and director of the gas company, who, in 1875, built the most elaborate house in town where College Hall now stands. He was also owner of the stone house on Balch Hill which too was named for him. Dana Road, opened in 1922, was named for President Dana, fourth president of the College. Brewster Road was named for General Ebenezer Brewster, the college steward in 1778 and afterward a leading citizen, tavern keeper, colonel in the militia, fireward and selectman. Smith Road was named for Samuel W. Smith, a dairy farmer on the Lyme Road for many years, who moved into town to the house now on the corner of Smith Road and East Wheelock.

Henry Foster, once owner of the stone house on Balch Hill, sold a part of his farm to an outside builder who developed the Prospect Park area and named the streets—Fairview, Highland and Verona Avenues. Because of their location, Fairview and Highland are understandable, but no one seems to know where Verona got its name. Rip Road, running along the side of Balch Hill was named for Harry R. Heneage, a later owner of the stone house. Director of athletics at Dartmouth, 1927-1936, "Rip" Heneage acquired his name as an athlete while a student at Dartmouth.

On the side of Balch Hill, a part of the Garipay farm was developed into what became Hemlock and Ledge Roads.

The largest tract of land to be developed was Chase farm, part of the property of the Agricultural College and owned at one time by Stephen Chase, Dartmouth 1832, a member of one of Hanover's most distinguished families. Developed by the College, the streets in this area are closely related to College history. Burton Road is named for Harry E. Burton, professor of Latin, 1903-45; town moderator for eighteen years and justice of municipal court for twenty-seven years. Chase Road was named for Charles P. Chase, treasurer of the College, 1890-1916, and president of the Dartmouth National Bank. Conant Road was named for John Conant of Jaffrey, N. H., a farmer who accumulated considerable wealth and made substantial contributions to the Agricultural College for the purchase of land for the experimental farm.

The name of Freeman Road commemorates Jonathan Freeman,

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one of Hanover's most distinguished early citizens. Kingsford Road was named for Howard N. Kingsford, affectionately known as "Doc" or "Bush," who graduated from the Medical School in 1898, was professor of histology, pathology and hygiene, 1898-1941, medical director, 1902-41, and state bacteriologist.

Rayton Road was named for Willis N. Rayton, member of the faculty for eighteen years until his death in 1957, and widely known for his teaching and research in the fields of radio, electronics and nuclear physics. Tyler Road carries the name of Bennet Tyler, president of the College 1822-28. Valley Road seemed an obvious name for the street winding between the hills of the Chase Farm. Austin Avenue was named for Frank E. Austin, a professor in the Thayer School who owned the house on the corner of Austin Avenue and Park Street.

To the south and west several large farms were developed into residential areas and their streets reflect the names of old families. In 1879 Byron E. Lewin began a meat business in Hanover and operated a large farm from his home on Pleasant Street where his son Roland now lives. The Lewin fields ran to the ridge overlooking the river and the first street in the development became River Ridge Road. Lewin Road was, of course, named for the family, while Read Road was named for Mrs. Lewin who was Katharine Read of Plainfield. Weatherby Road, with some license in spelling, was named for Warren Wetherbee who at one time operated a bowling alley about where Bissell Hall later stood. The College got a law passed that no bowling alley could be within two hundred feet of an occupied house so Wetherbee moved his alleys to the vicinity of the present Village Apartments.

North of the Lewin farm lay "Deacon" Downing's cow pasture. Lucien B. Downing (father of Mrs. Bessie Ward) owned a drugstore in Hanover from 1868 to 1918. Many of the old shade trees in the village, particularly on the west side, we owe to Mr. Downing. The street overlooking the river was opened in the Downing pasture in 1925 and given the name of Downing Road.

On the east side of South Main Street running through to Lebanon Street and from East South Street to Buell Street stretched the large Currier farm. Dorrance B. Currier, whose family owned the houses that are now Al's Supermarket and the Green Lantern, was born in Hanover in 1846, and became one of the most picturesque and prominent figures in the business and political life of Hanover. He was one of the owners of the famous "Tontine,"

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editor of the *Hanover Gazette*, and precinct commissioner. When the Currier estate was developed, Currier Place and Dorrance Place were named for Dorrance Currier. Hovey Lane was named for Richard Hovey, Dartmouth's poet laureate. Ledyard Lane was named for John Ledyard of early fame. Ledyard entered Dartmouth in 1772 and spent much of his time wandering among the Indian tribes. He left college in a dudgeon and, hollowing out a dugout canoe, travelled down the river to Hartford, Connecticut. He went to sea with Captain Cook, wandered in Russia and Siberia, and died in Africa. No one can be found who knows why Buell Street is so called.

To the west of South Main Street were the pastures where Mr. Newton Huntington's cows were kept. Ripley Road, opened in this area in 1922, was named for Sylvanus Ripley, one of the first four graduates of the College in 1771. He was a missionary to the Indians, minister of the College Church, professor of theology and a trustee of the College. Huntley Road to the south was opened in 1921. Eben Sargent, who built most of the houses on Sargent Street, erected several of the first houses on this street and named it for his wife, Della Huntley Sargent.

At the foot of the South Main Street hill and to the east were two large farms, the Charles Benton farm and the Charles W. Stone farm. This area was purchased and developed in 1948 by Alfred T. Granger, a Hanover architect, Joseph S. Ransmeier, then a member of the Dartmouth faculty, and Frank J. Barrett, also an architect. The road along Mink Brook became Brook Road. Granger Circle was named for Mr. Granger, while Dayton Drive was named for his mother, the daughter of a planter in Charleston, South Carolina. Thompson Terrace was named for Denman Thompson, the actor of "Old Homestead" fame, who was a great-uncle of Mr. Granger. Mitchell Lane was named for Mr. Ransmeier's wife, Margaret Mitchell Ransmeier. Barrett Road was named for Mr. Barrett.

South of Mink Brook and to the west of the highway lay the large dairy farm of Frank I. Spencer who was born in Norwich in 1857 and farmed in Hanover until his death in 1930. The Spencer farm was purchased by Dr. George A. Wyeth who retired there to what he called Faraway Farm. The Wyeth farm was developed about 1947 and Spencer Road was named for the original farmer and Wyeth Road for the Wyeth family. Edgar H. Hunter, a builder in Hanover, laid out the plans for this subdivision. He

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was town moderator for sixteen years, chairman of the hospital corporation and chairman of the Public Service Commission and it was quite fitting that Mrs. Wyeth should name the street, Hunter Lane, for him.

Across the West Lebanon Road from the Spencer farm stood a house occupied for some years by employees on the Spencer farm and later owned by Seymour H. Smith, a retired Methodist Episcopal minister. Mourlyn Road was developed on the Smith property and Mr. Smith gave the road its name from the Mour of his name, Seymour, and the lyn from the name of his son Lynwood.

Going back to the center of the village and east on Lebanon Street, we find College Street which had developed on the east side of the Green and was gradually extended to the Lyme Road and to Lebanon Street. Crosby Street was named for one of Hanover's famous old families. Sanborn Road was named for Henry Sanborn who owned a poolroom for many years and who built several of the houses on the street. Summer Street, presumably named for the season, seems to have no other explanation.

The area further out Lebanon Street as the road gradually rises was for many years called Sand Hill. The fields and sand bank on the right were purchased and developed by William H. Brock, who was a barber and real estate man in Hanover from 1915 to 1953 and owned the Eastman block, recently torn down to make room for the new addition to the bank. Mr. Brock gave his own name to Brockway Road, and Ridge Road seemed a logical designation for the highest part of the development. Mr. Brock, a great admirer of the Barrymores, who never missed an opportunity to see a show in which one of them was playing, gave the name of his idols to Barrymore Road. Another of Mr. Brock's idols was Woodrow Wilson and for him Woodrow Road was named. Storrs has been a prominent name in Hanover history since 1771 but Storrs Road was probably named for Edward P. Storrs, early proprietor of the bookstore, who had owned land in the neighborhood.

Across Lebanon Street to the east was a pasture belonging at one time to the Kaleher family. Mrs. Kaleher's sister, Julia O'Leary, married Richard Crowley and they became owners of this property which was later developed by their daughter, Mrs. William E. Stone, and the family names were given to the streets.

Carter Street, also in this area, was named for Oliver T. Carter (1797-1885), who owned land where the street now is. His son,

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Elijah William and his grandson Henry William, were long-time residents on Lebanon Street.

Gibson Road on top of the hill above Lebanon Road is named for Carl Gibson, a carpenter, who built several of the earliest houses on the road.

Unlike the village on the plain, where the homes were so close that at first no streets were necessary, the farms "out in town" were so far apart that at first the roads were informally "laid" or "trod" from house to house. These were soon accepted as town roads, geared to travel by ox cart or horseback. Today one may stumble on double-walled lanes in the woods which indicate old roads long since abandoned. A road often started by someone's "dore yard" or "northerly of Isaac Bridgman's well" or "passing S. W. corner of Dillano Wright's garden." Frequently a road was laid out to "accommodate" Asa Babbitt or some other worthy citizen. Roads like the "Visiting Road" had a friendly and neighborly connotation.

Roads like Half Mile Road, Two Mile Road, Three Mile Road, meant exactly what they said: measured on the Lyme-Hanover line, they were one half, two, and three miles from the northwest corner of the township. Half Mile Road was the first road across the township "laid" in 1764, and running from what is now the Lyme Road, about at Coleman Brook, across Balch Hill at the summit of Velvet Rocks to Sand Hill. Most of the roads appearing on the town maps now, however, are named for early settlers who lived in the area.

Chandler Road was named for Henry D. and William Chandler who came from Connecticut in 1775 and settled on what was to become Chandler Road. Henry also owned a fulling and cloth-drying mill in Mill Village. Cory or Corey Road was apparently named for Carleton Corey, a farmer in Hanover Center, while Dana Road was named for John Dana who owned a farm on this road.

The honors for naming Dogford Road seem to be shared by Kathrina Spencer and Harley Camp (each being sure the other named it!). However, there is agreement that, before the road had a name, every resident on the road had both a dog and a Ford, hence the name.

It seems generally agreed that Ferson Road was named for James V. McPherson, son of John James McPherson whose sur-

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name was originally Ferson. James V. McPherson lived on the north side of the road which runs east from the North Neighborhood.

Goodfellow Road was named for James D. Goodfellow, the original owner of what is still called the Goodfellow Farm. Lovers Lane, which was the name formerly used to refer to the extension to the west of Goodfellow Road, is now called Piper's Lane, for Allen E. Piper, who built one of the first houses on the road. Goss Road takes its name from Hero Goss who established a farm about 1800 in what came to be known as the Goss Neighborhood. His son and grandsons owned most of the farms in this neighborhood.

Grasse Road, really a part of Reservoir Road, takes its name from Christopher Grasse who carried on a farm in the area, and whose wife Ethel was a school teacher and his son, Robert, a mail carrier.

Greensboro Road was originally "trod" in 1775 as a road from Hill's Mills to Dartmouth College. It took its name from Samuel Green, a Revolutionary soldier who came to Hanover in 1782 and settled in the Greensboro area.

King Road was called after Christian King, a farmer who established a reputation as a weather prophet and wood carver, and Rennie Road after Alexander Rennie, a farmer in the North Neighborhood, and his son Roy. This road was later called Thompson Road, for Charles Thompson who bought the Rennie farm.

Ruddsboro Road was named for Gideon Rudd, born in 1746, who was a corporal in the Revolutionary army and later established a farm on this road, with his wife Thankful and his daughter Delight. The southern extension of the Ruddsboro Road is usually referred to as the Gulf Road because it runs through the little valley called "the Gulf." Stevens Road was named for Roy Stevens who lived at the foot of Stevens Hill, part of Hardy Hill, and Wardrobe Road for William Wardrobe whose farm was on this road.

Hanover's maps are dotted with hills of varying altitudes, and some hills well known to the residents are not dignified with a place on the map. In the village only two hills now appear on the maps. Balch Hill (elevation 960) was named for Adna P. Balch for whom Balch Street was also named. This was originally called Corey Hill for the Corey creamery at the foot of the hill. Velvet Rocks (1080) just to the south got its name because the water

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trickling over the rocks which covered the hill left them with a coating of velvety moss.

One of Hanover's hills not found on a map is Nigger Hill (always so pronounced, although refined in print to Negro Hill) which is the name by which South Main Street hill was known for over a century. Several Negro families lived at the top of the hill in the early days, including "Aunt Sophy" who was born in slavery and Jinny Wentworth, a slave in Governor Wentworth's family who was noted for her "piety and worth." Another hill not found on a map is River Hill, the name used by Hanover folk for generations to describe the West Wheelock Street hill.

Blodgett Hill (1200) and Blodgett Brook we share with Lebanon, and the Blodgett family for whom they were named was prominent in Lebanon.

Hayes Hill (1440) in the southeastern corner of the town is named for one of the oldest Etna families—David Hayes, father of Daniel M., grandfather of Joel, great-grandfather of Roswell M., great-great-grandfather of Leon. The northern slope of Hayes Hill was originally called Pork Hill and often still is. This was a drover's station for cattle driven down from Canada. Because cattle could make this long trek an enterprising gentleman tried to drive some pigs over the same route. The pigs did not have the stamina for the long journey and, exhausted, all had to be slaughtered on this hill, hence the name Pork Hill. In later times this whole area has been appropriately called Etna Highlands.

Huntington Hill (1260) south of the Goodfellow Road, was named for Andrew and Hezekiah Huntington who came to Hanover about 1787 and cleared the farm on the hill now owned by Mr. Duke.

Lord's Hill (1500) was named for Jonathan Lord (1726-1805) who came to Hanover in 1765 and made his settlement on a lot belonging to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel." The lot was composed largely of a great hill. One bitter cold day in winter, Jonathan and his son went down to the river. Returning, the son complained of cold and great drowsiness. Cutting a switch, Jonathan applied it to the son so vigorously the drowsiness left him. Soon, drowsiness overcame the father. The son applying the same treatment to his father, the two finally arrived home safely.

Moose Mountain Range is Hanover's only mountain, with the South Peak (2280) and the North Peak (2300). In the early days moose roamed in great numbers over the range.

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Mt. Tug (1700) in the eastern corner of the town seems to have acquired its name only through legend. There is a beautiful view from the top and it was a favorite expedition for the residents in that area to drive their horses to the top to enjoy the view and it was always called "quite a tug" to get to the top.

Pinneo Hill (1280) east of the Fullington farm, and Pinneo Road get their names from the Pinneo family, the earliest of whom in this area was James, a farmer in Hanover who died in 1824. His son Joseph, also a farmer until 1845, was a Revolutionary soldier.

Plummer Hill, really the north end of Moose Mountain, is so called after Moses Plummer who owned a farm in the area. Spencer Hill is named for the Spencer family who owned the farm on top of the Hill: Capt. James Spencer (1827-65); his son Deacon Uel (1839-1901), and Uel's children, Myra, James, Kathrina and Louise.

Of the many brooks meandering through the town, only two flow for any distance in the village—Mink Brook and Girl Brook. Mink Brook was named on the earliest maps and Mink Brook Meadow, at the foot of South Main Street, appears in early accounts of the village. The brook acquired its name from the surprising fact that it was a favorite haunt of mink!

Girl Brook, or Girl Island Brook, so called "from time immemorial," says Chase's *History*, flows through the Vale of Tempe and empties into the river north of the golf links. Opposite its mouth a tiny island in the river has been known from early days as Girl Island. Apparently the island was named first and the brook called after it. There must have been a story connected with this odd naming, but it has been lost in the mists of time.

Coleman Brook which runs into the river north of Fullington's was probably named for Zenas Coleman who came to Hanover in 1776 and established a farm in this area.

One of the most intriguing brooks in the town is Committee Meadow Brook which runs southeast from Moose Mountain through Goss Neighborhood. None of the old residents seems to know what "Committee" this could have been and histories give no clue.

Hardy Hill Brook we share with Lebanon as Hardy Hill is in Lebanon. The hill and brook are named for early settlers of Lebanon. Hewes Brook, which is mostly in Lyme, was named for

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Wright Hewes, a farmer in the area. Marshall Brook, in the extreme northeast corner of the town, which joins Pressey Brook and runs into Goose Pond, was no doubt named for Thomas Smith Marshall, an early settler in this area, who died in 1881 and was buried in the Canaan Street Cemetery. This family seems to have been more closely associated with Canaan than with Hanover.

A brook running across what is now Route 10, and properly called Pingree's Brook, has had its name variously misspelled on maps and documents. The name was evidently derived from Sylvanus Pingree, born in Coventry, Connecticut, in 1737, who lived in this area and some of whose descendants have resided in Lyme.

Pressey Brook, which runs into Goose Pond, was no doubt named for Harrison G. Pressey (1821-99), who lived in the area and all of whose family are buried in the Goose Pond Cemetery. This brook is also known as Willis Brook, for Nathaniel Willis, an earlier occupant of the Pressey farm. Scales Brook, which starts on the east side of Moose Mountain and crosses Goss Road, was named for Stephen Scales, an early settler in District 16, and a member of the district school committee.

Slade Brook was named for the Slade family. Samuel Slade (1747-1826) came to Hanover in 1775, and lived two miles north of Hanover Center on Two Mile Road. He was a Revolutionary soldier. His son, Isaac Davis (1774-1858), and his grandson, Francis (1808-1888), lived on the old farm until the buildings burned.

Straw Brook, which follows the Tunis Road on the east side of Moose Mountain to West Canaan, undoubtedly got its name from Canaan residents, as it seems to have no ties with Hanover. The area called Tunis, east of Moose Mountain, with Tunis Brook and Tunis Road, remains a mystery. Did some early settler have dreams of ancient Carthage, or was Tunis just a pleasant sounding name one had once seen in a book?

Of Hanover's ponds, only one, Goose Pond is a natural pond. It no doubt got its name because it was a favorite haunt for wild geese.

Two ponds were "made" in the village. Occom Pond was originally an unsightly marsh, overgrown with bushes, called Clement's Swamp because it lay within Phineas Clement's cow pasture. In 1900 the pond was secured by Mr. C. P. Chase and Prof. T. W. D. Worthen, who raised a subscription and personally directed the preparation of the ground and the construction of a dam across

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the narrow outlet through which the swamp drained to the river. The pond is fed by water drained from the surrounding basin and water piped from the reservoir.

Storrs Pond, originated by the Hanover Improvement Society as an answer to Hanover's need for a recreational area, was formed by a dam across Camp Brook (named probably for early settler Israel Camp), which drained from the reservoirs through the pond and into the river. Named for Adna D. Storrs, it memorializes one of Hanover's most loved citizens. "Dave" Storrs, proprietor of the Dartmouth Bookstore, was a member of the Village Improvement Society, fire commissioner, precinct commissioner, trustee of the Savings Bank and president of Rotary.

A review of the place names of any town would not be complete without some reference to the "hollows." Unromantic as it is, perhaps the best known hollow is Skunk Hollow, the area at the foot of Balch Hill, which, before it was developed as a residential area, was known as Skunk Hollow for obvious reasons. A less known hollow, but more romantic, is Sleepy Hollow, the name for the deep ravine formed by Mink Brook to the south and west of Lebanon Street just beyond Sand Hill. Toad Hollow, less romantic but quite realistic, was the name for the hollow formed by the brooks running into Goose Pond, which used to be black with toads.

The most famous of our hollows is, of course, the Vale of Tempe, scene of Christie Warden's murder, skiing triumphs and the East Side Sewer! Winding from the Lyme Road to the river it was originally known as Potash Hollow because of the presence of a potash in the hollow. At some unknown date the present name evolved. Legend has it that it was renamed by Alpheus Crosby, a child prodigy, and one of the foremost Greek scholars of his day. A professor of Latin and Greek at twenty-two, he "liked to name things." This was the period when classical Greek place names were fashionable all over the United States, and what better inspiration than the famous vale below Olympus, sacred to Apollo, where laurel was gathered for the victors of the Pythian games?

Thus our place names have evolved: from pioneers, farmers, businessmen; moose, mink and skunk; from politicians, professors and realtors. These names will remain with us, perhaps for a century. They carry with them something of the romance of our past and the promise of our future.

Folks, Farms and Fun in East Hanover

by Lillian Kenison Bailey

OUR story begins and ends with a young man cutting brush and trees to clear the land for a new home. Jonathan Lord was the young man in 1765. He came up from Bolton, Connecticut that summer with the Edmund Freeman party and chose for his place a section about six miles up Mink Brook on the high hardwood lands thought then to be so good for farms. His name did not appear on the proprietors records because his land was owned by the London Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and his land dues were paid directly to that group. The Lord family story says that the eleven-year-old daughter, Ruth, came also that first summer to help Mrs. Freeman and stayed with the Freemans through that first winter in Hanover.

Jonathan went back to Connecticut in the fall but was the first of several settlers to come up the river the next spring. He brought his wife and two-year-old child in a pine canoe while four older children drove up in an oxcart.

At first official town business was transacted in Mansfield, Connecticut, but by 1767 an official census gave Hanover a population of ninety-two and the proprietors decided that town meetings should be held in Hanover.

We can only guess at the topics of conversation at those first meetings. Weather, crops, health and babies were probably considered. It was a tossup whether Mrs. Edmund Freeman or Mrs. Benjamin Royce would have the first baby in town. Mrs. Freeman's Otis won by two weeks. Deacon Stephen Benton's baby, Alfred, died of consumption the next year. The Hannah Smith wedding must have stirred up some interest. Hannah and Isaac Walbridge had their minds set. Hannah's father gave a very reluctant consent and then shed silent tears all through the ceremony that May evening in 1768.

Wheat and corn were the first main crops grown in Hanover and had to be taken down the river by back or boat to Fort Number Four (now Charlestown, N. H.) to be ground. Several young men would often go together for fun and safety. One of the young

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wives was a born worrier and used to go each day to the others to weep and wail over the dreadful calamities she imagined had overtaken the men. The other women, like Hanover women today, were blessed with wit and humor and found this hard to take. They schemed a bit and the next day the woeful one was shocked to find the others singing and dancing quite hilariously. The story does not say that the cure was effective, only that the men returned safely and that mills were of great importance. James Murch made an agreement with the proprietors to build the needed saw and grist mills. He hired Simeon Dewey to attend to this in the summer of 1769. The first grist mill stood near Alvin Poland's present home and the saw mill, to be near the pine lots, was on Mink Brook by Cutting's Corner. Now people could have real frame houses and grain could be ground in a day.

By this time everyone for miles around was excited about the location of Wheelock's school. Doctor Wheelock had friends among the first settlers: David Woodward had been a member of his parish in Lebanon, Connecticut; James Murch was a close friend for many years, and Mrs. Jonathan Freeman was a first cousin. Jonathan Freeman's father wrote from Mansfield that he heard that Hanover was being seriously considered for the school because its settlers were "godly, sober, industrious folks." The proprietors and the town folk began to subscribe land, money and labor in the event their good reputations would not be quite enough.

In March 1770 James Murch wrote Doctor Wheelock a letter which set forth the advantages of Hanover as a place to establish the Indian School. These reasons were used later by the good doctor, almost verbatim, in publicity designed to pacify the disappointed towns. Mr. Murch's arguments for Hanover were good farming land, the Crown Point Road and the fact that the river narrowed to a good place for a bridge. The letter had a friendly little postscript which said, "We all got up here well."

It was during this summer that Wheelock came and built his first hut in the "howling wilderness." For the first time it was legal to cut the big pines on the plain. And they cut them. Trees over two hundred feet long were piled everywhere. They were sometimes felled to fence an acre, one on each side. What a time they seem to have had about fences! We forget that barbed wire and electric fences were unheard of and are amused by the pigs, oxen and other livestock wandering into inappropriate places. From

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our over-fed point of view, it is difficult to imagine how painful it was to dig, chop and hoe a place in the woods, raise needed food and then have the neighbors' pigs ruin it. Only a few farmers owned a plow. The daily bread was literally a result of aching backs and sweaty brows. Destruction and waste were serious matters, well deserving the attention of town meeting.

This was the year the farmers suffered an unusual plague. Worms! As big as a man's finger and brown except for a black velvety stripe bordered by yellow down the back, they came from the north. They literally covered houses and fields, and people fought them with trenches, fire, traps and water. Nothing seemed to hurt them very much and from July to September they thrived on the grain of the valley. The worms did not like pumpkins, peas, potatoes or flax, so the settlers did not starve, but they must have developed a distaste for pumpkin. So many were raised on the Haverhill meadows that they were floated down the river in rafts to help feed the people in the towns below. In the fall flocks of pigeons providentially appeared, ate the worms and made roast squab or pigeon pie for a welcome dietary change.

Drought further shortened the food supply that year, too. Doctor Wheelock sent some of his pupils down the river for the winter because it would be less expensive to board them in a section less plagued. He complains in one of his *Narratives* that some who had promised labor had not worked for him and had pleaded family necessities. For young, poor families such a season could well have made it difficult to meet obligations assumed in a better season.

The worms and drought must have ruined business for the grist mill that fall, but the saw mill was busy. The Reverend Knight Sexton had a frame house on the Two Mile road, and the town voted to set a pound near it. They also voted to give Doctor Wheelock the separate town he wanted, if Governor John Wentworth agreed.

1771 was a better year for crops. Israel Woodward built a grist and saw mill for Doctor Wheelock on Mink Brook in back of Mrs. Frank Musgrove's present home. These Woodwards were versatile, busy people. David and Moses built a grist mill up on Moose Mountain on what is now Mr. Robert Jones' Camp Moose Hi property. Later the Woodwards ran a fulling and cloth drying mill in Etna Village. There was more water in the brooks in those days. Roads and trails followed the high land because it was drier

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under foot and the brooks were easier to ford near their sources. Walking was the common way of getting around, even over distances of several miles. We read of two families who were settled about six miles apart and took turns visiting each other on Sunday. When one family failed to appear at the proper time, there was some concern. The next day one started to find out what had happened to his neighbor and met the other man half way, coming to explain.

Work, hard work was the dawn-to-dark order of most days, so the festivity of the first August Commencement must have been welcome to the lucky ones who could go. Young Governor Wentworth's barbecued ox, the rum, the speeches and the beautiful clothes of the visiting dignitaries doubtless made it a memorable holiday. By the second graduation, the Wolfeboro Road was finished and the folks at the Center could have watched the Governor's party pass. Personable, handsome, with a real love for the outdoors, the chief executive must have enjoyed the view of the Vermont hills from the mountain road.

And so our town began. We are proud that East Hanover, which contained most of the early settlers, had an important part in its beginning. Town meetings were held at the Center for seventy-seven years and then were held in Etna for the next seventy-eight. The first settled minister was installed in Isaac Bridgman's new barn and many town offices were filled well by these pioneers. There was certainly some ambivalence in the feeling for the College from the beginning, but to offset the arguments about fences and labor promised but not given, there were thank-you votes to "Doctor Wheelock for his repeated favors to the town." And many of the first settlers from our section gave generously of their time and money to help the new school.

A few of these first inhabitants had enough feeling for history to write some description of the life and homes of East Hanover residents. Most houses had a large family room with a big fireplace. A loom, two large spinning wheels, a linen wheel and various reels and frames were housed in an ell. A shoemaker's bench was standard equipment although we would find it difficult to recognize the crude foot protectors they made as shoes. Right and left shoes were not common until Civil War times. The best room or parlor was usually furnished with homemade yarn carpets, settees, chairs and the parlor cupboard. Books held down the bottom shelf of this important piece of furniture, "best" china graced the middle, and

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four decanters for rum, gin, brandy and whiskey were displayed (but never used according to this most proper lady historian) on the top.

Good housekeepers saw to it that their rooms were whitewashed every year. Wool for everyday clothing was grown, sheared, washed, carded, spun, dyed and woven at home. One girl recorded her feeling of self-consciousness and inferiority when a new girl came to school in an outfit made of "dressed" material. Some farms raised teasel for the cloth dressing mill opened by the Woodward brothers.

The Center Village during its first seventy-five years acquired a church, school, store, postoffice, blacksmith shop (with an ox sling), a tavern and a tannery. Caleb Foster, a well-to-do tanner, took a load of hides by sled to Boston one winter and brought back to his daughter the first piano in the community. Mr. Foster played the flute and a Tenney boy played the clarinet. Neighbors often met to sing. It is interesting that today the Foster place is owned by Professor Donald Wendlandt, director of the Dartmouth Band.

The first farms were diversified, subsistence farms. Corn, wheat, hay, wood, flax, maple products, butter, poultry, beef, pork, eggs and fruit were some of the products raised to sell or barter. A *Dartmouth Eagle* ad of 1795 said that Rufus Graves needed white beans and that any farmer having some could trade them for a sum half in money and half in English or India goods. Joel Huntington wanted to buy cherry, birch and maple boards for his cabinet and chair manufactory. The *Eagle* regularly offered cash for rags at the office any time. And cash was scarce. The average family saw less than a hundred dollars a year during this time of early settlement. Trading was necessary to existence. Money was used to measure the value of the goods but itself seldom changed hands. Farmers would cut and draw logs to the river where they were valued at six pence apiece. Payment was sometimes made in calico at seventy-five cents a yard. Think of cutting and hauling ten huge logs several miles for a yard of cloth! Eggs were priced at ten cents a dozen and apples and potatoes were two bushels for a quarter. This sounds wonderful until we also note that a man worked all day, i.e. fourteen hours, on the road with his own pair of oxen for a dollar and a teacher was lucky to receive three dollars a week.

Books were valued highly. Some of the families of Etna and Hanover Center were given the privilege of borrowing books from



East Wheelock Street 1879



The Village from Sand Hill (Lebanon Street) 1865



The Village from the West Lebanon road south of Mink Brook 1865



Jonathan Freeman house at Hanover Center (1936); built about 1798



Hayes Hall and Store at Etna; built 1833, burned 1922



Town Meeting at Hayes Hall



Doorway of Jonathan Freeman house at Hanover Center (1936)

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the College library. Newspapers and letters were passed from family to family. Lost and stolen horses and cows were advertised in the papers and also in the warnings for town meetings. In 1794 George Woodward of Norwich had a supply of English hardware which he was "determined to dispose of at as small an advantage as any in the country." James Duncan Jr. of Lebanon probably drew some business from local farms when he advertised his new oil mill where he was going to make linseed oil to sell or exchange for flax or country produce. The papers gave rules for refining sugar, and Haverhill Academy hoped to secure more pupils. A Salisbury barn burned because of burning candles left unattended while the husking bee guests enjoyed refreshments in the house.

Dr. Joel Brown ran a cider mill in season between the present sites of the Gerstenberger and Sausville homes. Benjamin Hatch, Jonathan Freeman and others were granted liquor licenses by the town at various times, so there seems to have been an abundant supply of chill-chasing tonic. Supplies came by teams or sleds. Roads were broken after each winter storm by all the farmers. The one farthest up the road started with his oxen, stopped at the next place for cider and cake, was joined by this neighbor and they both drove on to the next until all the teams were happily packing down the road in a long procession.

Along with the daily work and play there were times of great sadness. One of these fell in the summer of 1800. During July and August almost every family suffered helplessly as children choked and died of the "throat distemper." Smallpox was greatly feared. Accidents killed then as now. A runaway horse was just as lethal as defective brakes, and saws and axes hurt as much as high tension wires. Fires were disastrous and insurance protection was practically unknown. Neighbors helped each other in these emergencies and when the Center store burned the largest Boston wholesaler absorbed much of the loss and restocked the new store.

Good times leavened daily life through the two centuries. Husking bees and apple parings, house warmings and barn raisings, spelling bees and sliding parties were some of the social activities. Local lore is full of "the time we had that play." And do you remember the "Time Machine" he built for that entertainment? (You went in, the wheels turned, odd noises were heard and a surprisingly different creature came out.) That minstrel show was fun. We took it to all the towns around and made quite a bit of money, too.

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Sometimes the shows were imported—the glass blower, the trained horses, slides, lectures and movies in Hayes Hall. And long before movies, the circus came along the stage road. Mules and horses pulled the cages and wagons. There was usually one large and one small elephant. Everyone turned out, sometimes very early in the morning, to watch and many took time to go and see the show.

Fourth of July was always a big day. Some years the celebration would be in the pine grove at the Center and again it would be on the Etna Common. Events would include distinguished speakers (the Governor honored us on several occasions), parades, music, booming cannon, flags, military drills, food, drink and horse races. (One time Charley Hurlbutt won by cutting across the common. They argued but decided the prize was his because it wasn't written anywhere as against the rules.)

Family reunions, Centennial Celebrations for churches and schools, Old Home Days and Fairs have all taken place in this neighborhood—activities which grew out of the everlasting faith of the people in the fundamental importance of homes, churches and schools.

From our two hundred year look, we see many enjoying affairs outside of the community. The first College Commencement was the beginning of thousands of opportunities for fun and learning connected with the school. Lectures, sermons, plays and musicals were very soon open to the public. For years, Grandma Derby recalls, Commencement was the big day.

We got up early and did the chores and packed a lunch and hitched up the horse. There was so much to see. Peddlers in their booths and tents set up all about the campus. And on that day the college buildings were open to visitors. The children thought that museum was a wonderful place. [They still do.] We hitched our teams all around the green. We met everyone and caught up on all the news. Oh! it was a great day!

The historic sense of the people was sharpened by the 1911 sesquicentennial celebration. These stop signs in town history give people a chance to fit themselves into the national story. Men and women who have planted gardens on our hillsides have had some part in all the major events of United States history.

During the Revolution, Jonathan Woodward and Silas Tenney saw General Arnold desert and Mrs. Arnold having hysterics.

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Augustus Storrs witnessed André's execution, and local militia protected the immediate frontier more than once.

Jonathan Freeman was a member of the Continental Congress. His letters make casual mention of a visit with "the General and his lady" at Mount Vernon and a tour of the "new" city of Washington with the manager. These fascinating facts are mixed with references to the price of wheat, the progress of the lottery, proper spiritual tone and a very contemporary comment on the difficulty of collecting money.

Our short-lived Moravian Community was characteristic of similar experiments throughout the country. It was located on the first left hand road off Ruddsboro Road. In 1799 the Chandler family organized a group of farmers. Each one agreed to put all of his crops and earnings into a common fund from which each would draw an equal share. Henry Chandler was one of the first to be dissatisfied when he saw money for a coat he had tailored go to a "lazier family." When William Chandler decided that his portion should be larger than the others because all the hay and grain was stored in his barn, the members voted to disband.

People got excited about national elections. An old letter tells of neighbors "fighting with their tongues."

Letters written by members of East Hanover's Woodward family that have been preserved reveal much of the daily life of the mid-nineteenth century with overtones of the impact upon it of national events. Mrs. Mary Woodward Howard, the storekeeper's wife at the Center, wrote to her sister in the West—"December 1848: Gold! Gold! is all the rage." And it was. There is a stone in the cemetery at the Center inscribed to a young man who died in Stockton, California in 1849. Many went away to look for gold but others searched the Hanover hills. A lead mine and a granite quarry were opened and functioned for awhile in the Ruddsboro district. And for years children believed that a peddler who had hanged himself under the bridge at the Potomac (Clayton Greenwood's) had hidden gold somewhere in the area.

In March 1863 Mrs. Woodward wrote, "Charley wants to enlist in the cavalry." Mary's brother, Orville Woodward, commented, "It's a horable war." And here is a forever, then and now sort of remark from this same Orville: "I am about the same, full of trouble and pains, but can eat my allowance and do a good day's work."

Mary topped Orville when, after giving the family, weight and

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gender of all the new babies, she said, "This having babies I have not much of an opinion of, have you, Sis?" Population growth was then as now national news. In one four-year period Hanover's population almost doubled and it increased steadily until 1850. Immigration and babies gave the census-takers more work. Although they had more babies (one lady said that every spring she felt better when she had had her baby and made her soap) it was a rare family that raised more than half of these children. For a while after 1850, the collapse of the sheep boom and the lure of the West made our population curve dip.

Emigration was partly balanced by immigration. Irish names appeared in the personals very early. Orville Woodward mentions other immigrants when he writes, "Some French folks live in Uncle David's house. They're working on the mountain to chop six hundred cords of wood."

Society was still basically agricultural but farm life was changing. Merino sheep brought from Spain by Consul Jarvis of Weathersfield Bow were the big news among farmers. From 1830 to 1850 and for a short time during the Civil War, sheep were profitable and many were pastured on our hills, more than 12,000 at one time. Although real profits vanished after the Civil War, hope died hard here in Hanover. There were still over 6,000 woollies in town in 1884 and it was 1887 before the count went as low as 393.

Dr. Harry Storrs remembers relatives who acquired a lifelong dislike for mutton because of the custom of taking turns killing a sheep and sharing the meat with the neighbors. Another undesirable characteristic of the Merinos was their "darned wrinkled hide. They were the meanest critters to shear."

As the sheep count decreased the cattle count increased, and a few farmers raised poultry. Creameries were located in various parts of the town until Hood established one in Norwich, then a wagon collected the farmers' milk. Bacteria count and butterfat tests became important. The Agricultural College at Hanover, state and county fairs, the extension service and 4-H clubs all helped improve farming stock and practice.

The Shakers deserve a brief mention here. Their model farms, excellent seeds and prize-winning stock helped make better farming all around. The Shaker peddler wagons were always welcome and a favorite outing for many a farm boy was to hitch up and take his girl over to the Enfield Shaker Colony for dinner and

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shopping. One girl recalls buying at various times pressed ginger, herbs, sweet flag, broadcloth and sweaters.

Prices and wages both increased from early days. In 1886 potatoes were fifty cents a bushel, poultry, cheese and butter were ten cents a pound and a man and his team earned about three dollars a day.

The railroad came to Lebanon and Hanover in 1847 but horses were far from obsolete. Stages met the cars and oxen and horses moved houses, ploughed and carried crops and people.

There was still trading, but more cash circulated; folks bought more and better clothes, parlor stoves and metal beds were the status symbols of the day. Farmers bought new metal tools, equipment and copper-toed boots for the boys. Sons of the first settlers had usually gone to meeting barefooted. There were more books and paper now. Birch bark was not so commonly used.

Some left the farms for factories and others took in piece work to do. We read that Mary Howard bound seventy-seven pairs of heavy cloth shoes in nine weeks. She also braided hats, hired a cow to make butter to sell and was justly proud of roasting corn the first week of August. Each farm still carried on a variety of activities but was not quite so self-sufficient as a generation before. Wheat went west with the sheep as an important crop. Howard's farm at one time counted "three horses, two cows, eighteen sheep, three geese, ten hens, a pig, a 'horg,' a dog and two cats." They raised potatoes, barley, oats, India wheat and peas.

Life followed the seasons: planting, hoeing, strawberrying, haying; raspberries, blueberries, early apples, vegetables; preserving, pickling, harvesting; hunting, butchering, getting out wood, logging, syruping; greens and fishing. (Salted suckers were a staple in many homes.) And of course there were the endless daily chores of lugging water, getting wood, cooking, cleaning, sewing, knitting and caring for the "critters." We feel for Isaac Howard being "too tired" to go to meeting.

As the mills attracted workers and the Baptist movement grew, Mill Village gradually became the center of town affairs. There are two stories about the change in name. One says that it was changed as a result of a contest won by Mrs. Laura Camp Barnes; the other says that the town clerk, George Bridgman, "got sick and tired of half the village mail going to the Mill Village in Goshen and figured that the name on the Aetna Life Insurance calendar was not so common and you might as well drop the silent

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A so it wouldn't be misspelled all the time." Both stories agree that the change was made because there were other Mill Villages in the state.

Town meetings were held in Hayes Hall, a long room over the largest store in the village, until it burned in 1922. East Hanover residents took a certain perverse pleasure in the fact that the "aristocracy of the plain" had to come to the country to vote and they still tell of the meeting when a new professor made the motion that a meeting place be designated in the center of the town. Immediately a farmer offered to build one in the "center of the town" if they all would agree to go there, the geographic center being, of course, several miles farther from the college settlement.

The mills were busy. There was one near the present home of Mr. Patrick Lynch and a saw mill on the first falls up Ruddsboro Road. The only saw mill left in town is owned by our selectman, Niles Lacoss, and is Diesel powered. Many remember the four mills located in Etna Village. They changed through the years and the water power has been turned to many uses. Two saw mills, a grist mill and a ladder factory are the way they are commonly remembered now, but in the fall cider was made in two or three places and at one time there were two ladder factories. Derby's factory held a patent on an improved extension ladder which enjoyed a wide distribution. People tell of being awakened by thirty teams going up through the village from Lebanon at five o'clock in the morning to haul logs from Moose Mountain for the saw mill. The yard across from the mill was piled full of logs and the area below the store was filled at noon with horses eating their lunch.

The village had other business establishments, stores, harness shops, a blacksmith shop, a cooperage shop as well as a school and church. And societies—formal and informal—sprouted everywhere. When something needed to be done, someone started a club to do it. The Village Improvement Society had a long life. It was responsible for cinder bicycle paths, new shade trees, kerosene street lights and lots of pleasure. Willie Spencer, postmaster and lamp-lighter, going through the village every night with his wagon load of clean filled lamps which he changed by standing on the seat of his wagon is one of our "remember whens." Willie's wife was named Ziporah, fittingly shortened to Zip.

The Village Improvement Society was followed by the Men's Club for all of the men of the Center and Etna. Their most color-

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ful activity was the annual fair held on one of the commons. There were big tents for meals and exhibits. Some years more than a hundred cattle were shown. There was always a big parade complete with floats, horses, horribles, bicycles and sometimes a twenty-piece band from Norwich. A horse-drawn, merry-go-round sort of ride was very popular. Eight forty-foot poles with seats on the ends which would hold five adults or eight children were fastened to a tall mast. You could ride for five minutes for five cents which was hardly long enough to read all the advertisements which fluttered overhead.

A Fish and Game Club sponsored stocking a section of Mink Brook for children and developed good programs on firearm safety and conservation. A Square Dance Group carried on the tradition that old and young can enjoy an evening together. Presently the village is proud of its up-to-date fire equipment and active volunteers, and a Women's Auxiliary organizes help for fire-stricken families and is a nucleus for Civil Defense.

But what has the twentieth century brought to the farms? So few are left that if the present trend continues, our grandchildren will have to go to a zoo to see horses and cows. The whole town had fewer farm animals in 1957 than could be found on just the town farm a century earlier. Our present farmers specialize, develop quality produce and work long hours to continue operating at all. The decline of the town farm is an interesting story by itself. The Hanover Water Company formed in 1893 did not feel at first that it was necessary to control the whole drainage area. By 1900 there was some concern over the situation and a motion passed town meeting to sell the town farm to the water company. A few months later a second town meeting rescinded the vote and there the matter rested until the typhoid epidemic of 1903 in Ithaca, New York, hit three thousand students and many townspeople. Within a few months the town farm and the six other farms in the Reservoir District were vacated and sold to the Water Company. Most of our farms, however, folded under economic pressures.

Other changes paralleled the disappearance of the farms. The first telephone was subscribed in 1910. Few realized when the *Boston Globe* of 1903 carried the story of the first plane flown by the Wright brothers that one set of the great-grandparents of the famous pair were Sally Freeman, a daughter of Hanover's first settler, and Daniel Wright of the Hanover Center Wrights. Sally and Daniel were married in Hanover in 1785 and moved to Ohio

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in 1814. By the end of the first decade of our century there were a dozen Fords around. Some heard their first radio in Wilson Hall in 1920. Later, a neighbor who owned the first set would tune in, ring central, place one ear phone in a bowl next to the telephone and then the operator would call other members of the community who wanted to listen.

A resurrected early settler would find television sets, jet planes, modern kitchens and hard-surfaced roads hard to believe. There are some things from this brief story he would be pleased to recognize.

We are proud of the many instances of neighborliness and mutual helpfulness. We no longer get together to do the chores for a farmer who was kicked by his ox, but people still have troubles and the neighbors help.

We are glad, too, that we have been good neighbors to the folks in next-door towns. Way back in 1816 our doctors went to Warren to help in their spotted fever epidemic. (We call it meningitis today.) Then there was that May morning in 1887 when a hill farmer shouted, "Hurry, Thomas, Leb is all afire," and we joined firefighters from all over the state.

Lebanon has always been especially close to the people of the eastern neighborhoods. For years most of the children went to high school in Lebanon, farmers traded there and some girls and boys took dancing lessons of Miss Sara Winnek from Boston in the lower town hall.

We like the gumption and ingenuity of these folks who have lived here before us and are proud it still flourishes. One very capable young mother of the Center turns her hand to an almost unbelievable variety of tasks. A partial list includes sewing all kinds of clothes from evening gowns to suits and coats, driving a tractor, operating a chain saw, chopping wood, laying brick, papering, building cabinets, repairing spark plugs and mufflers, knitting, crocheting, canning, freezing, hunting, fishing, syruping, installing electric outlets and doing professional hair cuts and permanents, not to mention a fair share of community service.

We are interested in the progress of our young people and we are proud of our special people—ministers, writers, teachers and lawyers who have become known beyond the town. There have been a surprisingly large number of these mildly famous people. In 1849 the Rev. E. B. Foster (one of the six minister sons of Richard Foster) prepared a list of those born in and around Hanover

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Center who had entered professional life. He was able to name seventy-nine and of these thirty-one had received a college education. We are equally proud of the many kindly, honest, hard-working, fun-loving, ordinary humans who have been raised in these hills.

We are proud to have lived and grown with Doctor Wheelock's school. The young men have taught in our schools, filled our churches with youthful preaching and song, they have put in winter wood for elderly couples and they have sometimes dropped bewildered freshmen in our wilderness to diffidently knock on our doors to ask the way. This changing, interesting group of young men have added flavor and color to our lives and in spite of some "in the family" criticism it is our college, too.

We like the place. It is a beautiful spot to live in and a number of discriminating people from the city who have driven over "the mountain road" in the fall think so, too.

A blue and white hardtop convertible just went by. A young fellow is clearing a place for a new house over on the other side of Lord's Hill. I wonder if he knows the story of Jonathan Lord and his son whipping each other by turns to keep awake that cold day on their way home from the grist mill. Maybe I will get a chance to talk to him at the next church supper.

Hanover Goes to War

by John B. Stearns

ELIAZAR WHEELOCK'S *Diary* for June 16, 1775, records: "The noise of cannon, supposed to be at Boston, was heard all day," and for June 17: "The same report of cannon. We wait with impatience to hear the occasion and the event." It is further reported that the sound was first detected in Hanover by an Indian student in the College, Daniel Simons '77, who was lying with ear to the ground and that the same sound was distinctly heard in several other towns of the region. The "occasion" was soon interpreted locally as the Battle of Bunker (Breed's) Hill, and the "event" was naturally of vital importance to the four hundred or so pioneers who then constituted the town of Hanover. It is tempting to surmise that Hanover's ardor for active participation in the early events of the Revolution might have been somewhat dampened by the cordial interest in the town shown until his resignation in 1766 by Governor Benning Wentworth and particularly by the intimate friendship between President Eleazar Wheelock and Governor John Wentworth. Both Royal Governors were loyal to the Crown of England and England had been a principal source of financial support for the College from the first.

Whether the reverberations of Bunker Hill heard at Hanover were physical or psychic phenomena, the "occasion" and the "event" of that day found the town well established in a posture of defense and firmly committed to the American cause. Partially, no doubt, this was the result of the logic of such events as the complete withdrawal of British support to the College and the flight to England in May 1775 of Governor John Wentworth. On the other hand, there seems to be audible in the following excerpt from a vote of a Hanover town meeting of 1775 an undertone familiar to students of the later military history of this town: ". . . we highly approve of the measures entered into by the American Congress . . . and our hearty thanks are due to that reputable body . . . for their indefatigable zeal in concerting measures for the security of the liberties of the American colonies." If Tory sympathy was present, it does not appear in the record.

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Characteristic of the distinguished service in the Revolution of many Hanover citizens is the record of James Dean (1748-1823). As a student of Wheelock and a graduate of the College in 1773, Dean had spent several years in missionary work among the Indians. Ten days after Bunker Hill, he returned to Hanover from a long trip among the Oneidas with such important information about the disposition of enemy troops that he was sent to report the facts to the Provincial Congress in Exeter and then to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, where with the help of Patrick Henry he secured pathetically needed help for this area. Dean later served with distinction as Major under General Schuyler in the Continental Armies throughout the war.

Aside from local units of His Majesty's Militia, the first military organizations mustered in Hanover appear to be the two companies of infantry mentioned in August 1775, one from the College district commanded by Captain Samuel McClure and the other from the eastern section of the town, commanded by Captain Edmund Freeman, Hanover's first settler. In November 1775 a group of thirty-four Hanover citizens served with distinction under Generals Schuyler and Montgomery at the siege of St. Johns and later at Quebec. In the same year Major Robert Rogers, formerly of the Rangers, made a dramatic appearance in Hanover, soon after his arrest as a Tory in Philadelphia. Eleazar Wheelock sent an appropriately suspicious account of this to General Washington, but Rogers escaped from the state and recruited troops for the British elsewhere.

Hanover soldiers served in the battles of White Plains, Trenton, and Princeton in 1776, responded valiantly to repeated calls for duty during the critical years of 1777-1778 at Saratoga, Bennington and elsewhere, and even after the surrender of Cornwallis in 1781 companies of militia including Hanover citizens patrolled the northern frontier until the spring of 1782. Almost without exception throughout this conflict, men from this "infant settlement" richly deserved the reputation reflected in the anecdote about New Hampshire troops at Princeton. "What troops are those?" General Washington is reported to have asked. To which General John Sullivan replied "Full-blooded Yankees, Sir, from New Hampshire." One such Yankee, Stockman Sweat from Hanover, in reply to a question about how he managed to capture five Hessians single-handed, gave the classic explanation, "I surrounded 'em, Sir."

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War has never come physically nearer to Hanover in all her history than on October 16, 1780. A party of about three hundred Indians, commanded by a British lieutenant, planned to attack Newbury but learned that this village was well prepared and so determined to attack Hanover and with this intent moved through Chelsea to Tunbridge. There scouts reported that the river was too wide and too cold to cross and the savages therefore moved on to Royalton, which they burned and plundered. Pursuit was promptly organized in Hanover and elsewhere, but the Indians fled with twenty-six prisoners. One of these, Experience Davis, who had left Hanover in 1777 to become the first settler in Randolph, near Royalton, and who was seized in that place, escaped from captivity in Canada, laboriously made his way back to Hanover and then returned to his farm in Randolph where he proudly lived until 1809. This experience of Experience Davis attests the foresight of those who named him and conveys succinctly the spirit of his times.

In the War of 1812 Hanover's enthusiasm for combat seems to have been easily restrained, because of its Federalist alignment at the time and also because several Hanover citizens were influential in organizing vigorous opposition to the national policy of detaching units of the State Militia for national service. Despite all this, Hanover men in 1813 served under Captain Edmund Freeman, 3rd in a company of infantry assigned to Stewartstown for the purpose of controlling British smuggling. The record also shows that Hanover soldiers under Captain Courson defended Portsmouth in 1814 when attack upon this essential port seemed imminent. Although New Hampshire combat units served in the Indian Stream War of 1835 and in the Florida War against the Seminoles in 1836, no Hanover citizens are listed in the accounts available to this writer. The town, like most of New England, was opposed to the Mexican War of 1846-1848, on the ground that it was a war of aggression, not of defense, but six men of Hanover served in Company D, Ninth United States Infantry. One picturesque member of this contingent was Charles Burrell, not a native of Hanover but a soldier of fortune who had become a favorite with students because of his tales of service in the armies of Europe including Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo. In Mexico, however, Burrell's service was abruptly ended by desertion and he found his way back to Hanover, where he was discovered one

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morning lying in a state of exhaustion under the fence around the Green.

During this era between the Revolution and the Civil War the New Hampshire State Militia deteriorated because of repeated legislative enactments contrived with political and mercenary rather than military objectives. The effect of this policy is clear from the following statement of Governor Ichabod Goodwin: "When the (*Civil*) War broke out, there was no military organization in the State, except some few independent companies forming a regiment. Indeed there was very little military interest. . . . The towns had generally neglected to keep an enrollment of the militia. . . . There was no course for us but voluntary enlistment." Such words at such a time must have humiliated Hanover's veterans of the wars discussed above, but humiliation was soon forgotten in the rapid sequence of subsequent events.

To the first appeal for volunteers issued by President Lincoln in 1861 fifty-one residents of this town responded, in addition to members of the College. In 1862 thirty-three citizens answered the call, but as the year progressed the town meeting deemed it wise to encourage wider enrollment by voting a bonus of \$100 and this measure secured a few additional enlistments. As elsewhere, the Conscription Act of 1863 did not meet with unanimous approval here and a September town meeting of that year voted a bonus of \$300 to each drafted man; further financial support for those who accepted the obligation of military service was voted in a town meeting of December 1863. As a result of these generous decisions thirty-five enlistments were secured in Hanover during the year. In 1864 several successive additions by vote of the town raised the bonus to \$500 for volunteers for one year of service and for drafted men or substitutes to the highest figure permitted by law. Enlistments and reenlistments in the town for 1864 were fifty-seven. In 1865 the bonus offered by this town was increased for the seventh time. Thus at the end of the Civil War Hanover had voted to raise or borrow for recruitment and bonus a sum in excess of \$78,000; the town came to the end of this trying era with a war debt of \$42,000. To all branches of the Armed Forces Hanover had supplied 154 men, or with reenlistments, 183. Of these about fifty died or were wounded during the conflict. It is not strange that the next two or three decades were not conspicuous for military spirit in this community.

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The response of the College was equally immediate and honorable. The first college student in the Union Armies was Charles Douglas Lee '62 who enlisted May 8, 1861, in the First New Hampshire Regiment. During the summer of 1861 a company called the *Dartmouth Zouaves* was organized for daily drill on the campus under officers from Norwich University. In 1862 the serious threat to Washington aroused still greater excitement in the College and led to the formation by S. S. Burr '63 of the *Dartmouth Cavaliers*. Thirty-five students enlisted in this cavalry troop and with fifty from other colleges served under Captain Burr as Company B, Seventh Squadron, Rhode Island Cavalry. At the expiration of their service in September 1863 some of the Cavaliers reenlisted but the majority returned to Hanover, dismayed to learn that they must take examinations which they had missed during service. Captain Burr, however, returned at once to Rhode Island and secured from Brown University permission for the members of his command to enter Brown without examination. This offer may have influenced Dartmouth authorities to rescind their former decision; in any event the *Dartmouth Cavaliers* reentered Dartmouth without examination. From 1861 to 1865 the enrollment of the College shrank from 358 to 230. The "Roll of Honor" includes 652 members of Dartmouth classes from 1822 to 1884 and records the names of many far past the normal years of military service and of many others who served as boys and subsequently attended college. It has been computed that this Roll represents a "larger percentage than from any other college in the North."

Space does not permit enumeration of the distinguished records achieved by many of these Hanover men. Typical of such service is the military career of the officer memorialized in Baker Library, Lieutenant Colonel Fisher Ames Baker '59, Commanding Officer, Eighteenth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers. As a junior in college Baker was captain of the *Dartmouth Greys*, an undergraduate unit which drilled diligently on the campus with rifles donated by a company of disbanded Hanover Militia and with a flag presented by the young ladies of Mrs. Sherman's School which then stood on the present site of Webster Hall. This flag of bright blue silk bore the romantic motto POST PROELIA PRAEMIA, *After Battles Come Rewards*,—a modest reference to the rewards at the disposal of Mrs. Sherman's young ladies?

With Hanover's thrilling but costly experiences of the Civil

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War in mind one is prepared to understand why the town displayed little evidence of martial ardor in the period 1865-1898. Even the Spanish-American War of 1898 aroused no official expressions of public sentiment, although citizens of Hanover and students of the College entered the Armed Forces at this time and served with distinction.

During the early years of the First World War (1914-1918) considerable opposition to American entry into the conflict and some degree of sympathy for Germany were undoubtedly felt in Hanover, but by 1917 the prevailing sentiment of the community is clear from the following characteristic vote of the March town meeting: "The citizens of Hanover in Town Meeting assembled, affirm their loyal adherence to the principles of vigorous freedom fundamental to the existence of the United States. They declare their approval of the course of the President of the United States in all his efforts to protect the lives and property of their fellow citizens against piratical attacks upon the sea. . . ."

In 1917 the financial support supplied by the town during the Civil War was not required because all eligible men were enrolled in service by the draft. From America's entry into the war in 1917 to the Armistice of 1918 Hanover citizens to the number of 181 served in all branches of the Armed Forces, a number only slightly less than the town's total enlistment in the Civil War, which was of much longer duration. In the College the enrollment of 1500 in 1917 dropped in October 1918 to 761, of which number 651 were enlisted in the Students' Army Training Corps. To all branches of the Armed Services during World War I the College sent 3407 students and alumni; 111 died in service.

Intimate details about Hanover citizens who served in World War I are not yet available in our archives, because letters from Hanover boys at the front are kept for a generation or two in attics by mothers and others who cherish and protect them. The normal course of such documents, however, is from attic to archives and thus the future historian may soon count on a rich supply. The period between the two world wars, like that after the Civil War, is nearly devoid of military activity in the town.

In the period immediately before our country entered World War II this community was not united in its opinion of the proper course of action. In traditional manner Hanover debated the issues pro and con but it became apparent before Pearl Harbor that the trend favored acceptance of the obligations as well as the priv-

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ileges of freedom. The College introduced defense courses in 1941 and the "accelerated program" involved the Town as well as the College in a vigorous and unifying effort which led to Civilian Pilot Training, Indoctrination Schools, the Navy V-12 College Training Program, and other activities essential to ultimate victory. Hanover supplied 431 citizens to all branches of the Armed Services in World War II, of whom nineteen died in service. The College sent 11,091 students and alumni into service and 301 of these men died in service. But statistics have little power to convey what a war means to a town like Hanover or what a town like Hanover means to a war.

Throughout its history the heritage of Hanover has been enriched and its horizons expanded by service in the Armed Forces of Hanover citizens. They deserve and they get the affection expressed in the deportment of a local boy who was once drilling on the Parade Ground with his local company. A spectator from more urban areas to the south, amused at this rustic display, was so ill advised as to grin. Whereupon our soldier left his unit, knocked the grinning spectator flat and quietly returned to his place in line. "Fine of twenty-five cents," barked the Commanding Officer. "I know that and I'll pay it," replied the boy, "but when THIS outfit marches by on parade, NOBODY grins."

This incident is related of Muster Day, that boisterous and gala festival of our early eras, the only occasion of the year when all Hanover's men, women, and children met on the Parade Ground at Hanover Center, hungry, thirsty, curious, and eager to renew their pugnacity and *esprit de corps*. Lavish, although an inadequate word, may suggest the nature of the preparations, beginning well in advance when the selectmen let out by contract at auction to the lowest bidder the assignment of "fodderin' the troop" with specified quantities of prime roast beef, boiled mutton, bread (wheat, rye, and "rye and Injun'"), West India rum, seed cakes, Injun' pudding, and *Muster Day Gingerbread*.

Citizens assembled right after breakfast, that is, about dawn, in oxcarts enough to create acute traffic problems, of which they were inordinately proud. During the morning the local units of militia marched, countermarched, wheeled and passed in review to some frisky fife-tune with this refrain:

We've found the way to make ends meet—
Drink STONE WALL and hustle.

Hanover Goes to War

(Stone Wall consists of "old cider" and "new rum" blended in proportions to suit the individual palate and in quantities to match the occasion.) After dinner at noon, attention was drawn to the minstrels, fiddlers, auctioneers, acrobats, fakirs,—itinerant and local, old and young—who thronged the Parade Ground and its approaches. Horses were swapped, knitted goods and homemade sweets were peddled for profit and for fun, and the band played, careless perhaps of the difference between "common" and "compound" time but with magnificent volume and spirit. On one such occasion the incident is recalled of the village idiot, to whom all towns owe a great debt because to him has always been vouchsafed in rare degree the precious gift of full enjoyment. As he pranced beside the marching band this Muster Day, the village idiot queried "Ain't that music dreadful pretty?", thus illustrating another of his supernatural gifts—command of the perspicacious phrase.

Muster Day arose out of the American Revolution and out of wide belief in the words of President Washington that "to be prepared for war is one of the most effective means of preserving peace." In this spirit the twenty-fourth Article of the New Hampshire Bill of Rights says that "a well regulated militia is the proper, natural, and sure defence of a state," and in 1786 New Hampshire accordingly enacted a law requiring, after some exceptions, all able-bodied men to present themselves on Muster Day armed and equipped for military duty, and imposing fines for failure to comply. In the decade before the Civil War, Muster Day disappeared for reasons variously given as peace and prosperity, growth of the temperance movement, progress, politics, etc. At all events the Parade Grounds grew up to bushes or filling stations, and other community occasions absconded with the glamor of Muster Day.

However, survivals do exist here and there. For example, those who are hungry for the things of Muster Day are urged to try the following old recipe for Muster Day Gingerbread; it is genuine and it works: "1 cup light molasses, 2 large tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon soda mixed with 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 cups flour, kneaded in but not hard. Roll into sheets, mark with fork, and bake quickly. After baking, wet top of sheets with 3 teaspoons milk mixed with 3 teaspoons molasses while gingerbread is still hot."

For readers who wish, as well they might, to learn more of Han-

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over's military history than the present account supplies, the following bibliographical note may be of help.

For the Revolution the most readable account is that of Frederick Chase, *A History of Dartmouth College and the Town of Hanover, New Hampshire*, Cambridge (1891) ch. vi, pp. 318 ff; fuller detail and lists of those who served are given in C. E. Potter, *The Military History of New Hampshire from its Settlement in 1623 to the Rebellion in 1861*, Concord (1866). For the Civil War the best general account is that of J. K. Lord (ed. A. Fairbanks), *A History of the Town of Hanover, New Hampshire*, Hanover (1928), ch. xv, pp. 172 ff.; details and muster rolls are to be found in A. D. Ayling, *Revised Register of the Soldiers and Sailors of New Hampshire in the War of the Rebellion, 1861-1866*, Concord (1895). For World War I, one may consult E. F. Clark, *War Record of Dartmouth College, 1917-1918*, Hanover (1922), and J. K. Lord's history, cited above. Hanover citizens who served in World War II are listed in *How They Served*, Lebanon (1945), copies of which may be had in the office of the Town Clerk, Hanover. Many sources of further information about Hanover's military achievements are available in books, periodicals, and manuscripts preserved in the archives of Baker Library.

Early Houses Outside the Village

by Marjory Lord Packard

WHEN Edmund Freeman 3rd, his wife, two tiny children and seventeen-year-old brother Otis arrived in Hanover in May of 1765, they rather quickly put up a log house for shelter, as did the other settlers who followed them. Apparently there was no thought of these being permanent residences, and within ten years, usually less, the log hut was replaced with a more substantial dwelling. The only trace of these loghouses remaining seems to be found in the Bridgman-Stevens house in Etna, built before 1771. The first two-story frame house was built in 1769 by John House near the river, two and a half miles north of the College Plain. It was used as a dwelling until it was pulled down in 1866.

The majority of the early settlers were a rather homogeneous group from adjacent towns in eastern Connecticut. They brought with them the ideals of house building with which they had been reared and felt at home. Some built the familiar story and a half house with low pitched roof, a central chimney with small entrance hall, a room at either side in front and three smaller rooms in the rear. Often a small house was built at first, and then as the family expanded, the original house was used as an ell and a larger addition placed at the side. Occasionally a much steeper pitched roof allowed for more room from the first, particularly upstairs.

Probably the type next most frequently erected by the early settlers was the two-story, pitched roof house around a central chimney. An interesting variant found also in Norwich and Haverhill is the two-story, pitched roof house with quite different proportions, and only one room instead of two rooms deep.

Another type was the nearly square, hipped roof house with central chimney. Several examples are still standing in Norwich and on the road to Haverhill, but in Hanover outside the village the old Smith-Fullington house and the Chandler-Hewes house, which has been much altered, seem to be all that remain. A variant of this type has two chimneys with a large central hall between them.

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The interior construction of these early houses is a frame of handhewn rafters and beams, some shaped with a broadax, others with an adz. The rafters, usually to be seen in the attics, are braced by connecting horizontal beams (purlins) and by each other where they meet at the peak of the roof, commonly with no ridgepole. The walls consist of a layer of boards, generally horizontal, sometimes upright, and often in the old houses very broad, nailed with hand-wrought nails to the studs (minor vertical posts) and covered on the outside with hand-riven clapboards. Within, laths split by hand on the spot were nailed to the studs, and to them was applied a thin coat of plaster, which, if any of it remains today under the layers of old wallpaper, can be identified by its thinness and brittle quality, quite different from modern plaster. Occasionally a sheathing of plain or paneled pine boards instead of plaster formed the inside of the walls.

Carpenters working on the renovation of old houses and home owners have discovered a number of so-called "plank" houses, a form found occasionally in Connecticut dwellings and perhaps more prevalent in this region because of the greater importance of keeping out the wintry blasts. Corner posts only were used, no studs, but beams under the roof were held up by broad two-inch vertical planks, mortised into the sills and upper beams (plates). Each plank was grooved at the edge and they were made tight by splines driven down between them. These plank walls extended from corner post to corner post and must have been a nearly wind-proof construction.

The interior finish varied with the taste, upbringing, wealth and skill of the builder, but in general in the early years in these outposts of civilization it was simple and functional. Nevertheless, the examples of fine mantels, paneling, broad plank floors, and exterior moldings to be seen in many of the oldest houses in the town testify to the general respect for superior craftsmanship which our first settlers brought with them from their former homes.

Of course at present it is not easy to visualize just how these houses looked as they stood here before 1811. Roofs and clapboards must necessarily have been replaced if they were to survive and they have been subjected to the vicissitudes of changing ownership. Sometimes old and crumbling chimneys were ripped out and fireplaces boarded up to make them safe and up-to-date. Rooms were rearranged, closets and pantries added by owners who

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wanted "modern improvements." (Captain James Spencer boasted that his new house, built in 1846, didn't have a single old-fashioned fireplace in it!) Sometimes through periods of neglect old interiors crumbled away, and recent owners have had to clear out almost the entire interior and start again. But often very fine finish has been preserved in some rooms; the Macomber, Morgan, Duke, Lang and Menand houses are good examples.

In any story of Hanover houses built before 1811, it would be most unfair not to mention the numerous cellar holes bearing silent witness to the early settlers, many of them outstanding names on the town records, who came, built their houses, cleared large acreages, raised their families, and carried on the affairs of the town, but of whom no visible trace remains except perhaps a disintegrating stone in one of the town's nine cemeteries. On roads that have continued to be traveled to the present it was usually fire that took the houses, but in the Moose Mountain area along the long discontinued roads the houses were abandoned and allowed to decay.

Hanover, like all Connecticut River towns, has literally though in no sense figuratively "gone downhill." This is due in no small degree to people's changing attitude toward hills. Before a town goes down to the valleys it must first have gone up to the hill tops, and this the town of Hanover quite literally did. A few settled early on the flat ground near the river, notably the founders of Dartmouth College, Samuel Green on the road which still bears his name, and Timothy Smith who with his sons had a vast holding along the river bank north from the present Fullington farm.

Edmund Freeman first built a log house about a half mile from the river, but before he moved to Lebanon in 1780 he had built a house in Hanover Center northeast of the present village. Jonathan Freeman always lived in the Center. The Huntingtons built at once on a hill top, as did Jonathan Lord, and later Captain Spencer, to say nothing of the Tenneys, Wrights, and Emersons who settled on the slopes of Moose Mountain. Isaac Houston, Stephen Kimball, and Samuel Hayes built on the top of Hayes Hill; Abel Parks on the hill top now owned by Millett Morgan; the Chandlers, Bentons, and Wests settled in the high area west of Moose Mountain later known as the Arvin District; the Slades, Millers, Topliffes and Storrses built on the high ground in what became known as the North Neighborhood in the northern part of the town between Hanover Center and Lyme Center. The

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Masons, Curtices, and Thomases lived on the high land on the slope of Pinneo Hill above the intervale which later became the Hanover Reservoir. Hanover Center and its vicinity to the north was settled by the Freemans, Camps, Hurlbutts, Dows and Fellowses. All these people felt that the farm land was better and more easily cleared on these hardwood-covered slopes, and their "wind" for hill climbing must have been excellent, as well as that of their children, horses and oxen! It is a notable fact that in the old highway surveys, though much is made of getting around swamps and over brooks, there is absolutely no mention of the grade of a hill, even for the Wolfeboro road over Moose Mountain.

By the mid-nineteenth century, however, the early productivity of the farms had diminished and the children of large families had begun to drift away. The boys tired of digging boulders, good only for stone walls or house foundations, out of the rocky pastures, and went west or to the cities, particularly after they had been away to the Civil War. The girls married these boys and went with them, or quite frequently married Dartmouth graduates who were returning to other parts of the country. The older people, fighting a losing battle with the land, tended to move to the villages, Etna or Hanover Plain or Lebanon, where there were more neighbors and living was not quite so hard, though of course there are many rugged exceptions to prove this rule.

In the last decades of the nineteenth century many of these farms were bought by farming folk of Scotch or French ancestry from New York State or Canada, particularly the region of Chateaugay, N. Y., and Huntington County, P. Q. Around the turn of the century, before the day of the automobile, the outlying areas on the back roads seemed increasingly inaccessible, and many acres formerly tilled were allowed to revert to woodland, and the houses on them disappeared or fell into great disrepair. With the coming of the Ford it became much easier for farmers to get back and forth to town, and the appearance of the four-wheel-drive jeep after the second World War has made possible a movement back to the hills. It is much easier now, even in the mud season, to live in the country and work in the town. Furthermore, people from the cities are again seeking the old homes on the Hanover hill tops as summer or permanent residences.

Without this brief glimpse of the history of the township it is impossible to understand the old houses which still remain. Each

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of them has experienced many changes. They have witnessed periods of great hope and happiness, alternating with others of depression and neglect. They have fallen into disrepair and then been renovated and "brought up to date." Some have experienced this cycle several times. None is a museum piece surviving intact from the time it was built. A few are excellent restorations, and many are fine comfortable homes bearing witness to the efforts of their several owners, and particularly the women of the household, to provide a good life for a growing family.

In a single chapter it is of course necessary to set some limits to the houses studied. We have in this bicentennial year chosen to deal only with those still standing that were built during the first fifty years after the town was chartered in 1761; that is, by 1811. Many of the surviving old houses, in fact some of the most interesting and attractive ones, were built several years after that, and it is hoped that at a later date someone will study and write of them.

There are records of the exact dates at which a few of these houses were built, but information about most of them is elusive. The memories of older residents in the town and the traditions that have been handed down in their families have been of great assistance. Whenever possible the facts thus transmitted or gleaned in other ways have been checked, corroborated or corrected by search of town records, highway allotments, printed histories, maps, deeds, manuscript letters and diaries, and the like. Particularly valuable have been the genealogical records of Hanover compiled by Dr. G. D. Frost and preserved in the Baker Library Archives room and the map with highway records prepared by Prof. J. W. Goldthwait and published as Appendix II in Lord's *History of Hanover*. The files in the Baker Archives, graciously made accessible by the staff, have been most helpful. The conclusions reached by such investigation are embodied in the account which follows. Any errors or omissions are purely inadvertent and I am sorry for them.

Since, then, definite dates of building can so seldom be assigned to houses outside the village at the College and since, in my own experience, an old house is much more interesting if one can drive by it and visualize it in its setting, the list which follows is not arranged chronologically but by the sequence of the houses on the roads of the town.

Let us begin then by going out the Greensboro road to Etna.

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On this road there stands one very old house, that of Charles Hanchette, built by Samuel Green soon after he settled in town in 1782. It is interesting as one of the few representatives of the "plank" house.

In the village of Etna the residence of Roy Stevens is the oldest house extant. It was built by Isaac Bridgman before the Revolutionary War, and in it are incorporated some of the old logs from Bridgman's original log cabin of 1768. Another house perhaps nearly as old is Alvin Poland's, always called the "Mill House" because it was occupied for more than a century by one miller after another who tended the old grist mill near by. Other apparently ancient dwellings in Etna, but for which definite dates and names of builders are unknown, are those of Helen Hart, Fred Coburn, Philip Northway, Don Nichols, Miss Margaret Bridgman and Harley Camp. On the hill to the west of this village the house now owned by Robert Adams is said to have been built by Timothy Owen in the late eighteenth century.

Situated just off the Ruddsboro road out of Etna, Millett Morgan's house, built by Abel Parks not long after 1800, contains original pine paneling and wainscoting. Nathaniel Emerson's house, whose builder and date are not known, evidences its age by its plank walls similar to those in the Green-Hanchette house. On a branch road to the north from the Ruddsboro road stands the two-story hipped roof dwelling of Berton F. Hewes, built by William Chandler in 1798. And a short road east of the main highway between Etna and Hanover Center leads to the cottage house of Colby Bent, erected according to the *Grafton County Gazetteer* by Webster Hall in 1781.

At the Center the finest old house is that built by Jonathan Freeman Esq. about 1798, of two stories, with a pitched roof and large central chimney. Particularly noteworthy are the Palladian window in the finely proportioned front and the inside "Indian" shutters. It is now owned and occupied by the William Baileys. Arthur Gerstenberger's house was built by Capt. Amos Kinne soon after his arrival in Hanover in 1794. It contains modern sheathing on the original handhewn frame. The Lang house, although its date and builder are unknown, has long been considered by the Center residents to be one of the oldest houses in the vicinity. Some of the original interior finish has been well preserved.

The two-story house on the Wolfeboro road a short distance east

Early Houses Outside the Village

of the Center, now owned by Joseph Fogg, was built by Richard Foster on the old Eden Burroughs farm, but whether before or after 1811 is not known. Across the road from this house stands another two-story dwelling, now Wesley LaBombard's, built about 1790 by Isaac Bridgman Jr., son of the Isaac Bridgman who earlier erected the Roy Stevens house in Etna. On the road from the Center to Spencer Hill stands the residence built by Isaac Fellows who settled there in 1799. He built first a small house, which is now the ell, and then as the family grew added a larger house at the side. It is now occupied by Gabriel Elder.

In the North Neighborhood the interesting small house owned by George Wrightson dates back to the mid-1780s, when it was erected by Salmon Dow. The only house now standing on the Wardrobe road is the story and a half one with its very high and steep pitched roof, built also in the 1780s, by Nathaniel Hurlbutt; it is now unoccupied. Near the North Neighborhood schoolhouse the two-story house now the Rennie Nursing Home was built soon after 1800 by Elijah Miller. Harry Macomber's house, of two stories but only one room in depth, built by Samuel Slade before 1791 contains some fine old pine paneling. To the northeast William Rennie's house, erected by Eli Hurlbutt, is supposed to date from the 1790s. Augustus Storrs, who came to Hanover in 1792, built Edwin Lord's house, presumably not long after his arrival here.

The section of the town now known as the Etna Highlands and including both Pork and Hayes Hills was settled early. James Campion's house, built by Silas Tenney in 1800, is a good example of the two-story pitched roof dwelling with central chimney. It contains inside wooden shutters of the sort usually called "Indian." The home of the Rev. Wilbur Bull is another "plank" house, in this instance one instead of two rooms deep. The date and builder are not known, nor are they for the house of James Campion Jr., although it is evidently of early construction.

Samuel Hayes, a pioneer settler on the hill that takes its name from his family, built in the eighteenth century the house now owned by A. P. Farnsworth. Capt. Stephen Kimball lived in the Dr. John R. Sibley house from 1791, the date of his arrival in East Hanover, to 1796, when he removed to the Plain. On the spur road to the east, once part of the main highway from Hanover over Mt. Tug to East Lebanon and Elisha Payne's sawmill at Lake Mascoma, stands the two-story dwelling built in the early

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1790s by Isaac Houston as a tavern. It is now owned by Maurice Laramie.

On the long highway from the Lebanon line through Ruddsboro and the Arvin district and thence over the Three Mile Road nearly to the Lyme line several old dwellings still remain. The Victor W. Goodrich house, of "plank" construction, is thought to have been built by Jonathan Hatch as early as 1810. The Robert Fellows house is said to have been erected in the 1790s by John D. Kingsbury. The house next south of the Ruddsboro cemetery, now Ernest Dana's, was built by Lemuel Dow Jr. in 1790 or soon thereafter. By 1800 Asa Bridgman had erected a dwelling north of the cemetery, which still stands and is owned by Elmer Dana.

At the five corners in the Arvin district Howard Randall's house was built, perhaps before the Revolutionary War, by Deacon Stephen Benton, who came to Hanover in 1768. The first death in the new town was that of Mr. Benton's infant son Alfred on August 25, 1768. The Louis Menand house, with its fine old interior finish, is of about the same date, built by John Tenney, who arrived here by oxteam in June 1770. Still further to the north David Tenney erected in the 1780s the dwellinghouse owned by William Straub. The Kendall heirs own a house that Moses Emerson built shortly before 1800.

There are a few old houses still standing in the northwest part of the township. On Route 10 the large, square, hipped roof house owned by Wilson W. Fullington was constructed in 1796 by John Smith. His nephew, Edward Smith Jr., about the same time built the house now owned by Norman Davis north of Slade Brook. Harry Albaugh's house, built by William Woodward, is supposed also to date from the eighteenth century. The house at the lower reservoir, owned by the Hanover Water Works Company but now unoccupied, probably was built by Jeremiah Thomas, perhaps as early as 1790.

On the north slope of Pinneo Hill the house occupied by Carl W. Plant was erected by Joseph Pinneo, who settled there shortly after 1790. The house of David Croall on the Dogford road is a very old one, presumably built at an early date by Titus Woodward or Dyer Willis. An excellent specimen of early farmhouse construction stands on the Goodfellow road. It was built just before 1800 by Hezekiah Huntington who gave the name to the hill on which it is situated. Of two stories, with pitched roof and central chimney, it still possesses fine original paneling and a beauti-

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ful stairway. Col. Florimond Duke now owns it. Close to the Lyme line on the road that leads from the west to the North Neighborhood, Roy Rennie owns a house built early by Nathaniel Woodward, who came from Connecticut in 1782 with his bride on horseback, to clear this farm and make his home on this spot.

These then are the houses scattered across the outlying districts of our township that we can with reasonable certainty assign to the first fifty years of Hanover's existence. They have weathered the vicissitudes of more than a hundred and fifty years. Perhaps some of them will still be here at our tercentenary.

Early Houses in the Village on the Plain

by Jeannette Mather Lord

ON the Hanover Plain the earliest houses were built by settlers who had left the pleasures and comforts and social amenities of a more cultivated life in Connecticut for the New Hampshire frontier. Here they built dwellings which have made for gracious living during the successive two centuries.

Their houses were constructed of the material at hand, mainly lumber from the forest of gigantic white pines which grew on the slope up from the river and across the plain itself 175 feet above the river. Hanover had no architects in those days. The settlers followed the general style of architecture known in Connecticut and their houses were erected by skilled carpenters who had learned from experience that good sound construction was the first necessity. To this could be added paneling, curved moldings, and graceful cornices when the cost was not prohibitive. These builders were expert in adapting detail to their need and had a sense of proportion and an appreciation of line that we find most satisfactory. The frames of these houses are as sound today as when they were built.

Of the houses still standing that were built in the village in the first fifty years after the founding of the town only two remain on their original sites (the Heneage house and Crosby Hall); all have had their interiors changed. Some were moved early in the nineteenth century, many others as late as the 1920s. Some of Hanover's beautiful trees have been sacrificed to allow the houses to pass along the streets, and some houses have been razed when it was impossible to move them without damaging trees. Thus the beautiful Proctor house, built in 1810 by Ebenezer Adams on the lot where McNutt Hall now stands, was torn down because there was not room enough to move it out into the street between the big elms then standing in front of it.

All the early history of the village centers on Eleazar Wheelock. It grew under his direction, for by gifts of land for settlement he was responsible for the coming of men without whom the operation of the College could not go on. Thus he secured by corre-

Early Houses in the Village on the Plain

spondence and invitation a physician, a taverner, a tailor, a shoemaker, a carpenter, a mason, a steward, a printer, besides teachers for the College, a barber, a joiner, and two farmers. In 1771 the trustees of the College set aside a plot of twenty acres "to encourage and accommodate settlers." Of the houses built by these earliest grantees in the first decade (1770-1780), six still survive and are lived in today: the tavern, Wheelock's mansion, and houses of the farmer, the carpenter, the mason and one tutor.

The oldest house in the village is the one owned and occupied by the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at 6 West Wheelock Street. It was the first two-story house on the Plain (except that of Beza-leel Woodward which was raised the same day and afterward burned), and was built in 1771 as a tavern by Aaron Storrs, from Lebanon, Connecticut, on the southwest corner of Main and Wheelock Streets, flush with the road, on the space now occupied by the front lawn of the Casque and Gauntlet House. From Storrs it passed into the possession of Rufus Graves, merchant and promoter of the first bridge across the river, and in 1793 was bought by Dr. Samuel Alden. Dr. Alden in 1823 built the brick house directly in the rear of this one and when finished moved his household goods out of the back door of the old house into the front door of the new one. Then he moved the old house into what was then his garden, the position it now occupies. Willis Kinsman resided in it for many years and in 1844 erected behind it a public bath house with a hot water heater and four wooden tubs, the first such in the village. In 1909 it passed into possession of the fraternity. Enlarged and much changed, with four Doric columns added to its plain, unadorned exterior, it bears little resemblance today to its original appearance.

Jabez Bingham, a nephew of President Wheelock, accompanied Madam Wheelock and her retinue to Hanover in the autumn of 1770, driving the oxtteam which transported the baggage and provisions. The next year the College granted him an acre of land "to encourage him to settle here as its farmer." On this lot he built in 1772 a small house, on the present site of the Dartmouth National Bank. Little is known about it, save that it had many owners over the years and sheltered a varied succession of shops. About 1833 it was moved to what is now 10 Pleasant Street and today is the ell of Roland Lewin's residence.

The most famous, best preserved and certainly the most interesting of all the old houses in the village is the mansion house of

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President Eleazar Wheelock, erected in 1773 on the present site of Reed Hall. On that site it housed successively the families of the two Presidents Wheelock and of President Allen of the University and after 1821 the tenants of Allen who included for short intervals President Tyler and President Lord. In order to make room for the erection of Reed Hall it was moved in 1839 across the Green to a site on River Street (now West Wheelock), where today it serves as the beautiful and efficient home of the Howe Library. A detailed account of its history is given in Chapter 21.

Comfort Sever, a carpenter from Stillwater, N. Y., arrived in Hanover in September 1773 and settled near the College under the patronage of President Wheelock. That same year plans for a large hall for the College, not realized until the building of Dartmouth Hall many years later, were made by Wheelock in consultation with Sever. The next year, 1774, he was granted a choice lot of one acre on the west side of the Green on which he built his house. It stood on what is now the open lawn just south of Robinson Hall, and was a long two-story building with its gable end toward the street. After having housed stores and at one time a printing establishment, it was for more than thirty years the office of Daniel Blaisdell, the College treasurer.

To make way for a new bank building the Sever house was moved in 1870 to 16 West Wheelock Street, where it became the home of Michael McCarthy. His grandson, Fred McCarthy, lives in the house today.

The half-acre lot next north of Comfort Sever's, on the corner of Cemetery (now Sanborn) Lane and North Main Street, was granted in 1774 to William Winton, a mason by trade, who at once built a house on it. Three years later, in the spring of 1777, he enlisted in the First New Hampshire Regiment, was wounded in the battle of Saratoga and died September 28, 1777. George Williston, an architect and carpenter, came to Hanover in 1811 to work on the house being built for Dr. Cyrus Perkins on the Winton lot. Williston bought the Winton house then standing there and moved it to a site at the extreme end of Back Street, now 13 Maple Street. At that time the woods were still standing very near it. After Williston's death in 1819, his widow Achsah and daughter Harriet continued to live in the house until Harriet's marriage in 1840 to Everett K. Smith, the cracker man. It was then successively the home of Jeremiah Brooks and John McCarthy, who sold it in 1888 to School District No. 1.

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The present owner, who purchased it from the school district, is Clarence Cofran. He shows his visitors handhewn beams, "pun-kin pine" once covered with plaster, old H-hinges lost many years under innumerable coats of paint, and old glass in the windows.

The little story-and-a-half farmhouse, known for the last seventy years as the Webster Cottage, was built in 1780 by the Rev. Sylvanus Ripley on land given to his wife, Abigail Wheelock, by her father Eleazar. It is the only house surviving in the village that was built during the Revolutionary War. For a century and a half it stood on its original site at the corner of North Main Street and Webster Avenue, facing east down Elm Street, but just before Silsby Hall was built in 1928 it was moved to its present location at 27B North Main Street.

In 1786 Mr. Ripley built a new house on the Green and the family removed thither. After his death his widow and children returned in 1794 to the small farmhouse where they lived until 1802. It was in the college year of 1800-1801 that Daniel Webster occupied the little south chamber under the roof, reached by a narrow, steep twelve-step stairs with a sharp turn in it. Some time afterwards a lawyer, William Smith, resided in this house and here in 1822 his son Henry was born. Later Henry, the founder of Wellesley College, changed his name to Henry Fowle Durant.

Through a large part of the nineteenth century it was called the McMurphy house, from its owners and occupants, the Misses Mary T. and Lucy J. McMurphy, who conducted in it a popular boarding house for students. From 1900 on it was occupied in both its locations by Professor P. O. Skinner and later his widow. Mrs. Skinner (Alice Van Leer Carrick), a collector of early American antiques, furnished the house beautifully with objects suitable to the period of its building. From the volume on antique hunting which she entitled *The Next-to-Nothing House* it acquired still another name.

This house is less changed in outside appearance than most of the early dwellings still extant. Probably its exterior is exactly the same as when built except for the little enclosed porch at its front door. Within, old fireplaces and some of the original woodwork and hardware survive. It is now unoccupied.

These six houses from the first decade of our village's existence are representative ones, little houses and farmhouses as well as the Wheelock mansion, the most important of all the old dwellings.

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They tell us much of the taste and culture of our forebears in Hanover.

Eight more houses built before 1800 survive. The oldest of them is the present Eastman Drug Store building on the southeast corner of Main and South Streets. Built by Dr. Laban Gates about 1785 on the site of Wilson Museum at Wheelock and College Streets, it remained in his family until 1845. Serving afterward for many years as a rooming and tenement house, it was moved to its present location in 1884 to make way for the erection of Wilson Hall. Its good lines and proportions still remain, but the handsome and imposing appearance of its former state, with dignified doorway and fine windows in the gable end facing the street, as revealed in early photographs, is but slightly evident today.

The only surviving eighteenth century house on the Plain that still stands on its original site is that of Mrs. H. R. Heneage at 60 South Main Street. Who built it and when is not known, but it was already there in 1786, occupied by Benjamin Coult, and later in the same year by Eleazar Fitch, a hatter. In 1788 the College sold it to Humphrey Farrar Esq., for forty years a prosperous and prominent citizen of the village. Albert Wainwright, the tinsmith, purchased it in 1836; it remained in his family until 1911, and is often called the Wainwright house. It was also sometimes called the Webster house from a belief, afterwards proved wrong, that Daniel once roomed in it. Later owners before Mrs. Heneage were Mrs. Laura Phelps and her daughter, Mrs. Pierce Crosby. Apparently only in size and general outline does it retain its original appearance; the interior has been entirely changed.

A house which long stood on North Main Street on the present site of Sanborn House is supposed to have been built about 1786 by an otherwise unidentified Thaddeus White. Deacon Samuel Long lived in it from about 1819 to 1847, followed until 1875 by Daniel Blaisdell, the College treasurer. Much later it was the home of another treasurer, C. P. Chase. It had undergone several transformations and because of the many gables its additions had acquired was then known familiarly as "The House of Seven Gables." In 1925 it was purchased by Professor Ernest R. Greene, who had been living in it for several years, and moved by him to its present location at 38 East Wheelock Street. It is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. David F. Hawke.

When the Rev. Sylvanus Ripley found his farmhouse too small for the comfort of his growing family, he built, as we have said, in



East side of the Green in the 1880s



North side of the Green 1897; from the left: the White Church (1795), Choate house (1786), Lord house (1802), Rood house (1824)



West side of the Green in the 1890s; from the left:
Bank Building (1870), Sanborn house (1815), Proctor house (1810),
Shurtleff-Brown house (1790), Hubbard house (1843),
Crosby Hall (1810), White Church (1795)



South side of the Green 1867; from the left:
Bissell Hall, Crane-Currier house (built 1773, burned 1887),
Dartmouth Hotel



Gates house 1865; built 1785, on site of Wilson Museum



"The Golden Corner" 1881, residence of A. P. Balch;
built 1875, burned 1900; on site of College Hall



Professor Brown house 1867, on site of College Hall;
built by Richard Lang 1795



The Webster Cottage, erected 1785

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1786 on his own land on the north side of the Green a big new house, known to us for over forty years as Choate House. The family was already living in the still unfinished dwelling on February 5, 1787, when Mr. Ripley was killed by being thrown from a sleigh in Mill Village on his return from a preaching service at Hanover Center. His widow continued there until 1794, when she sold the property to George Foote and returned to her farmhouse. Mr. Foote kept it as an inn for a few years, "with victualing and lodging accommodations for travellers."

In 1801 it passed into the possession of Mills Olcott Esq., leading citizen of the village for half a century, and became a center of culture and hospitality. Mr. Olcott's daughter Helen was married in 1825 in the east parlor of this house to Rufus Choate. After Olcott's death, his daughter Sarah and her husband, William H. Duncan, occupied the house until her decease in 1854. For the next sixty-three years, except for one brief interval, it was the home of pastors of the College Church—Dr. John Richards, Dr. Samuel P. Leeds, and the Rev. Robert Falconer. Dr. and Mrs. Leeds, whose occupancy extended from 1864 to 1913, named it "The Maples," although most of the citizens called it simply "the Leeds house."

In 1915 it was bought by the College and in 1920 modernized and made into a two-family house for faculty, called Choate House. In 1927, when the space for Baker Library was being cleared, it was moved to 27A North Main Street, where it is now used for the offices of educational research. In its new location it was brought after 140 years face to face with Sylvanus Ripley's older house, the Webster Cottage.

Choate House was always considered one of the "elegant" residences in the village, ranking next to the Wheelock mansion in historic interest. Fortunately, it has undergone less structural change than the other old houses and retains many of its original features. It is a hipped roof, two-chimney type of house, with eight brick fireplaces and a central hall between the chimneys, whence a stairway leads to the second floor. Three of the eight main rooms still have wooden shutters at the windows which can be pushed back out of sight within the walls when not in use. All the fireplaces remain, most of them in their original state, with the old mantels. The stairway in the hall and the exposed corner posts in the rooms are unchanged, as is the sash of the twenty-four-paned windows. Some old glass persists, but the long-famous panes

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on which the names and initials of many of the Olcotts were cut with a diamond have disappeared. In the attic one may inspect the four massive handhewn pine rafters, nine by ten inches, which support the hipped roof, and in the cellar still larger timbers spanning brick supports which uphold the great chimneys. The two ells and the front porch with its unusual baluster posts were not a part of the original plan, but were evidently added during the Olcott ownership.

The main part of Roland Lewin's house, 10 Pleasant Street, was built by Ezra Carpenter in 1787 on College Street, on a site between the road and the Medical Building. When Dr. Nathan Smith founded the Medical School in 1797, his first lectures were held in this house, it is said. Dr. Smith continued to use it for purposes connected with the School after the Medical Building was erected in 1812, and it became known as the "Old Medical House." Though much out of repair, it was moved in 1835 to its present site, where with Jabez Bingham's 1772 house serving as an ell it became what is now the Lewin residence. Dr. E. E. Smith, referring to it soon after it was moved, calls it "the house in the field at the extreme southwest corner of the village on a lane leading to the swimming hole in Mink Brook."

Samuel McClure built a large fine house in 1790 on the site of the present Parkhurst Hall, and in his garden to the north of it a shop in which he plied his trades of barber and tailor and kept the post office during his term as postmaster from 1792 to 1797. On McClure's removal from town in 1807 the Rev. Roswell Shurtleff bought the property. He lived in the big house, but turned the shop into a rooming house for students, using part of it for a hall known as the "Lyceum." When the University deprived the College of all its buildings, freshman classes were held here in the room of Joseph Porter of the Class of 1820. About 1839 this Lyceum building was moved to 23 West Wheelock Street, owned and occupied for seventy years by Luman Boutwell and his son Luman Jr., the village cabinetmaker. It is now owned by Mrs. Robert Hawes.

In 1791 the College erected on a quarter-acre lot between the present Parkhurst and Crosby Halls a building called "Moor's Academy," to serve the Moor's Charity School for Indians, which in the absence of many redskins to educate had become largely a preparatory school for the children of the village. Phinehas Annis, who had just completed the cupola on Dartmouth Hall, was the

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builder. The second story of the building housed the printing office of Josiah Dunham and his successor, Moses Davis, for about ten years. In 1826 the College records call the building "dilapidated, ruinous, and unworthy of repair." Nevertheless, in 1835 Phineas Clement bought it, and hauling it up to 34 North Main Street remodeled it as a residence on his farm, which comprised all the land between that point and the present golf links. From the Rev. Joseph B. Morse, a later owner, it became known as the Morse farmhouse. In 1920 C. P. Clark purchased it and adapted it for use as a dormitory and dining hall for the Clark School. Today it is again owned by the College, and now named East Hall.

Unity House, at 23 South Park Street, was built in 1795 on the present site of College Hall by Richard Lang, the principal merchant in the early village. He first intended to make of it a large store building with a hall in the second story, but before it was finished changed his plans and altered it into a beautiful colonial dwelling house for himself. Here he resided until his death in 1841.

He was succeeded by his son-in-law, Professor Charles B. Haddock, who improved the grounds and developed an attractive garden, considered something of a showplace. Leaving Hanover in 1851 to become chargé d'affaires at the court of Portugal, Mr. Haddock was followed in possession of the house by Professor Samuel G. Brown, who remained in it until 1867, when he assumed the presidency of Hamilton College. The property soon passed into the hands of the wealthy railroad man, Adna P. Balch, who decided to remove the Brown house and build himself a more pretentious mansion on this, "the Golden Corner." He sold the house in 1875 to William H. Gibbs, a tailor, who started to move it eastward, but falling into financial difficulties sold it *in transitu* to Dr. Carleton P. Frost. Dr. Frost moved it on to 11 East Wheelock Street where the Chi Phi House now stands and remodeled it into a residence for himself.

Up to this time the house had presented a handsome appearance. It was a large, finely proportioned, two-story dwelling, with a hipped roof and two big chimneys, a beautifully decorated cornice and frieze, matched with similar delicately cut details over the tops of the twenty-four-paned windows below, and a graceful entrance and doorway, surmounted by a Palladian window. It was, of course, painted white with green blinds and surrounded by an ornamental picket fence.

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Dr. Frost, in obedience to the prevailing taste of the 1870s, added a third story under a Mansard roof, an ornate and heavy front porch, new windows and dark paint, and thus thoroughly destroyed its pristine loveliness. He and his family occupied it until his death in 1896. His heirs sold it in 1903 to the Chi Phi fraternity, by whom it was again sold in 1927 to be replaced by a brick building. Mrs. Claude A. Palmer of California purchased it for the cost of moving it and transferred it to its present place, where she rented rooms for a year or so to students before selling it to the College to be made into an apartment house. This building is the last one erected in the eighteenth century which survives.

The watchmaker's shop of Jedediah Baldwin on the present site of the Bridgman Block was burned in 1800, but immediately replaced. This new building was of two stories, gable end to the street, with a narrow fifteen-foot front graced by a bow window for display purposes. The second story contained a small hall for dancing, with an arched ceiling and spring floor. Over the years it housed the post office and a variety of tradesmen's shops. The bow window was removed about mid-century, and the building became a shoemaker's shop. The date of its removal is not definitely known, but was probably in the 1870s. It was taken to 3 Pleasant Street, turned with its long side to the street, remodeled and extensively enlarged ; it then became the home of M. M. Amaral, a Main Street barber for forty years. The house has undergone further changes in recent years and is now owned by Ellis O. Briggs. About the only remaining feature of the original Baldwin shop is the arched ceiling of the public hall in the second story.

The house currently at 41 College Street, known to all as the President Lord house, was built in 1802 on the north side of the Green, next door to the Olcott house, for William H. Woodward in preparation for his impending marriage. He was a lawyer, son of Bezaleel Woodward and grandson of Eleazar Wheelock, and was the first male child born on Hanover Plain.

The actual builder of the house is thought to have been Joseph Emerson of Norwich, Vermont, because of its close resemblance to houses in that town known to have been erected by Mr. Emerson. The original house, to which a large ell was later added, had a central hall and only four rooms, two downstairs and two upstairs, with a spring floor for dancing in the upper west chamber. The roof was a low hipped one and the two large chimneys were lo-

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cated next to the end walls. The long axis ran parallel to the street, with the front door in the center; unbroken pilasters rose at the corners of the house, and there was a pediment over the door and a decorative frieze below the cornice. The classic front porch was added in 1865.

Mr. Woodward died in 1818, but his widow continued to live in the house until 1830, when it was occupied by President Nathan Lord. It gains historic interest from having been the president's house from 1830 to 1863, with Mr. Lord still living in it until his death in 1870. It remained in the family until 1894 when it was sold to the College. From that time until 1903 it was used as a residence hall for unmarried faculty members. In 1898 the administrative offices of the College were moved into the main part of the house, and in 1903 extended into the ell as well.

The College administration vacated it upon the building of Parkhurst Hall in 1911, and it remained empty to 1920, when it was moved to its present location, completely remodeled, and rented to a succession of faculty families. The original chimneys and fireplaces were not moved, but new ones were added at the new site; the mantels, however, were preserved. The spring floor was removed, and the porch replaced by a smaller one. Some of the window seats in the fifteen-inch-thick walls remain, and the spaciousness of the rooms abides. In 1927 the College sold it to Professor Arthur Fairbanks, whose wife was a granddaughter of Nathan Lord. In 1944 their daughter, Mary Lord Fairbanks, presented it to the College in memory of her great-grandfather, President Lord. It is currently used as a dormitory for medical students.

Rev. Zephaniah S. Moore came to Hanover in 1810 as professor of Latin and Greek in the College, and at once began the erection of his fine brick house, now known as Crosby Hall. This is the second of the two houses built on the Plain during the first fifty years of Hanover's existence that still stand on their original sites. In 1815 Professor Moore resigned to become president of Williams College, and his house was bought by Dr. Reuben D. Mussey, who had come to town the year before to lecture in the Medical School. After a distinguished service as teacher and practising surgeon here, he resigned in 1838 to go to the Ohio Medical College in Cincinnati.

Dr. Dixi Crosby came to replace him and took over his house as well as his chair of surgery in the Medical School. Dr. Crosby

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died in 1873, but his family continued to reside in the house until it was bought by the College in 1884. It was in this home in 1853 that Dr. Crosby and Professor Oliver P. Hubbard performed the first scientific examination of crude oil which led to the beginning of the world's petroleum industry.

After the College purchased the house it was rented to faculty tenants until 1896. Up until this time it had retained its original appearance—a large square brick house, with pitch roof and with a modest porch at its front door. There was a small ell in the rear, and behind it a large barn, in which Dr. Mussey had stabled the six swift horses that he kept ever ready to transport him long distances over the hills of the north country in answer to urgent calls.

In 1896 the building was remodeled into a dormitory and named Crosby Hall. The present pillars were placed on the front; a third story and a big wooden annex, larger than the main brick house, were added, furnishing residence quarters for fifty-five students. In 1949 its interior was entirely made over to fit it for accommodating the Alumni Records and other administrative offices for which there was no longer room in Parkhurst.

On the present site of Steele Hall, Aaron Hutchinson, a Lebanon lawyer, built a house in 1810 for his son Henry and his bride, Mary Woodward, granddaughter to Eleazar Wheelock. Henry was also a lawyer, for several years in partnership with his brother-in-law, William H. Woodward. He removed to New York City in 1825, and his house was taken over by Professor William Chamberlain. The latter died in 1830, but his widow continued in the house until her own death in 1850. She was succeeded in ownership and occupancy by her daughter Sarah, wife of Professor John N. Putnam. Mr. Putnam died in 1863, and in the following year Professor William A. Packard purchased the property, but in 1870 he moved on to Princeton, and Dr. Edward Spaulding, a trustee of the College, bought the building to hold it for faculty rental. For three years it was occupied by bachelor instructors, and in 1873 passed into the possession of Professor John K. Lord, who held it until 1920 when it was sold to the College. The main house was then moved to a new location, 39 College Street, and bought by a son of Professor Lord, Dr. Frederic P. Lord, who both modernized it and restored some of its original simplicity that had become obscured by changes in the Victorian era.

The outstanding feature of the house is the graceful stairway

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with its original woodwork. The fireplaces are still adorned with the old mantels, and the dado in the present living room is composed of twenty-one-and-a-half-inch boards which go back to 1810. Differing from its neighbors, this house has low-studded rooms on the ground floor but high-ceilinged ones on the second. It has been suggested that too much rum may have been served to the citizens and workmen when they gathered for the house raising, and that in their muddlement they placed the frames upside down!

In 1956 Dr. Lord sold the house again to the College. Mr. and Mrs. John R. Scotford are living in it today.

On the southeast corner of Elm and College Streets James S. Brown, a saddler, built a house, begun in 1811 but not finished until 1812, if that date, cut into one of the bricks found in the big central chimney when it was pulled down, is correct—and it probably is. How long the saddler lived in it is uncertain, but it became the property of Dr. Daniel Oliver in 1821, who sold it to the College in 1824. It was occupied by a series of tenants until purchased in 1834 by Dr. Asa Crosby, a retired physician who came to Hanover to spend the last two years of his life. From three of his seventeen children sprang the distinguished Crosby families of our town. Alpheus Crosby, professor of Greek, succeeded his father in 1836 in the occupancy of this house, to be followed in 1874 by his brother, Dr. Thomas R. Crosby, whose widow sold the property in 1897 to the College. It was made into a dormitory, named Elm House, in 1903, and reconverted into a dwelling house for faculty members in 1909. To make room for the building of Baker Library it was sold to Professor and Mrs. Sidney Cox in 1927, who moved it to its present location at 26 East Wheelock Street. It has recently passed once more into the possession of the College and is now occupied by Mrs. M. C. Lathem. The unusual spiral stairway in the entrance hall and the living room fireplace mantel, with matching under-window moldings, are the most interesting survivals of the original building.

In these nineteen houses remaining on Hanover Plain from the town's first half-century we have a goodly heritage. Most of them are sturdy and well preserved, and with proper care should be houses of gracious living for another century.

Grateful acknowledgment is made for the contribution to this paper of research by Marjory Lord Packard and Frederick Chase.

Main Street

by Phoebe Storrs Stebbins

NO doubt the path leading to Hanover along the river bank was steep and rough so that it proved easier to cross Mink Brook somewhat to the east where the meadow was flat and the brook not so deep for fording. Then it continued northward up the hill onto the plain where Dr. Wheelock had his settlement. Though probably used many years previously, it was not until 1775 that Main Street was officially recognized as a road leading from the southwest corner of the Common to the Half Mile road near the Lebanon line. Later it crossed the Common diagonally, joining what is now College Street to become the River Road to the north.

Many of the early businesses were on the northeast side of the Common, though there were others scattered all about. The independence of the early settlers of Hanover from the rest of the world can be seen by the types of their work—the hatter, pottery maker, weaver, blacksmith, owners of potash and tannery, shoemaker, tinsmith and many others.

As the town grew older there was more contact with other communities. Businesses grew and changed. To see this let us choose a housewife every fifty years after the chartering of the town and accompany her while she shops in Hanover.

It is now 1811: James Madison is President. Mistress 1811 with her husband comes down the road from the north end of the village by horse and wagon to start her shopping day. On her left (somewhat north of the present site of Rollins Chapel) she passes the saddling business of James S. Brown where are for sale harnesses, gentlemen's or ladies' saddles, portmanteaus and "slay bells." Mr. Brown is looking for a boy to be his apprentice.

Beyond this is the general store of James Poole. Here a customer is unloading a barrel of wood ashes in payment of past debts, at ten pence per bushel. The ashes will go to Mr. Poole's potash works to be made into potash to be sold for the manufacture of soap. Potash has become less valuable since the Europeans have

Main Street

learned a process of soap making without it. Mr. Poole will also accept wheat, flaxseed, old pewter, rags or cash for his goods.

Across the road on the corner (where Webster Hall is now) stands Richard Lang's general store. Mr. Lang is unloading a wagon of molasses, coffee, rum, sugar, tea, iron bars and English glass. Four tired horses are being unharnessed by a boy and will enjoy a rest, for it has taken them a week over very bumpy roads to carry their burden to Hanover. Mistress 1811 seldom sees much money but she has two chickens she has raised which Mr. Lang will exchange for a gallon of molasses and two pounds of coffee. The chickens will ride back to Salem, Massachusetts, when the team goes back, along with butter, cheese and pork with which Mr. Lang will pay his creditors there.

Mistress 1811 puts her wares into her wagon and they jostle across the Common—looking back to the north to admire the white steeple of the church against the sky. The distant mountains are pretty today. A cow wanders about among the stumps. It is quite swampy down toward the southeast of the Green.

Across the Common her husband lets her out by the dwelling of Richard Lang on the northwest corner of Main and West Wheelock Streets and goes off to the blacksmith. She lifts her skirts carefully out of the mud and goes to the building beyond Mr. Lang's where Spear's store is located. Here Charles Spear publishes the weekly *Dartmouth Gazette*. A postrunner is saddling his horse to take the news to Enfield and Lebanon. Mr. Spear also runs a bookstore. He has just received David McClure's *The Memoirs of Eleazar Wheelock* and is recommending *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*—in two volumes—as comprehending observations on domestic habits, manners, religion and morals. But it is not books that interest her today; rather an elixir of health her neighbor has recommended: "a pleasant, cordial stomachic bitter designed for the removal of jaundice, bilious hypochondriacal complaints and a preservative against contagious disorders, and inclemency of the weather." Each tin box sells for two shillings six pence. She takes a box and promises to bring Mr. Spear payment in butter soon.

She wanders down the west side of Main Street past Dr. Samuel Alden's white house on the corner, built by Aaron Storrs for a tavern in 1771. And on to Dr. Alden's store with the elegant white pillars, built by Rufus Graves. Upstairs are hall and offices. Dr. Alden has a general store in the main part of the building with a

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little wing to the south for drugs. He has just received a shipment of goods up the river from New York and she is glad to see Virginia tobacco and snuff for her father.

She passes The Green Store, a little shop that John Robie has taken over since the death of Jedediah Baldwin, the watchmaker. A little farther down the street she stops at Mrs. Susanna Smith's house and shop, The Hanover Bookstore. Mrs. Smith has carried on the business since her husband, the professor, died in 1809. Like Charles Spear she sells not only books but general merchandise—dry goods, groceries, and a good supply of West India goods. Mistress 1811 admires the new paper hangings, oil cloth, cassimeres and calicoes, and looks fondly at the fine hair trunks. She chats a bit with Mrs. Smith and goes back into the bright light of the street. She looks down past the tavern to Professor Hubbard's house at the top of the hill but decides to cross the street to Aaron Wright's on the northeast corner of Main and Lebanon Streets. Mr. Wright, a "taylor," has just taken over the duties of postmaster and she goes in to see if there is mail for anyone at home. There are letters waiting for residents of Hartford, Fairlee, Norwich and "Lime" as well as Hanover. There is no such thing as mail delivery in 1811 and one must stop at the post office to inquire. Uncalled for letters are listed in the weekly *Gazette*.

Just north of Mr. Wright's she passes the store of Justin Hinds who sells books and does printing and book-binding. There is a special sale on pen knives and sealing wax. Mr. Hinds has just published a book containing the Constitution of New Hampshire, Constitution of the United States, Declaration of Independence, Washington's Farewell Address, and the Constitution of Vermont, selling for twenty-five cents or thirty-seven cents according to the binding. North of this she stops in at the shop of Joseph Roby and orders a new kettle made. Mr. Roby makes any article of tin ware and repairs tin, pewter and crockery. On the corner (now the "Inn corner") stands the tavern belonging to Ebenezer Brewster. It is leased to William Poole but she still thinks of it as Dewey's Coffee House after its previous proprietor. Here her husband is waiting, having a toddy and discussing the news of the day with other gentlemen of the village—it seems that George III, though improving somewhat physically, is not going to be capable of resuming his duties as king.

1861: The Civil War is beginning. Mrs. 1861 cannot drive across

Main Street

the Common. It has been leveled, seeded and surrounded by a neat fence. Lang's store no longer occupies the building at its northeast corner, which has been remodeled into a lodging house for students. In fact, most of the businesses have moved south of Wheelock Street as Eleazar Wheelock had hoped and the majority of the trades people live in that section. The College and faculty are settled north of Wheelock Street—making a real separation between the town and College. Professor Samuel G. Brown now lives on the corner, northwest of Main and Wheelock Streets. Across the street on the southwest corner is the brick house of Joseph Emerson. Dr. Samuel Alden built this brick house just behind his white one and moved the old house down into his garden on West Wheelock Street.

Mrs. 1861 stops her horse in front of the next building, gets out, and ties the reins through the iron ring secured to the granite post in front of Cobb's store. S. W. Cobb has taken over the white-pillared building which Mr. Emerson maintained for many years after Dr. Alden. In the little extension to the south Dr. J. A. Smith is selling drugs. She decides to buy a bottle of bitters as a tonic for her father. Next she passes Benjamin D. Howe's book bindery in the little building Sylvester Morris built for a shoe store. Beyond this are two small, almost identical buildings; then two dwelling houses, the southernmost of which is where Dr. J. A. Smith lives. Here began the bakery business and candy business which has now moved to the north end of town (and will become Hanover Crackers and Dartmouth Chocolates). Between these latter two buildings a little lane leads to a livery stable facing east into Main Street.

Since the road is rather muddy she decides not to go any farther but glances down past the rows of houses on both sides—each with a tidy fence of individual and sometimes intricate design to separate it from the rest of the town and to keep roving animals from straying in. As it is spring the neat woodpiles have dwindled. The warm mud smells good and a robin chirrup from one of the young elm trees which a group of citizens set out eighteen years ago. As she crosses near the junction of Main and Lebanon Streets a green triangular plot catches her eye and she thinks how good it is that they now have water coming down from the aqueduct on the Greensboro Road to fill these cisterns rather than having to rely on the town pump and individual wells. She can remember when there was not a single bathtub in town.

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South of Lebanon Street on the east side stands Major Tenney's brick house; the Wainwrights live just south of this. On the north corner of Main and Lebanon Streets is the house where John Demman, the hatter, lived and had his shop. Now his daughter carries on as milliner. Mrs. 1861 stops by and picks out a broad brimmed velvet hat which Miss Demman will start to trim for her soon.

When she comes to the sign of the teapot on a long pole she stops in at Mr. Albert Wainwright's tin shop to see if he has finished mending her milk pan. Mr. Wainwright does such fine work with tin. Children love his shop and like to watch him work. The sleds intrigue the boys and carefully worked pieces of doll's furniture the girls. He supplies new pots and pans for the housewives and mends those with leaks.

She puts her milk pan under her arm and starts up past the long four-storied Tontine building. Here she has seen many businesses come and go. On the corner she looks in the window at the wares of the J. B. Parker Bookstore. Further on she calls at the post office, just moved to this building. She can remember when Mr. Levi P. Morton, who left for Boston about twelve years ago, occupied all the middle section of the first floor with a grocery store, dry goods store, and a tailoring shop in the back. Now they have divided it into individual stores again. She passes Whitford & Gibbs, merchant tailors, specializing in gent's furnishings. Then she goes into Dewey & Co. for a spool of thread. A bolt of pretty print catches her eye. This is just off the train from New York, the clerk assures her, and holds it up so that she can see it better in the dimness of the heavily stocked shop. Only twelve and a half cents a yard. But that seems too much. She will need nine yards, hooks and eyes and a bit of ribbon for a dress. After some discussion they settle on a dollar for everything. She examines the fine brocade and fancy silk for seventy-five cents a yard. The new Wheeler and Wilson sewing machines are on display in the corner. She makes a note to tell her husband of the good price on the false bosoms and stiff collars in the men's department. She puts her cloth inside her milk pan and returns to the street, planning her new frock as she goes along.

Beyond the Tontine building are two wooden buildings. She nods to Mr. Nichols of the furniture store standing beside his goods in the first one. She looks inside and a handsome hair-stuffed rocker pleases her. She would like to get one of those new

Main Street

wash stands for her north bedroom. In the second building is the telegraph office. At a passageway between this and the hotel a stage coach, having left its passengers by the pillared portico of the Hotel at the front door on Main Street, goes by to the stables behind. Mrs. 1861 remembers that not long ago, before the two buildings stood between the Hotel and the Tontine, this was all open courtyard. Here she used to watch the wagons come in at commencement time, or on circus or muster days.

Mr. Horace Frary has taken over the Dartmouth Hotel and several years ago put dormer windows on the formerly unlighted top floor. To the east of the hotel rises the annex with its big hall upstairs. She is looking forward to the traveling ventriloquist, mimic and magician who is coming to perform here. She heads back to her horse and wagon thinking that it is good the days are getting longer and one does not have to worry about getting caught out on the street after dark without a lantern.

1911: The year of the first transcontinental plane flight. Mrs. 1911 comes down the street in a new Reo four-cylinder, thirty-horsepower touring car, recently driven up from Boston by Samuel Rogers. Her husband is at the wheel driving very slowly so that horses will not be frightened. He stops at the bank—two buildings north of Wheelock Street on the west side of the street—and she gets out to do a little shopping. She starts down past the “Golden Corner.” She will always think of the corner by that name after the big yellow house A. P. Balch built there. Later this was bought by Frank Davison, after his business was burned out in the Tontine fire, and used as a general store. Since the turn of the century, however, the College has owned the corner. The new Commons Hall where the college boys eat stands here now. Across Wheelock Street is the brick house of the Casque and Gauntlet Society—the same one Dr. Alden built years ago. Gone is Cobb’s store and the little building next to it where M. M. Amaral practiced his tonsorial arts. This was the location of the first express office. Now in this place is the red brick Davison block, built in 1893 and 1903. She stops in at the Dartmouth Bookstore to say “hello” to Mr. E. P. Storrs but finds he is up at the reservoir with Prof. Robert Fletcher checking the water level. So she buys a *Hanover Gazette* and moves on. Davison & Ward have just sold their grain, grocery and hardware business to two of their clerks, Ira Leavitt and Arthur Childs, who continue to

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operate it just south of the bookstore. She passes this and goes into the main dry goods section which Davison & Ward have retained, "The Big Store." She nods to Carl Ward. Raymond Baird shows her some bargains—fans of all kinds from ten cents to a dollar and a quarter, chiffon and silk auto scarves, and parasols worth a dollar and a half going for ninety-eight cents. There is also a clearance on corsets with the sage reminder that "figures are made not born."

Next comes the Bridgman Block, built in 1900, burned in 1906 and rebuilt in 1907. This replaces "Hen" Swasey's fine big house and livery stable, which provided "nice nobby teams at all times," and the narrow twin buildings. One of these went to 3 Pleasant Street and the other was moved to the west and has become storage space for Rand's Furniture Store. The first store in the block is the Dartmouth Tailoring Co. owned by Pasquale Serafini or Serry as the students and his friends have found it easier to call him. The mortar and pestle projecting from the next berth proclaim Allen's Drug Store. Previous to Allen's and just north of this in the building which burned was Mead's Drug Store. John McCarthy has moved his barber shop out of the Hotel and over to the next store. In the rear H. Sanborn has his pool hall. At the corner of the building is Rand's Furniture Store with "coffins and caskets constantly at hand." This business moved in 1887 after the big fire in the Tontine building over to the spot just west of the Golden Corner on West Wheelock Street; then into the Bridgman Block when it was built in 1900. George Rand founded it shortly after the Civil War where Nichols' furniture had been. She goes in to talk to Will Rand, son of George, about renting one of those vacuum cleaners. The store is also featuring piazza rockers, go-carts and the best lawn mower in town for three dollars.

Beyond Rand's on the corner stands the wooden Precinct Building where the fire engines are kept—the Walker building. There is talk of a new building to house Precinct offices and the fire engines. Charles Nash and Frank Tenney run the livery stable, now swung around to face the north since Allen Lane has been extended all the way through to School Street. They are proud of ten new carriages and a new electric brush for cleaning off the horses. A popular predecessor of theirs was Hamilton T. Howe—"Hamp" Howe—who built up a big livery stable and in 1895 be-

Main Street

came host of the Wheelock Hotel. His drivers met all the trains in Norwich with their coaches.

Frank A. Musgrove has his press and publishes the *Gazette* in the house on the next corner to the south where Mr. N. A. Huntington previously lived. The Musgrove family lives upstairs and *The Dartmouth* has offices on the second floor in the rear. The Episcopal church rectory stands next to the south and then a little chapel. Beyond this are the homes of A. W. Guyer, D. B. Russell, Adna Haynes and P. N. Whitcomb. On the corner before East South Street is the business block which Dorrance Currier built up after the Tavern burned in 1888. Farther down on the other side the Currier farm and acres of pasture stretch to the east and south.

The pleasant big elms arch like an umbrella over the street. Some of the granite posts with the rings remain but they are being replaced by metal pipes at the edge of the sidewalk. Mrs. 1911 appreciates the sidewalk and the hard surfaced road which reduces the dust and mud. Gas, from the gas works behind Wilson Hall, lighted the street lamps from 1872 until 1893. At that time they were replaced by electric lights. Lining the streets now are telephone poles which are laced and garlanded with wires.

She crosses the street to Tanzi's store and takes a look down the street where E. P. Storrs' big brick house stands on the south corner of Lebanon and Main. South of this stands Mrs. Phelps' large white house. Across East South Street is Dr. Gates' old house, which was moved down the street in 1884 when Wilson Hall was built on the southeast corner of College and East Wheelock. She wants to buy some bananas and Angelo Tanzi cuts them from one of the big bunches hanging from his ceiling. He has persuaded other merchants to share freight loads coming into White River Junction so that residents of these northern towns may have fresh fruit. It does not seem long ago that Mr. Tanzi was coming around to sell fruit in a canopied wagon drawn by his horse "Jim." She goes into E. T. Ford's hardware store next door to look over the Magee iron ranges. This is now a three-story building, Mr. Wainwright having added two more stories.

Mrs. 1911 never looks north from the hardware store without shuddering as she remembers the fire in 1887 during which all the buildings from here up to and including the hotel were burned. In place of the Tontine now stands the big brick block,

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the southern half built by John L. Bridgman and the northern half by Dorrance Currier. On the south corner of the Bridgman building another big mortar and pestle announces L. B. Downing's Dartmouth Pharmacy, the Rexall Store. Lucien Downing, who came in 1868, is now a kindly looking gentleman with white hair and beard encircling his round face. Thin spectacles rest on his nose. He is a respected deacon of the church and, for many years, would not sell tobacco in his store. She nods to the young clerks—Bob Putnam and John Gould. Grant Eastman comes in from the mysterious rear section of the store where he has been grinding glass stoppers to fit medicine bottles. She decides to try out the Simonds and Poor soda fountain which has just been installed. After choosing a round small table, she settles on a slender chair with wire legs and a wire back arching into a heart shape and orders a cherry phosphate. Sipping her drink from a straw extracted from a glass cylinder on the center of the table she idly reads the ads for Dr. Kilmer's Swamproot, Doan's liver pills, Fatima cigarettes and Castoria ("children cry for it"). H. H. H. Langill walks by, carrying a large black camera, and mounts to his studios just over the drug store.

Refreshed, she continues on her way, stopping for a while at C. D. Brown's Hardware Store to look at the North Pole ice cream freezers and the Crawford parlor stoves. In Dudley's store she admires the heavy woolen Shaker sweaters made especially for this store by the Enfield and Canterbury Shakers. Dudley's sells all ladies' and gentlemen's clothing but specializes in athletic outfitting. She finds a real bargain—a \$2.50 union suit for 89 cents.

North of the brick block are two smaller buildings. She stops at N. A. Frost's to see if the watch she left there has been repaired. In Goodhue's Shoe Store she purchases a box of Interwoven socks, four pairs for a dollar. She goes into A. W. Guyer's grocery store to buy coffee at thirty-five cents a pound and puffed wheat. She looks over his supply of canned goods, "from the field to the can in the same day," but thinks of her shelves neatly piled with her own jars and feels it would be extravagant to buy any. She admires the men's suits in the window of Campion's next door "made right in Hanover" for \$22.50 to \$35.00.

A new Wheelock Hotel has been rebuilt after burning in 1887. Since 1902 the College has owned it, renamed the Hanover Inn, and the business is managed by Arthur P. Fairfield. Classes will begin soon again and salesmen from New York and Boston stores

Main Street

are checking in. They will spread their wares in the sample room of the hotel and hope to take orders from the boys.

Across the Common on the northeast corner Webster Hall has been standing for three years. She promises herself that she will not miss Lyman H. Howe's motion pictures next time they come there. Everyone is talking about *Dash to the North Pole*.

On the southwest corner of the campus opposite the entrance to the hotel there is a watering trough hewn from a solid block of granite. The main basin is for horses and on the side is a smaller trough for dogs. The trough occasionally receives a member of the freshman class who is felt by the sophomores to be in need of a cooling off.

Her husband is waiting by the Inn with the car. Fall is coming and they will soon put the car up for the winter. She hopes there will be more snow this year for the icy conditions of the roads caused far too many sleighing accidents last year.

To-day: 1961. Mrs. 1961 has been skiing but has saved time for shopping before her family gathers for dinner. She circles around the block twice, makes a false sally and retreats where a small foreign car is hidden among its larger neighbors and finally finds someone coming out of a parking place where she can slip in. She puts a nickel in one of the parking meters which now dot the street much as the old granite hitching posts did in other years. The wires have disappeared underground and there are no telephone poles. The elms left are venerable but many have not survived the hurricane of 1938 and the Dutch elm disease.

She goes into the Dartmouth Bookstore in search of a book leading the "best seller" list. Will Goodhue, who has managed the store since Adna Storrs' death, finds it and charges it to her. As she goes by the Beefeater she recalls other restaurants which have occupied this same niche—The Indian Bowl, The Wigwam, and Scotty's Cafe (and its owner Charles Scott who ran the second-hand emporium, The Little Store, for many years afterward). Listing eating places her mind travels back to the hardy ladies like "Ma" Rood and "Ma" Smalley who ran eating clubs in their homes and often acted as second mothers to the college boys. In Ward's Department Store, Inc., formerly Davison & Ward's, Mrs. Ward finds her a drip-dry blouse. Mrs. Ward is Deacon Downing's daughter, Bessie, who has been carrying on the business since her husband, Carl Ward, died. Now her son Earl is in the business also.

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Serry's comes next, now owned by Frank Zappala since Serry's retirement in 1954. She then goes into John Piane's Dartmouth Cooperative Society and College Bookstore. Mr. Piane worked in the College Bookstore when he was in Dartmouth, class of 1914, and later became the owner. The Dartmouth Co-op was formed in 1918. She discusses a new pair of skis with Richard Fowler, Mr. Piane's son-in-law who now manages the Co-op. The skis have come to this country through Dartmouth Skis, Inc., one of the largest ski distributors in the country, managed by Mr. Piane's son, John Piane Jr. Rand's Furniture Store is still at the corner of the building with George W.'s grandson, Richard B., and two great-grandsons, Richard B. Jr. and Robert, in attendance. Bob has learned the business of funeral directing. There are still "coffins and caskets constantly at hand" though now in the funeral home on School Street. The next brick building is owned by James Campion and holds the Hanover Consumer Co-operative Society, where she buys steak and frozen vegetables. This building replaces the old Walker building and was built by George Gitsis who had his Campus Café here in 1929. Many businesses have spread out down Allen Lane. Gone is the livery stable, and The Inn Garage of Raymond Buskey, on the north side, stands ready to service town vehicles.

The building on the south corner of Allen and Main Streets was built by Frank Musgrove in 1915 after his house burned. The presses were so slightly damaged that they could be repaired and the new building was built up around them. Mrs. Musgrove continues to manage this building since her husband's death in 1932. At the completion of the building the post office moved over here from the other side of the street and occupied the north side where Williams Laundry Office and Mrs. Zappala's Variety Shop are. The printing office was on the south side where Al Johnson's Music and Recording Studio is now. The building previously used as the Episcopal rectory moved back to make room for the new Precinct building in 1929 and was torn down in 1959 for the parking lot. The little chapel traveled down the Main Street to become the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bosquet, now the Archie Thorburns'.

Mrs. 1961 makes a note of a skirt in the window of Town and Country (owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lewis in the Bishop Block) which she would like to try on when she has more time. On she goes past Emil Rueb's Camera Shop, Edith's (Clara Sauter)

Main Street

Cut-rate Drugs, May McKenna's Specialty Shop (descended from Maud Marden's), Amidon's jewelry store, and stops to buy coffee cake for tomorrow's breakfast at Ruth's Bakery owned by Robert Rogers. Next stands the Nugget building with Ranald Hill Optician on one wing and on the other the Webster Shop taken over from Walter Swoboda by George Wrightson in 1959. She can remember the old Nugget between the Casque and Gauntlet house and the Howe Library on West Wheelock Street. She can remember the old silent films with the pianist banging out appropriate accompaniment to the shifts of mood. And later the days of the peanut fights before the first show and the occasional raids by the students subdued only when Mr. Arthur Barwood, the manager, had summoned the police with tear gas. The movies were shown in Webster Hall from 1944, when the old Nugget burned, until 1951 when the Hanover Improvement Society tore down two wooden houses on the west side of South Main Street to replace them with the new Nugget. It is hard to remember the Tavern Block south of this though it has only been gone three years to make room for the parking lot. She waves to Jack Manchester as she passes the Gulf Service Station on the south corner which he has been managing since 1943. She buys a frozen cream pie at Al's Super Market and looks longingly at the dresses in the window of Nance von Mettenheim's Hampshire House in the same building. Across the street Al Lauziere has remodeled the Green Lantern Inn which he bought from Joe Saia in 1959. This is the old Currier farm.

She crosses the street and stops at Eastman's Drug Store, the old Gates house on the corner of East South and Main, which the Eastmans bought in 1959 for the drug store when the bank took over the Brock building to expand to the north. The drug store is in a brick addition to the south and she goes in to purchase some vitamin pills from Roger Eastman. Roger's father started the store in 1938, two days before the hurricane struck, and since his death in 1957, Mrs. Eastman and Roger have carried on the business. Fonda Fucci of White River Junction has a dress shop, Boutique 68, in the north side of the main building.

She goes along up the street glancing down East South Street to Church's Children's Clothes, opened by Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Church in 1953. Mrs. Harry Heneage now owns the Wainwright-Phelps house on Main Street. The next corner holds the post office, Dave Storrs having sold his brick house, orchards and barns

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to the government in 1928. Ives Atherton as Postmaster is assisted by a crew of twenty-five, ten of whom deliver mail daily to the citizens of the town. Before crossing it she looks down Lebanon Street. Past the post office is the house containing the offices of *Ski Magazine* with William T. Eldred as editor and publisher. Behind this is the building used by Dartmouth Skis, Inc. After the diner and the branch of the Hanover Hardware Co. are the buildings to the east belonging to Trumbull-Nelson Contracting Co. This was begun more than forty years ago when W. H. Trumbull bought Masterson's blacksmith shop in this location. Mr. Trumbull is now retired and Dale Nelson carries on the business.

Just before the Grange Hall stands the new building of the Hanover Home Industries, member of the New Hampshire League of Arts and Crafts. This was built in 1959 when their former building was torn down to make room for Hopkins Center across the street. Still farther down and on the north side of Lebanon Street is Rogers Garage Inc. Mr. Rogers came to town in 1904 to be chief engineer at Dartmouth. He soon acquired the agency for Reo cars and in 1914 built the first garage in Hanover. One of his daughters married Manning Moody who has been in the business since 1928.

Mrs. 1961 crosses Lebanon Street and continues up Main Street. The Dartmouth National Bank and Dartmouth Savings Bank have occupied this corner since Robinson Hall displaced them north of the Commons in 1913. The new addition occupies the site of the former Brock building. She can remember when the Rich Brothers store was there. She stops at Tanzi's for fresh vegetables, fresh fruits and a friendly (and possibly fresh) verbal exchange with Charles, Harriet and Harry Tanzi. Clyde Trumbull's Hanover Hardware Co. replaces the hardware business of Thomas E. Ward (which was before this E. T. Ford's). Clyde is W. H. Trumbull's son. The brick buildings beyond to the north now belong to the Baptist Church (south part) and the A. W. Guyer Estate (northern section). Putnam's is still on the corner and enlarged to include the adjoining space where in days gone by have been Saia's Dartmouth Fruit Co., Willis Way, and others. She waves to Mr. Putnam discussing a problem with his son, Richard, behind one of the counters. Overhead where H. H. H. Langill was once is David Pierce, photographer. A group of high school students are leaving Lou (Bressett)'s restaurant where they have been discussing affairs of the day over cokes. Next is Co-

Main Street

burn's jewelry store which has descended from N. A. Frost, Edward Carter, Horace Hurlbutt, Harry Coburn, Mrs. Coburn, and Fred Michael to Edward C. Hill. Beyond this Mrs. Leroy Porter is busy taking an order for flowers. The Porters bought this business from Emerson Gardens in 1944. A group of skiers is gathered in Art Bennett's comparing notes on the latest ski news. College Supplies fills the corner—an outgrowth of the Typewriter Shop started by John Piane and A. D. Storrs. The next building was built by the College in 1936 to replace two small structures and bears the name of an early merchant, Lang. The lower floor is taken up by Champion's three stores. Since James Champion retired in 1929, James II has carried on the business (until 1936 where Dudley's store had been and from then on in the Lang building which he had helped to design). James III and Ronan, his sons, are now in the business. And a fourth James has just stopped in the store for a ride home from the third grade. Tony's barber shop has been in operation upstairs since the beginning of the building. Anthony Caccioppo married one of Angelo Tanzi's daughters, Ethel. He retired in 1957. Now the business is carried on by Jack Roberts who married another of Angelo Tanzi's daughters, Roxie.

Sharing the second floor is A. B. Gile Co., Inc. This has grown up from an agency started by N. A. Frost in 1887. At first it was in the jewelry store and then moved upstairs. In 1924 the agency was taken over by Archie Gile and Roy Brackett. Now it is in the hands of E. M. Cavaney and Jack Gile—Arch Gile's son-in-law and nephew.

The old watering trough and bulletin board are gone from the corner of the campus but welcome is still warm at the Hanover Inn with James McFate in charge.

Mrs. 1961 finally gets across the street to her car, gathers up a son from his Cub meeting, and drives home to thaw out her evening meal.

Mrs. 2011 will think her very old-fashioned.

Grateful acknowledgment is made for the contribution to this paper of research by Dr. Harry C. Storrs.

I I

Victualing and Lodging

by John Hurd

AS early as 1772 Hanover, then a village of only twenty families, could boast of one church and two taverns, but the Church of Christ, as its historians like to point out, preceded the first tavern by a full eight months. One tavern was respectable; its proprietor, a solid citizen; but one tavern was disreputable; its proprietor, an enemy of the College and especially of President Wheelock.

The good tavern was located on the site of the Casque and Gauntlet House; the bad tavern, on what is now the lawn between Steele, the Chemistry building, and Wheeler Hall, the dormitory. The good proprietor was President Wheelock's agent and book-keeper, Captain Aaron Storrs. The disreputable proprietor was John Payne. President Wheelock had doubted that student use of liquor was compatible with the welfare of an Indian school. His skepticism proved to be well founded, for after the liquor license was granted, hardly a month elapsed before cooks got too drunk to prepare student meals. Wheelock's strong-handed attempts to stop the sale of liquor to all persons College-connected threw Hanover into a turmoil. To make matters worse, the Indians took to rum with disastrous results. In the guerilla warfare between Wheelock and Payne, the President kept a sharp eye out for violations of the law and the tavern keeper broke down the college gates.

Narrowly speaking, Wheelock lost the battle, for although Governor Wentworth, to whom he appealed to cancel the license, promised help, the Governor was overruled by the Court, which not only renewed Payne's license but also granted one to another man named Charles Hill, who built as close to the college line in Lebanon as he could.

The situation worsened. President Wheelock had trouble involving his own sons with Payne, trouble with Hill, and trouble with a third tavern-keeper, John Sargeant, who ran an inn just across the river at the ferry in Norwich. The good tavern-keeper, Captain Storrs, had found competition tough, and in 1792 his

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property was sold to a young 1791 graduate of the College, Rufus Graves, who for the next decade was prominent as an enterprising businessman in the village. The behaviour of John Sargeant consequently came into stronger focus. Angered by what he thought were unfair business maneuvers about the ferry, he apparently retaliated by selling liquor to students.

In the area where Town and Country and the Camera Shop are now located, Asa Holden opened a tavern in 1794. At his death in 1797 Deacon Benoni Dewey took it over and operated it as the "Coffee House" there until 1802, when he went to the Brewster tavern on the site of the Hanover Inn.

In the place where the Municipal Parking Lot is now situated a tavern was opened up in 1802 and continued under various names with many proprietors for seventy-five years. In its most prosperous era, 1821-1838, it was directed by Captain Ebenezer Symmes, who sold it in 1838 to Jonathan G. Currier. After leasing it first to Joseph Barber and second to Alvan Tubbs, Currier sold it to Horace Frary, who renamed it the Hanover Inn. This tavern changed names frequently. It had been known as the Union House and the American House before it became in 1858 the Hanover Inn. Still later it was called the Lower Hotel, easily recognizable by the double piazzas running the entire length of the building with the main roof forming the roof of both piazzas. After a season of neglect it was bought by the College and turned into an unpopular dormitory for students. Then it became a tenement, and after the conflagration of the Dartmouth Hotel in 1887 it again became a sort of tavern until it too was destroyed by fire July 11, 1888.

The long and fascinating history of the present Hanover Inn goes all the way back to Brewster's Tavern. In 1778 Captain Ebenezer Brewster was called from Connecticut to become the college steward. As an inducement he was given the site of the present Inn where he first rented a wooden house to the east and then built a frame house for himself on the northwest corner of the lot. About 1782 he converted this home into a tavern, which he ran with such success that he took away the clientele of Captain Storrs across the street.

A small and "quite nice-looking colonial house," Brewster's Tavern dispensed liquor, and it created considerable worry in the minds of College authorities who anticipated a new source of danger to student integrity. In 1802 Brewster leased the tavern to

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Deacon Benoni Dewey, and it became known as Dewey's Coffee House. In 1813 Brewster's Tavern was moved by Brewster's son against his old father's wishes. Decoyed into visiting relatives in Haverhill, New Hampshire, Captain Brewster did not witness removal of the wooden building intact to the northeast corner of Main and Lebanon Streets, the site of the present bank, where it remained no longer as a tavern but as a private house until the bank was built in 1913. On the original site was soon erected the inn that became famous as the Dartmouth Hotel.

It is the Dartmouth Hotel (and its successor the Hanover Inn) which played the most important part in the local hotel history of the nineteenth century. It opened on September 14, 1814 with Robert Dyde and Company as landlords. The proprietors quarreled in 1816, the house was closed, and the furniture offered for sale. Opened again in 1816 or 1817, it was kept by Captain E. D. Curtis and known as Curtis' Hotel. In 1821 Miss Rosina Fuller, a daughter of Deacon Caleb Fuller, took over. She married her bookkeeper and general factotum, Elam Markham, despite or perhaps because of his inability to keep clear and sound books. They ran a successful establishment until 1838 when the Dartmouth Hotel was purchased by Jonathan Currier, who kept it first for himself and then rented it to tenants until 1857.

The 1840's in Hanover were the period of the great horse teams and stableyards when sometimes as many as eight and even ten horses dragged huge loads of freight over the turnpikes. The arrival of the railroads in the 1850's altered that picturesque era.

Transportation locally was as inexpensive as food and drink. An account book kept by Hanover House in 1847 indicates that a man could buy a half-pint of brandy for \$.13, a whole pint of rum for \$.15, or one of gin for \$.20. Two meals and two drinks ran the bill up to \$.62. The Currier ledger kept from 1838 to 1850 shows that in the 1840's one could hire a horse and buggy to go to Norwich for \$.38, to Lebanon for \$.75, and to Woodstock for \$3. If he were a visitor in town, he would be charged \$.50 for keeping a horse for one day at hay and four quarts of oats.

Currier sold the hotel to Horace Frary, who during the next twenty years enlarged and improved the building at a cost estimated at \$40,000. What life was like in the Dartmouth Hotel under the Frary regime we know from the reminiscences of Professor Edwin J. Bartlett, who lived there two years, 1879-1880, at a weekly cost of \$6 for himself and another \$6 for his wife. The

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\$12 included two rooms, one on the campus side of the house, light, heat, food, and service. Besides transients, the hotel had eight resident guests and another eight who came in from without for food.

Physically the Dartmouth Hotel consisted of two four-storied barracks, one of brick with entrance on Main Street across from the Casque and Gauntlet House and the other of wood between the present Inn and Hopkins Center. The wooden annex had a huge store room at the front on the ground floor, which in earlier days was used for alumni dances and theatricals. The Gilbert and Sullivan operetta *Patience* was presented one season when an unusually large number of young summer people was in town.

In the main hotel, the spacious rooms upstairs forming with corridors the letter H were unheated during the winter except in the west wing. Introduced into the older part with huge painted radiators, steam heat was a doubtful blessing because the radiators knocked and hammered like riveting machines. Though fuel existed in sufficient quantity, servants in those days were as reliable as they are today, and they did not seem to care that a guest recoiled from the frostiness of the radiator and went his trembling way to seek warmth elsewhere.

If some eighty years ago you had asked for a room AND bath, Mrs. Horace Frary, the proprietor's wife, would have looked at you as though you were demented. The fact is that the hotel rooms had no plumbing. If you are fond of guessing, you may offer some unprovable solutions of the problem how the Dartmouth Hotel guests kept clean, and almost surely one wrong answer is that they immersed themselves in a bathroom tub with hot water and soap as agents.

A stranger once did request a bath, and he was referred to Mrs. Frary. Such unrealistic arrogance could be handled only by the dry treatment of two speciously humble and rhetorical questions. "You want a bath? Didn't you see the river when you came up from the depot?"

Something less than luxurious, the dining room of the Dartmouth Hotel, long, narrow, and dark, had only four windows, two opening on the alley in the rear and two on the ever-bleak recess between the main building and the annex. The floor was painted blue. The chairs were "kitchen," and the tables with three feet were little better than benches.

Better known as Hod, Mr. Frary was hotel keeper with a per-

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sonality so strong that many anecdotes are told about his conversation, appearance, and deportment. If he had silvery locks, soft speech, and saintly behavior, he also had a hot temper, violent language, and devilish forthrightness. Because "those damned students" made so much noise that he could not sleep, he tore down the hotel porch on the Main Street side. They used to dance clogs on it and madly yell his nickname, "HOD-HOD-HOD," and then run away.

Once when he was ailing, Mrs. Frary suggested that she send for Dr. Crosby. "Damn it," said Hod, "this is no time to send for a doctor. I'm sick." The humor underlying this anecdote lies in the fact that if a man were mildly sick Dr. Crosby would give him some pleasant medicine like Valerian or balsam of Peru but if he were seriously sick he would give not only physic but also emetic, not only cool his blood with saltpeter but also bleed him well.

In Hod's final illness when his breath was failing, his wife bent over him sympathetically. Were his final sentiments to be soft and loving? Into her ear he clipped his hard and practical consonants, "You make the damned old ***** pay his bill."

In *Memories and Anecdotes* Kate Sanborn asks sententiously, "Who that ever saw Horace Frary could forget him?" If a devoted mother of a Dartmouth student owing to poor train service arrived late for luncheon, she had no chance of being given nourishment. With a minimum of charity and a maximum of forthrightness Mr. Frary at the front door would pronounce, "Dinner is over long ago."

In some ways, however, Mr. Frary was adaptable and flexible. He would haggle for meat at the tailboard of a butcher's cart right outside the hotel. He cared personally for about thirty oil lamps, trimmed the wicks with his fingers, and then wiped them on his trousers. Standing at table in full view of the dining-room guests, he used to carve meats, and as he wiped the carving knife on the same trouser leg used for lamp-black residue, the streaks of red and black created colorful contrast and provided a subject of polite conversation except for the unobservant and the squeamish.

Utterly dissimilar from the present-day chic and smiling dining-room hostesses, in her old-fashioned plainness and grimness Mrs. Frary was also a conversational piece, a fitting helpmate for her husband. An autocrat in dining room and kitchen with her spareness and straightness, she cut her way through opposing space and through opposing guests. Slippers down at the heel, she shuffled,

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her eyes efficient and eagle, boring in on situations and diners. From one end of the kitchen to the other of the dining room she carried food and deposited it, warned and commanded, rebuked and reviled, but seldom smiled and comforted.

If today the customer is almost always right, under the Frary dictatorship the customer was almost always wrong. Guest number 1 wants bread. Mrs. Frary: "What ails the biscuits this morning? I made them myself." Guest number 2 makes a joke. To the intense and suppressed delight of all diners except the joker, Mrs. Frary in a loud and clear though flat voice dissects it. Guest number 3 requests waitress to bring him hotter coffee. Mrs. Frary: "If he wants his coffee hot, he better come earlier to breakfast." Guest number 4, a traveling man, sends his food back as below standard. Mrs. Frary: "Hey! What ails it? Ain't it good enough for you?" and returns the plate unaltered. Guest number 4 lowers head and eats.

Habitually late and incorrigible guests were expelled. Squire William H. Duncan, and Mr. Nelson Alvin McClary of the book store were solemnly given sentences of an expulsion for perpetuity, a sentence later capriciously reduced to a week.

Even the charitable Professor Bartlett writing in 1921 with the soft focus of the years between him and the Frarys remarked, "It is difficult now to find a country hotel so free from the tasteful, the dainty, and the homelike. One would almost conclude that it was planned, furnished, and managed to drive guests to homes of their own."

Outside of the village of Hanover were two centers of population large enough to maintain a tavern. Hanover Center in the early days was strung out along a road for two miles or so with a handful of houses. As early as 1796 a store was constructed by the "parade ground," the name given to the rectangular parcel of land acquired by Hanover Center as the village green. After the store came a tavern kept by John Smith, later owned by Isaac C. Howard, which contained also the only public hall of the community. Its loss by fire in 1851 was consequently regretted on two counts.

Hanover Center apparently had another tavern, for the town records show that the persons attending the town meeting in March 1793 had a liquor or coffee break when by vote the meeting adjourned for fifteen minutes to the house of Benjamin Hatch "to secure the refreshment offered by a tavern in those days."

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Etna, formerly called Mill Village or Mill Neighborhood or District Number Five, owed its existence to the series of waterfalls in Mink Brook providing power for a grist mill and a saw-mill. Enough business and population developed to make possible the erection of a store in 1833 with a hall over it, which developed into two additions used as a hotel kept by Horace and Walter Buck. The building burned in 1922.

In Hanover history the inn on the river road between Hanover and Lyme looms much larger than the Smith Tavern of Hanover Center or the Buck Hotel of Etna. Formerly known as the Stone House or the Luther Wood Inn, this establishment in recent times has been called The Haunted House.

Born in 1800, Luther Wood, a wealthy resident of Lebanon, who married Amy Freeman, granddaughter of Hanover's first settler, Edmund Freeman, bought in 1832 for \$2,500 some 175 acres of farm land along the Connecticut six miles from Hanover on the main Boston-to-Montreal Post Road, now known as the River Road to Lyme. Here he built a tavern.

Though soundly and even lavishly constructed, the Luther Wood Inn had a short life as a hostelry for four reasons: the Passumpsic Railroad Company built a line through Norwich up the Connecticut and diverted traffic from the old Post Road; a new road to Lyme, essentially the one we use today, made the old Post Road obsolescent; Luther Wood died in 1858; and the Inn acquired early its reputation for being haunted. No one dared live in it and no one would buy it. A strange knock-knock-knock could be heard distinctly by night, and even occasionally by day sounded a tap-tap-tap.

Two versions exist about the origin of the ghost. He was a mysterious and old companion, presumably male, of a hired man named Lyman Murdock who lived in a small cabin south of the inn. One day the old companion disappeared, and later the ghost returned to haunt the scenes of his earthly life.

More romantic and consequently more popular, the second story concerns a peddler who got drunk in the taproom one night and boasted of his money. Next morning he had vanished into river air. It was believed that after a terrific fight he had been murdered in the parlor and that his corpse had been hoisted through the window next to the fireplace and thrown into the Connecticut. Relying not very heavily on either logic or folklore, this legend accounts for the architectural peculiarity of one win-

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dow being bricked over to leave its companion window in imbalance. The room itself was never used again.

In the 1890's a man fearing neither devil nor ghost moved into the abandoned Stone House and began to rehabilitate it. Stephen Chase conceived the romantic plan of arranging a dance in the top-floor ballroom against the background of fallen plaster and kerosene lamps.

Complete with four horses and a colorful and eccentric driver, Old Dud, the old Concord coach of the Norwich Railroad Station transported laughing and skeptical couples over the darkened River Road.

At midnight above the noise of shush-shushing dancers' feet and music came again the unmistakable KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK which shook the floor and froze the dancers in their gaiety. TAP-TAP-TAP: the Ghost was slowly climbing the stairs. Girls sought inadequate refuge in partners' arms, and men had the courage of cornered caterpillars.

On such abject terror, the tenant took pity. Grinningly he led the trembling guests two flights down and out to a shed. To conjure up the ghost he used not a wand, not a muttered incantation, but only a mute fan. On the wall over a large, old-fashioned nail hung a grain winnower shaped like a giant dust pan. In motion, the fan, like any breeze, would cause the winnower to sway on the nail as pivot and pound the wall for a KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK. As the momentum subsided, could be heard the TAP-TAP-TAP. With pounding hearts some girls may have sympathized with the now non-existent ghost.

As handsome a house as it was solid, the Luther Wood Inn must have been one of the show places of New Hampshire about the middle of the nineteenth century, but today few persons know much about it. Indeed the main source of information is a thesis done for a Dartmouth art course in 1937 by Dana Doane Johnson with photographs by Ralph Brown and Professor Hugh S. Morrison of *The Haunted House* in disrepair.

Architecturally an excellent example of Greek revival style, the nearly square main structure with its full classic face of four Doric columns and a weighty pediment was something to delight the eyes of weary travelers. The stone of which it was constructed, a local hornblende schist, had been floated down the river on rafts from a northern town and dragged in eight hundred feet to the building site. White slabs of solid granite framed the windows

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and doors, and large granite plinths supported the wooden columns. The massive floor beams and roof frames were hand-hewn timber.

The third-floor ballroom, 36½ by 22 feet, extended the full depth of the house and out into the pediments which topped the Doric colonnade of the first two stories. Such festive emphasis is all the more remarkable because originally the Inn had only four bedrooms on the second floor. Perhaps the farther away from puritanical Hanover an inn was located, the more country people would gravitate towards lights, music, and dancing.

As late as 1921 the Luther Wood House was still in good enough condition to be bought by Miguel Rabassa for \$5,000, but it could not survive vandalism. Windows were broken, doors removed, panelling cut up, and floor boards were pried up and carted off. The only relics of the Luther Wood Inn are now the stone slabs taken from it to form the foundation of the Lutheran Church built in 1958 on Summer Street, Hanover.

The most dramatic event in Hanover hotel history occurred on the night of January 4, 1887 with the mercury registering some 20 degrees below zero. At 2 A.M. a fire broke out in the Dartmouth Hotel and raged out of control for seven hours. By nine o'clock it had destroyed the chief corner of the village and the east side of Main Street. Had there been wind instead of breathless stillness, most of the village would have gone up in smoke and sparks.

After the Dartmouth Hotel burned, the trustees of Dartmouth College had a major problem on their hands. Where could alumni and guests be housed? The hotel's owner, a non-resident, did not care to rebuild. After buying the corner lot for \$5,000 and deliberating a year, the College trustees took the plunge. In March 1888 they voted to build a hotel with accommodations for a hundred guests at a cost of not more than \$25,000, though the cost rose to \$37,500 and finally to \$41,940. Begun in March 1888, the building was ready for Commencement guests in 1889. Renamed The Wheelock, for several years it was sometimes run by a lessee and sometimes by a manager appointed by the College, rarely to the satisfaction of the public and usually with a financial loss.

The architect, the contractor, the workmen, and the trustees of Dartmouth College ran into one difficulty after another. Townspeople stole lumber during the night in such quantities

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that the contractor offered to give it to them free if they would only ask for it ahead of time.

Samuel Gilman Tucker, who was to manage the hotel, exceeded his authority by running up some \$850 worth of unauthorized alterations. He refused to pay the contractor, who had him arrested when the trustees would not accept the responsibility. To protect themselves the trustees sued the contractor. The chimneys would not draw. Fire broke out around one fireplace the first time it was used. The middle portions of the hotel settled badly. The flues were faultily and dangerously constructed. Studding of upper floors was unsatisfactory. Unseasoned wood caused excessive cracking of walls in upper rooms and distortions of doorways.

So unsound and so inadequate was The Wheelock that in twelve years it had to be altered and improved so radically that the costs of reconstruction amounted to more than the original costs. The reconstructed Wheelock of 1902 became the Hanover Inn of 1961.

In hotel history hardly anyone has kind words to say about The Wheelock, but the responses to the Hanover Inn from 1902 to the present have ranged all the way from lukewarm at the worst to ecstatic at the best. Alumni who bring their brides to the Hanover Inn are able to dream their dreams and live them simultaneously, a state of mind not always understood by brides without Dartmouth connections. The Coffee Shop and the cocktail lounge have helped to prolong contentment, to arouse enthusiasm, and even to stimulate emotional elevation to poetic heights.

Not long out of Dartmouth, Arthur Perry Fairfield took over the Hanover Inn management in 1905 and continued until his retirement in 1936. The Fairfield era was the hey-day of elderly widows and spinsters of superior tastes, impeccable backgrounds, and passionate dislike of loud noises. Quiet, aloof, and deferential to the older generation, Mr. Fairfield never warmed up to student patronage.

Better known to undergraduates was Lon Gove, his clerk, with so much color and personality that he has been described as a Dartmouth Institution, the Official Welcomer-Back, and the Daddy of Dartmouth Boys.

Thoroughly imbued with Dartmouth traditions, Lon Gove was commonly believed by Dartmouth men to be a Dartmouth man, which he was not, and by some Harvard men (he could speak Bostonian when he wanted) to be Harvard, and by some Yale men to

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be Yale (he was trilingual and could also speak New Haven). In his younger days he played football for Dartmouth, so the story goes, when the Green, a little short of talent, needed help in a tight spot.

A short, heavy-set man, Lon wore a derby hat cocked at an angle, affected a black eye-glass ribbon draped over his left ear, smoked incessantly cigarettes protruding well out into space from an ebony holder, and with a broad and big-toothed smile charmed away the most irascible moods. About him Bill Cunningham wrote two articles years apart and said, "He was great not in the sense of money or power or influence or position . . . but in his simplicity, the sweetness of his character, and the absolute completeness with which he filled his role in life."

The Sayre era was brilliant. Skiers of the 1930s can recall the engaging hospitality with which Ford and Peggy Sayre at the Ravine Camp on Moosilauke handed out hot coffee and their own fried doughnuts. After the camp burned in September 1935, Ford and Peggy as managers of the Hanover Inn beginning May 1936 handed out to guests more than doughnuts and coffee.

Human, dynamic, shy, but always direct, Ford with Peggy's help made the Hanover Inn the attractive gateway to Dartmouth and the White Mountains and the center of Dartmouth Winter Carnivals. The fame of the Sayre buffet suppers before which students (and others) starved themselves for two days spread beyond New England. And beyond New England spread also the fame of the Hanover ski school with headquarters at the Inn. At one time the only ski school of its kind in the United States, it was attended for a week each year by some fifty boys and girls between the ages of eight and thirteen.

If at twenty-five Ford Sayre was old enough to take over the Hanover Inn, at thirty-five he was too young to die, a captain in the Army Air Force in a plane crash near Spokane, Washington. His name is perpetuated in the Ford K. Sayre Memorial Fund benefiting Hanover youngsters aspiring to become good skiers. After his death Peggy filled in as manager.

James T. McFate became manager in 1953. A big man, dominating by his physical presence coffee shop, lobby, and dining room, he is easily recognizable by guests. The popularity of the Hanover Inn seems to be constantly increasing with its terrace restaurant, outdoor grill presided over by a chef with a tall white hat, and air-conditioned cocktail lounge with its Paul Sample



Crosby house (now Crosby Hall) built 1810



House in transit in 1928 from North Main Street to Chase Road



Main Street in the 1860s; east side looking north, showing the Tontine



Main Street 1868; west side looking north from the present
site of the Precinct Building



Main Street about 1898; west side looking south



The "Lower Hotel," burned 1888, on the site of the
municipal parking lot



Dartmouth Hotel; a drawing by John Willard, March 25, 1826.
Willard resided in Hanover 1824-26, employed in the
store of his uncle, Dr. Samuel Alden.



Dartmouth Hotel 1865

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mural of a ski jumper. For Mr. McFate and future managers Hopkins Center provides opportunities for creative efforts to give Hanover a hostelry combining the simplicity of a country inn with the sophistication of an aristocratic urban residential hotel.

With the arrival of the 1960's and the approach of the 1970's, and emphasis on focal transfer point and mobility, Hanover hums with more activity than it did in the nineteenth century. The rebuilt Vermont and New Hampshire roads, the increased popularity of skiing and the Dartmouth Skiway and the ski school in Lyme Center, summer golf and summer schools, the educational and recreational facilities of Hopkins Center, the competitive flamboyance of Dartmouth athletes, the year-round conventions and carnivals and music festivals, improved airplane service and the improved West Lebanon airport, the persistent nostalgia of Dartmouth graduates to return to the scenes of their studies and sports—these are some of the reasons why new hotels, inns, and motels are dotting the highways and byways. Supplementary to the Hanover Inn are its own Motor Lodge on Lebanon Street, newly opened this year, and the Green Lantern Inn, Occom Lodge, and Blue Spruce Lodge, all in Hanover; the Norwich Inn and Motel across the river; and the Keenes' in Etna. The Chieftain, the Ledges, Rolling Hill, Sunset, Marbridge all have plenty of winter heat and parking space, and some serve continental breakfasts.

So long as the number of automobiles and public and private planes increases yearly, one is hardly rash in suggesting that demands for "victualing and lodging accommodations" in the Hanover area will keep on increasing.

Personages and Eccentrics

by Francis Lane Childs

A COMPREHENSIVE survey of the large number and great variety of individuals who simply by living in it have given shape and quality to a town two centuries old would necessitate a volume of no mean size. This chapter makes no pretense in that direction; it purposes merely to bring before the reader certain citizens of the past, great or small, saints or sinners, who for one reason or another seem worth calling to mind. Many others equally interesting could have been included had space permitted.

Throughout the eighteenth century the most prominent and influential citizen of Hanover, apart from the officers of the College, was Jonathan Freeman. Born in 1745, he came here from Mansfield, Conn., in 1765 with his elder brother Edmund, the first permanent settler in the township, followed soon after by three younger brothers, all to become men of local distinction. A surveyor as well as farmer, Jonathan had assisted brother Edmund in the original survey and "lotting" of the town for the proprietors; in 1771 he ran the division line between the properties of Wheelock and the College and laid out the village on the Plain, with fine foresight centering it around the "Green." During his lifetime he served in most of the town offices—moderator, auditor, town clerk, selectman, and treasurer—and as a member of countless town committees. An active participant throughout the controversy over the New Hampshire Grants, he represented Hanover in the conventions upon the grants from 1776 to 1781 and in the General Assembly of Vermont in the unions of 1778 and 1781. After the troubles were over, he labored hard to bring about harmony between the towns involved and the New Hampshire legislature.

He served two brief enlistments in the Revolution with the rank of lieutenant and was one of Hanover's Committee of Safety and of several committees to raise soldiers. He was the town's delegate to the New Hampshire convention to ratify the Constitution of the United States in 1788, and to the State Constitutional Con-

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vention in 1791. A firm Federalist, he served as representative 1788-92, member of the council 1789-96, and state senator 1789-94. In 1793 he was chosen a presidential elector and proudly cast his ballot for General Washington. He was elected a member of Congress from New Hampshire in 1797 and reelected in 1799, a distinction achieved by only one other Hanover resident (James W. Patterson in 1863 and 1865).

Always a good friend to the College, he became its "financier" in 1789, in charge of the management and disposal of the College lands, and in 1793 a member of the Board of Trustees. Both these positions he held until his death in 1808 at his home in Hanover Center. He had accumulated a considerable property and raised a large family of able sons and daughters. Marked by a sound business sense and a painstaking management of all affairs entrusted to him, he won and kept the respect of his fellow-townsmen.

During this same period Hanover Center also provided a man even more widely known for his misdemeanors and vices than was Freeman for his accomplishments and virtues. Stephen Burroughs came there at the age of six in 1772 with his father, Rev. Eden Burroughs, first minister of the Center church. In 1797 he published in Hanover his autobiography under the sensation-promising title *Memoirs of the Notorious Stephen Burroughs: Containing Many Incidents in the Life of this Wonderful Man Never Before Published*, a book that became immensely popular throughout the first half of the nineteenth century, with cheap stereotyped editions appearing frequently from presses in various cities and towns as far west as St. Louis. Well written and interesting, much in the manner of the lesser picaresque novels of its time, it recounts Stephen's infamous escapades from his childhood to his thirtieth year. Although undoubtedly exaggerated in many instances, in the main the facts wherever they can be checked prove to be true. Except for some long-winded passages of pseudo-philosophic reflection, the narrative remains entertaining reading to this day.

Ever rebellious against discipline and law, Burroughs shows himself to be, as he has been called, "the type of the Eternal Scamp." A mischief-maker as a boy, a runaway enlistee into the Revolutionary army at the age of fourteen from which his father soon obtained his release, a troublesome undergraduate at Dartmouth for a year until expelled in 1782, he went on from such juvenile delinquency into a career of petty crime. Posing under

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various false names, he impersonated a ship's doctor on a lugger trip to France, a preacher (using ten sermons purloined from his father) in Pelham, Mass., a philanderer everywhere, and a school teacher in Massachusetts and on Long Island. His most serious offenses were his activities as one of a gang of counterfeiters. Several times imprisoned—once for three years on Castle Island in Boston Harbor—he broke jail as frequently. Yet through it all he emerges from the pages of his book as somehow an engaging rascal.

He returned to Hanover in 1795 with a wife and three children and managed his father's farm for three and a half years, when after a serious quarrel with his parents he departed for Canada. Briefly a resident at Shipton and Stanstead in the province of Quebec, he resumed his business of counterfeiting United States currency and distributed it in New England through the hands of agents. The *Dartmouth Gazette* of Oct. 14, 1807 reports his arrest with large amounts of spurious bills found in his home in Stanstead and his removal to Montreal for trial. Little that is definite is known of his life thereafter. About 1810 he settled in Three Rivers, Quebec, where he was converted to Catholicism and is said to have reformed sincerely and permanently, becoming a successful school teacher there until his death in 1840. One daughter became a nun of the Ursuline order, one son a respectable lawyer in Quebec City, and another a prosperous merchant in Montreal.

The Burroughs reputation in Hanover was saved, however, by Stephen's sister Irene. Married to Richard Foster, a farmer on the old Burroughs homestead at the Center, she became the mother of one daughter and ten sons. Two of the sons died in infancy, but seven of the remaining eight graduated from Dartmouth between 1837 and 1851, and six of those became ministers. The family was always in narrow circumstances, and it took great sacrifice by the parents and hard labor by the sons to get them through college. Mrs. Foster's innate love of learning and her determination that her children should all receive a broad education was the chief stimulant to their progress. Throughout all the years that the sons were in college, they brought home each week books from the library for their mother to read, to the amazement of her neighbors, who asserted that by the time the youngest son was graduated "Mrs. Foster had read every book in the Dartmouth College library!"

Personages and Eccentrics

In the first half of the nineteenth century the dominant personage in Hanover was Mills Olcott, Esq. No one surpassed him in influence, in wealth, or in social position. Graduated from Dartmouth in 1790 at the age of sixteen, he spent five years in business training under his father in Vermont, then studied law, was admitted to the bar and began to practice. In 1800 he settled in Hanover at the north end of the College Green and at once became a leader in town affairs. A sound and brilliant lawyer and a clear-headed business man, he accumulated a tidy fortune. Land investments, the development of the White River Falls Co. (see Chapter 3), the presidency of the Grafton County Bank, and similar enterprises contributed to his success. An old-line Federalist, he sat as delegate from New Hampshire at the Hartford Convention in 1814. With great political sagacity, he was looked up to by his fellow-citizens as their natural leader in governmental matters, yet he never sought any office for himself except that of representative to the General Court. A devoted friend and counselor to the College during the trying days of the early part of the century, he served as its treasurer 1816-22 and as trustee from 1821 to his death in 1845.

Tall, portly and handsome, with a large forehead and deep-set blue eyes, he dressed immaculately. His commanding presence, fine voice, and rare gift of expression made him the natural choice of his fellow-citizens to preside over important public occasions such as all Fourth of July celebrations, the visit to Hanover of President Monroe, and the public dinner to Governor Clinton. He was a willing supporter of all worthy community enterprises and a generous donor to college and church; his private benefactions to individuals in distressed circumstances are reported to have been large indeed. Even his bitterest political opponents never attacked his personal character. His three sons and his five sons-in-law were all Dartmouth graduates, and all but one (Dr. Edward Olcott) became lawyers.

Although Olcott's most distinguished sons-in-law were Rufus Choate and Joseph Bell of Boston, a third, William H. Duncan (Dartmouth 1830) was a long-time resident of Hanover, a familiar, beloved, and eccentric figure on Main Street from his settlement here in 1838, when he came as assistant in business and legal affairs to the aging Mr. Olcott, to his death in 1883. Everyone in the village and the College called him "Squire Duncan." He was a scholarly man, well versed in the law, but provided with

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ample inherited means and endowed with an easy-going nature, he took only minor cases, which however he prosecuted with earnestness and skill. It is related that once when he had lost a case for a Norwich client, he returned to Hanover in a downcast mood and said to a friend who inquired about the result, "If there is any one thing in the world which God Almighty might be supposed not to know, it is the finding of a Vermont jury."

He was a staunch Democrat, the leader of his party, which for the greater part of his life was a distinct minority in the town. A stirring and accomplished orator, he was chosen to preside on many important occasions. For more than twenty-five years he acted as chief marshal at commencements and was as well known to Dartmouth alumni as to Hanover residents.

His wife was a semi-invalid, and after her death in 1851, he removed from the Olcott house to the old Dartmouth Hotel, where he was the star boarder for more than thirty years. A handsome man, tall, with long curly hair, he was a Beau Brummel in dress, seldom appearing in public without a gray top hat and long black cloak. He took great delight in meeting the distinguished College guests who came to the hotel, and they in turn were pleased to find in him a charming conversationalist and lively story-teller, with the gracious manners of a perfect gentleman.

His law office consisted of one large room over Cobb's store on Main Street and despite his personal spotlessness was always extremely untidy. He never threw anything away, and books, papers, and miscellaneous articles piled up on chairs, tables, and floor until there was left only a path from the door around the central stove to his desk; the unwashed windows allowed little light to penetrate. Rarely he attempted a little cleaning. One day he came down the stairs and growled to Deacon Downing, "I am in a towering rage; I have had Mrs. Carlisle at my room to clean up a little and I can't find a damned thing."

The nineteenth century woman who left the deepest imprint on Hanover society was a small, thin, plain and modest spinster, Miss Theodosia Stockbridge. Left an orphan in childhood she made her home at Andover, Mass., with her aunt, the widow of President Francis Brown of Dartmouth, until 1840, when the Brown family came to Hanover on the appointment of Samuel Gilman Brown as professor of oratory and belles lettres in the College. She remained here until 1867, when she accompanied

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Professor Brown's family to Clinton, N. Y., upon his accession to the presidency of Hamilton College, and in 1881 to Utica. She taught music for many years in the private girls' schools of Hanover with marked success.

But it is not for this that Miss Stockbridge is remembered. Deeply religious and earnestly devoted to the welfare of boys, she conceived the idea of gathering on Sunday afternoons in the red brick schoolhouse at the corner of Wheelock and School Streets for moral and religious instruction a class of boys between the ages of eight and eighteen who were not attendants at church or Sunday school. She also collected and maintained a small library for their use. This class she kept up for twelve years, until her removal from town; over 150 boys were enrolled in it. In the words of Dorrance B. Currier, one of the lads in her original class: "No woman in our village ever exerted a like influence for good. She gathered the rough boys of our village about her from Sabbath to Sabbath and taught them the Scriptures. She began the work from a sense of duty and continued it as a work of love. She found in each boy that which she sought, and she sought for the good in them . . . she unwittingly taught us to fear God and to worship Miss Stockbridge. The source of her influence was her perfect honesty, charity, and sympathy, and she won the love and respect of every boy in the village."

In 1894 a group of public-spirited men and women organized in Hanover a boys' club and named it the Stockbridge Association in Theodosia's honor. The name was suggested by John C. Paige of Boston, one of her original "boys," who on his death in 1897 left the Association a bequest of \$4000, supplemented by \$3000 more on the death of his mother, Mrs. Ann C. Paige of Hanover, in 1900. The Association was incorporated in 1898 and in 1909 bought of the Precinct the old brick building in which the club had been meeting rent free for ten years, and renamed it Stockbridge Hall. The ownership of this hall was retained until April 2, 1960, when the Trustees sold it to the Christian Science Society. The Association was very successful in its work for boys, with a paid superintendent for many years. It sponsored the Boy Scouts on their organization here and gradually merged its work with theirs. In recent years the Trustees of the Association have divided the income from its invested funds among the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, and recreational activities for the youth of the town.

Miss Stockbridge died in Utica April 10, 1904 in her eighty-fifth

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year, and at her request was buried in Hanover. At her funeral President Tucker called her "a saint of Hanover," and eight members of her class of forty years before bore her from the old White Church to her last resting-place in the Dartmouth Cemetery. No one now living in Hanover remembers Theodosia Stockbridge personally, but her name continues among us and her influence has never ceased.

Two men whose fame was won long after they removed from Hanover deserve at least brief mention here. One, Charles Ransom Miller, the son of a farmer, was born in 1849 in the North Neighborhood in the house which is now the Rennie Nursing Home. He spent his childhood and youth here, until his graduation from Dartmouth in 1872. Then he entered upon a life of journalism, with the remarkable record of forty years (1883-1922) as editor-in-chief of *The New York Times*, regarded everywhere as one of the truly great American newspapermen of this century.

The other was Levi P. Morton, who attained celebrity as an extremely successful merchant, international banker, U. S. congressman, Minister to France 1880-84, Vice-President of the United States under Benjamin Harrison 1889-93, Governor of New York 1895-97, millionaire and philanthropist. The son of a country minister, he was unable to fulfil his ambition to go to college and became a clerk in a small store at the age of sixteen. In 1843, when only nineteen, he came to Hanover as manager of a branch store for a Concord firm, which he opened in the old Tontine on Main Street. Successful from the start, he was able to buy out the store two years later, to enlarge it to four times its original size and to continue it until 1849, when he sold out and removed to Boston. While here, he had cleared over \$12,000 profit, he had had his name painted on the largest sign ever displayed on Main Street, stretching half way along the Tontine front, and he had attracted trade from Vermont by paying the bridge tolls for all customers who crossed the river, and from the countryside around by eye-catching advertisements in the local press. McElroy, in his biography of Morton, says: "In Hanover, he was the pioneer of modern business advertising methods." He boarded during all of his six years in town in Professor Sanborn's home (on the present site of Robinson Hall), and the association with that family was almost the equivalent of the college education he had missed. He ever held Hanover and the Sanborns in

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affectionate memory. Outliving most of his generation, he died in Ellerslie, N. Y., on his ninety-sixth birthday, May 16, 1920.

The oldtime stage drivers were important, useful and generally picturesque persons in the community. Two of them who were residents of Hanover for over fifty years merit commemoration here—Ira B. Allen (1815-1890) and Jason Dudley (1812-1895). In his younger days Allen had driven stage on the turnpike routes, skilfully and safely, but after the advent of the railroad made the stages obsolescent, he turned to the livery business, establishing a large stable west of Main Street where the Dartmouth Printing Company and Inn Garage now are, with access to it by a narrow lane, since extended to become Allen Street, which thus perpetuates his name. He had a good sense of humor and the gift of witty expression, even when drunk, and he was in that condition more often than sober. His capable wife oversaw the business when he was incapacitated and proved as efficient at it as he.

Once a traveling salesman came to the stable in great haste to catch a train for Boston and demanded immediate transportation to the West Lebanon station. In spite of his wife's protest at his unsteady state at the moment, Ira called for his fastest mare and drove at a speed that frightened the poor drummer nearly out of his wits. He made the trip to West Lebanon and back to his stable in exactly forty minutes. A few weeks later the same man came again looking for a conveyance but announced that he would rather walk than ride with Allen, for, he explained, "All he would say when I complained of his speed was 'Hang on to your hat!'"

Allen was the first regular driver of the stage from the Lewiston station to the village, and used always to stop the coach as soon as it crossed the bridge and collect the fares, in order to prevent students from jumping off the vehicle before it reached the hotel, thus winning a free ride. Many anecdotes have been told about Ira; the one most often quoted preserves his remark when the authorities proposed putting up a sign forbidding persons to drive on the newly laid asphalt sidewalks: "It won't do no good; horses can't read and asses won't."

Jason Dudley drove for many years on the Burlington to Boston route. His stretch was at first from Randolph, Vt., to Hanover; later for five years between Hanover and Wilmot, N. H. After this route was given up, he drove from Hanover to Woodstock until that too became unprofitable. Thereafter he succeeded Ira

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Allen as the stage driver between the village and the Lewiston station until old age forced him to surrender that position to "Hamp" Howe. Crotchety and sharp-tongued, but witty and kindly as well, he was well liked and called "Jason" and "Uncle Dud" by townspeople and students alike. He delivered express about the village, but his greatest pride was his status as official driver of the town hearse. He felt that he owned horse, hearse, and cemetery, and gave free advice to everyone on the conduct of funerals and proper modes of burial. Bartlett's *Dartmouth Book of Remembrance* preserves many of his odd remarks, including the oft-told one of his comment to Mildred Crosby, the liveliest and most popular young lady in the village in the 1880's, when he had offered her a ride in his express wagon behind his large black funeral horse. He touched the horse with his whip, whereupon it broke into a swift trot. "Why, Jason," protested Mildred, "if your horse acts like this, how can you trust him to draw the hearse?" "Huh," came the reply, "don't you suppose this old horse knows the difference between Mildred Crosby and a corpse?"

In the old part of the Dartmouth Cemetery a plain white marble slab bears this strange inscription, so weathered by the storms of a century that it is now barely legible: "Here lies the mortal wreck of / SALLY DUGET / In the midst of society / she lived alone / beneath the mockery of cheerfulness / she hid deep woes / in the ruins of her intellect / the kindness of her hart survived / She perished in the snow / on the night of Feb. 26, 1854 / AE 69."

Those lines, composed by the Rev. John Richards, sum up the life of a woman who was a familiar figure in the village for over forty years. The daughter of Michael Duguet, Eleazar Wheelock's "baker, cook, and brewer," and his wife Hannah Roberts, overseer of the first college commons, Sally is reported to have been in her youth a tall, graceful, pleasing young lady who worked as a seamstress and household helper in various homes on the Plain. In 1810, when she was twenty-five, an unfortunate love experience brought on a mild and intermittent mental derangement. She lived in different families from time to time and occasionally was cared for by the overseers of the poor. About 1824, however, her insanity worsened, she forsook the village, and for the remaining thirty years of her life led a hermit's existence in a lonely spot near the top of Balch (then called Corey) Hill. She laid slabs of wood from the south side of the road to the adjacent stone wall, and dug a small pit beneath in which she lived. After a few years

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this burned, and a kind gentleman in whose house she had worked built her a more substantial hut. This too burned, probably from her carelessness, and a group of citizens replaced it with one twelve feet square, with four brick walls, a brick floor, and a fireplace. Here she thenceforth made her home, with no companion but a tailless cat. She came to the village only to sell berries or nuts she had gathered and to collect the bits of food which were readily given her at the doors of most households, for all who knew her liked and pitied "Crazy Sally." She talked and laughed continually, often exhibiting humor and shrewdness in her remarks; she improvised simple verses of thanks in return for the gifts made her, and she told fortunes—always good ones—for the young girls. After dark on the night of February 26, 1854, she left the village for her home in a blinding snowstorm, strayed from the road, became confused and lost, and circled about until she fell into a snowbank, where her nearest neighbors found her frozen body the next morning. Sympathetic friends in the village erected the marble over her grave.

Another person of unbalanced mind was looked upon as a village character in the nineteenth century. Increase Kimball (1777-1856), always something of a religious fanatic, was a tin-smith by trade, and early in the century invented the first machine for making cut nails for horseshoes, which he patented. He was offered a large sum for it but refused, only to find soon after that another had produced a greatly improved machine that rendered his invention worthless. His consequent disappointment together with his excitement over religious controversies unsettled his mind, and he was considered a harmlessly insane individual ever after.

As the result of a vision he had about 1820 telling him that Professor Roswell Shurtleff would be made president of Dartmouth College, the devoutly religious Kimball took a solemn vow never to shave until that event came about. Consequently he wore a luxuriant beard for the rest of his days. Once some students looking for fun caught Increase and cut off half the beard, but his strict conscience made him let it grow again. He belonged for a time to an odd sect called "Rolling Pilgrims" which held its meetings in Beaver Meadow, Norwich, Vermont, and every Sunday morning he put on a long white robe and walked to the meeting place. His full white beard and flowing garments must have given him the appearance of an Old Testament prophet.

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In later years he lived in comparative poverty in a house that stood in what is now the College Park at the corner of Park and College Streets. This house was destroyed by fire one forenoon in 1852, as the result of Kimball's carelessness in allowing sparks from his fireplace to ignite the straw mattress on which he slept. During the conflagration he paced the road, repeating "An enemy hath done this, an enemy hath done this." He spent his few remaining years in his barn, which had escaped the flames.

In every New England town there have been men and women who long after they have passed from their scenes of action are remembered for a single remark. So it has been in Hanover.

There was Sarah Demman, a patient spinster who for forty years before her death in 1899 kept a millinery shop in the large old yellow house that stood on the corner of Main and Lebanon streets, now the site of the Dartmouth National Bank, and provided most of the ladies of the village with all their hats and bonnets. A middle-aged pompous faculty wife, well known for her fussy tastes and disagreeable manners, once spent a couple of hours in Miss Demman's shop, trying on one after another every hat in the store. Putting down the last one with a gesture of disgust, she said, "I can't see, Miss Demman, why you never have a bonnet that looks well on me!"

"Well, madam," replied the imperturbable Sarah, "you must remember you have your face to contend with."

Mrs. Alexander Grasse came to Hanover in 1904 and lived for thirty years with her husband, son, and grandchildren on a farm halfway down the road from the top of Balch Hill to the outlet of the reservoir. A large, red-faced woman, with an imposing false front of bright brown hair, she dressed always in a shiny black gown of an earlier vintage, the full skirt of which she frequently raised to extract a red bandanna handkerchief from a pocket in her equally voluminous gay petticoat. Friendly and garrulous, talking loudly to acquaintance and stranger alike, she was a subject of much amusement to all the villagers and a thorn in the flesh to Perry Fairfield, manager of the Hanover Inn. For on every pleasant summer afternoon she walked from her farm to the village, seated herself in a rocking chair on the Inn porch and for a couple of hours fanned and talked, to the astonishment of the regular guests. Fairfield felt that she detracted from the elegance and dignity of his establishment and tried by all possible means to discourage her visits, but to no avail.

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One very hot afternoon in early September of 1909 she had made her accustomed trip to the Inn and was returning to her home. As she trudged wearily up the steepest part of the dusty hill road, she was overtaken by a surrey drawn by a fine span of horses and driven by President-elect Ernest Fox Nichols, with Mrs. Nichols on the back seat. They had but recently arrived in town. Stopping his horses, Dr. Nichols asked Mrs. Grasse if she would like a ride. "Indeed I would," said she, and heaved herself into the seat beside Mrs. Nichols. As the horses started up, she opened the conversation with a question: "Have you seen the new president?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Nichols, indicating her husband on the seat in front; "that is he."

"Do you mean to tell me that *that* is the president of Dartmouth College?"

"It certainly is."

"My land," sighed the old lady, "but I'm having a better time than I thought I was!"

Mrs. Sam Phelps, wife of a remarkably ingenious mechanic in the village, had her own way with the King's English. Meeting Professor John K. Lord at the corner of the campus on that afternoon in March 1903 when two reckless students had been drowned while canoeing on the swollen waters of the Connecticut and learning from him some details of the accident, she burst forth, "Why, Mr. Lord, I shouldn't of thought if they couldn't of swum they wouldn't of went!"

Turn about has always been fair play in Hanover, however. Quaint remarks and distorted language were not confined to the unlettered, and professors often seemed eccentric to the townspeople. The tradesmen on Main Street used to repeat with glee an anecdote about Dr. Daniel Noyes, the precise and timid professor of theology in the mid-nineteenth century. A bolt in his carriage having broken, he entered the local hardware store to purchase a replacement. "What size is the bolt?" inquired the clerk. Professor Noyes thought a moment, then as he started to leave the shop solemnly announced, "I will ascertain the dimensions of the orifice and return."

It takes all kinds of people to make a world—or a town.

Laura Bridgman

by Stearns Morse

FEW Europeans, in the thirties and forties of the last century, had probably heard of Hanover, New Hampshire; and those few who had heard of the town, it is safe to say, associated its name, not with Dartmouth College or the Senator from Massachusetts, but with a fragile child, a narrow green cloth across her eyes, named Laura Bridgman. By 1842 Charles Dickens had made her name a household word throughout the English-speaking world. A decade or so later the famous Swedish writer, Fredrika Bremer, had spread her fame throughout Northern Europe. Even before that the annual reports of her equally famous teacher had made her name known to educators and philanthropists in the Western World. She is still a landmark in the history of modern education and psychology—the first deaf, dumb, and blind person to be taught to read and write and to communicate freely with others.

Laura Dewey Bridgman, to give her her full name—Deweys and Bridgmans have figured prominently in Hanover's history—was born on a farm on the Ruddsboro road, on December 21, 1829. Shortly thereafter her family moved to Etna, to the house in front of which a granite boulder with its bronze tablet perpetuates her memory. Her father, Daniel Bridgman, was a substantial farmer, whose voice was listened to in town affairs and who later served two sessions in the state legislature. His wife, Harmony Bridgman, seems to have been well named: she presided with calm efficiency over her household of several children, cooking, washing, spinning, weaving, churning, making soap and candles, and tending the bees, poultry and lambs. The Bridgman house was the typical story and a half house such as settles snugly into the New England landscape against the rigors of the northern climate, with its large fireplace in the kitchen, its parlor, seldom used, and its attic where the children were tucked away at night.

Laura was not born blind, but she was a frail child—puny, rickety, and subject to “fits” during the first year and a half of her life. Then, for four months, her health was normal. But at two

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years old she was stricken with a savage case of scarlet fever, confined in a darkened room for five months, ill and feeble for the next two years: entirely bereft of sight, speech and hearing, even her sense of smell obliterated.

Bleak indeed would have been the scarcely sentient child's existence in the busy household but for her friend and first teacher. "Uncle Asa" Tenney, a bachelor in his early fifties, seems to have been one of those "characters" every New Hampshire village makes fun of but tolerates: he was a rough, unlettered individual, shabby in dress, wearing—indoors and out, one guesses—a unique hat; with an impediment in his speech which made him scarcely understandable to the neighbors, but which was no barrier between him and the speechless child. When the weather was mild he took her by the hand and led her down to Mink Brook, where she learned the difference between land and water; there he taught her to throw stones into the stream and to feel the waves as the water splashed. She learned to know his step and to distinguish him from her family; once in a fit of temper she snatched off his spectacles and crushed them, but he did not complain. So the child's life passed from day to day: playing with Uncle Asa; following her busy mother about the kitchen; kissing her 'boot,' which served as a doll; sitting by the fire in the little cane chair her Grandfather Bridgman had made for her; alternately petting and abusing the long-suffering family cat.

Then one day in May of 1837 when Laura was eight years old, James Barrett, a Dartmouth junior, who had been called in by the Hanover selectmen to help with the tax bills, saw her sitting blind and dumb before the fire and spoke about her to Dr. Reuben D. Mussey, head of the medical department at the College. Dr. Mussey came to see her and wrote an account of her, which was read by Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe of Boston.

The year Laura was born Samuel Gridley Howe was already famous in two hemispheres. A graduate of Brown in the Class of 1821 and of the Harvard Medical School in 1824, idealistic and restless, he had sailed in the year of Byron's death at Missolonghi to aid the Greeks in their struggle against the Turks for independence. Returning to Boston after six years, he was instrumental in persuading the Massachusetts legislature to incorporate a school for the blind: his concern for the maimed and unfortunate of this world knew no limits. Asked to open the school, he went to Europe in 1831 to inspect schools established there for the blind;

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was arrested in Berlin while engaged in aiding Polish refugees in Prussia and held incommunicado in prison for six weeks before he was released. Just turned thirty when he came back to Boston in 1832, he was handsome, slender, and erect, with a soldierly presence like the flash of a sword: when he rode down Beacon Street upon his black horse, with an embroidered crimson saddle-cloth, all the girls ran to the window.

At first the school for the blind, which he set up in his father's house, languished. Then, in 1833, Thomas Handysyd Perkins, the China merchant, now in his sixties, turned over to Dr. Howe his mansion on Pearl Street, from which he was moving to Temple Place, with the proviso that the citizens of Boston would raise \$50,000 for the support of the school. The money was quickly subscribed; the legislature appropriated \$6,000 annually and the school was firmly established. In 1839 the school was moved to the Mount Washington House, a large summer hotel with many piazzas, standing alone on the high ground of the South Boston Peninsula. Shortly thereafter its name was changed to Perkins Institution for its principal benefactor. But before this Laura Bridgman had come down from Etna to become an inmate.

For Dr. Howe, after reading Dr. Mussey's account, had wasted no time. With Longfellow, Rufus Choate, and two other friends he had attended a Dartmouth commencement and the next day gone out to Etna. There in the parlor Laura met him. He held out to her a silver pencil case as a gift but, terrified of the stranger, she dropped it and it was never found again. Instead, she had found her dearest friend. For the doctor persuaded her parents to surrender her to his tutelage. Though Asa Tenney, doubtless suspicious of "book-larnin'," especially for such a child as Laura, looked on the transaction with a jaundiced eye, she departed for Boston in October 1837, to remain there, with short vacations home, for the rest of her life. She was not quite eight years old.

Then began the long, arduous process by means of which Laura Bridgman was initiated into the world of sentient human beings. Even to so intrepid a person as Dr. Howe the obstacles must have seemed insurmountable—except that his watchword was: "obstacles are things to be overcome." Though the loss of her eyeballs was a deformity, he afterwards wrote, "she was a comely child"; and she was sensitive, active, and clearly endowed with a capacity for learning. She had come to know and be fond of every member of her family and they were fond of her. But endearments



“The Haunted House” on the River Road (Luther Wood Inn)



The home of Laura Bridgman at Etna



The "Big Main Street Fire" Jan. 4, 1887



The next day

Laura Bridgman

and caresses were not enough. Her mother was so occupied with household affairs, of course, as to be unable to give her special attention. Her father treated her with a firm hand. And a firm hand, Dr. Howe was sure, was essential for the development of her mental and moral capacities, to prevent her, indeed, from the possibility of "becoming a ferocious and unmanageable" woman—for the child had a will of her own. Dr. Howe, like his good friend Horace Mann, had advanced ideas as to education. He knew that he must reach the child through her one remaining sense. (And after all this was the primal sense, the foetal sense, the sense of touch.)

Already the doctor had developed an alphabet legible to the touch. By a motion of her fingers down her cheek she could signify that she was thinking of her bewhiskered father; a scratching motion signified a cat; but to go beyond these rudimentary methods of communication, it was necessary that she be taught words. This the doctor did by pasting raised labels on keys, spoons, knives and the like. Then the labels were removed and scrambled and she was led to master the skill of attaching each label to its appropriate object. Then the separate letters were learned. All this was a long slow process which she followed by patient imitation of everything her teacher did. After weeks and weeks the supreme moment in Laura Bridgman's history came: the moment when it flashed upon her that she could in this way communicate her thoughts to others; "at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression; it was no longer a dog or a parrot,—it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits!"

I have not space to relate the slow process by which the child learned the abstract qualities of hardness, softness, sickness; the perception of space relationships; the use of active verbs; the measurement of time; the distinctions between tastes; the further sharpening of her already acute sense of touch; the day, when after two years, she wrote for the first time her own name.

There were other problems to be solved. For she was, not unnaturally, what we should call today a "problem child." She was nervous and high-strung—hardly a docile child. She could be deceitful. She had a sly sense of fun, playing jokes on her fellow-inmates. She had fits of temper, could bite and scratch like a cat when thwarted. When she was ten years old or so, she began to keep a journal and one day she recorded: "Ladies came to see

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girls Saturday and I bit Sumner [Charles Sumner, no less] because he squeezed my arm yesterday, he was very wrong." And she had, as she faithfully recorded, many "wrong days" herself.

The reference to Sumner suggests another problem Dr. Howe met and faced—the problem of keeping her from being spoiled by visitors. For by this time she was famous—hundreds of people would have come to see her if Dr. Howe had allowed. Her portrait was painted and, in September 1842, Sophia Peabody, then engaged to Hawthorne, began a bust of her which is still to be seen at the Perkins Institution. The next January she had perhaps her most famous visitor. Charles Dickens, in *American Notes*, thus described her:

Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair, braided by her own hands, was bound about a head whose intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline and its broad, open brow. . . . Like the other inmates of that house she had a green ribbon bound around her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near upon the ground. I took it up, and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes.

Some years later, when Fredrika Bremer dined with her at Dr. Howe's, she still wore the green bandage. The Swedish authoress noted that the twenty-year-old girl had a "well-developed figure, and a countenance which may be called pretty." Miss Bremer was amused by the girl's Yankee question: "How much money I got for my books?"

In the summer of 1841 she had a visitor whose call was momentous both for her and her teacher. Julia Ward of New York, accompanied by Longfellow and Charles Sumner, came over to see her and met for the first time the 'Chevalier.' The blind child's fingers discovered a gold locket which Miss Howe was wearing. The visitor impulsively offered it to the child, but Dr. Howe forbade the gift. Julia Ward was at this time a lovely New York society belle of twenty-two, Dr. Howe was forty. Two years later, after a tempestuous courtship, she had married the stern and dedicated New England reformer and, after the honeymoon abroad, came to live in the Doctor's Wing of the Institution, where Howe's sister, Miss Jeanette, had long been installed as his housekeeper and where Laura Bridgman now lived. Some years

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later the Howes moved into a nearby house of their own and Laura seems to have returned to the Institution.

Her references to Mrs. Howe in her letters are always correct; she loved the 'Doctor's' wife very much, but she was a little puzzled why 'Doctor' did not love her best, when she loved him "best of any." But it is scarcely to be wondered that the interposition of a third person between her and her beloved teacher should have been disturbing. As Dr. Howe became increasingly concerned with his causes, his family, and other pupils, Laura's instruction was turned over to women. Dr. Howe chose her future teachers with great care and she became devoted to all of them: to Miss Drew, Miss Swift, and especially to her "best teacher," Miss Sarah Wight, who taught her for five years, from 1845, until marriage ended Miss Wight's career at the Perkins Institution in 1850. After that Laura was the special charge of Miss Mary Paddock, who came to Boston from the Cape in the mid-forties to be Dr. Howe's faithful assistant until his death. But none of these, of course, could take the place of the one who had rescued her from oblivion. When he died in 1876, thirteen years before her own death, it must have seemed to her as if the light of her life had gone out—this man to whom she owed (it is his wife speaking) "the revelation of her own humanity."

The particular concern of this brief history, however, is Laura Bridgman's relationship to Hanover and to her family there. After she had been at the Institution a year or so, her mother came to see her. The mother watched her as she played about the room, at last bumping into her and feeling her hands, her dress, but finding only a stranger. The stranger gave her a string of beads, which she recognized, she showed Dr. Howe, as coming from home, but she still repelled her mother's caresses. Even after her mother had given her another article from home, she still remained indifferent. But after a while, as her mother persisted in holding her hand, a vague sense of her identity seemed to dawn on the child:

She became very pale, and then suddenly red; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side and kissed her fondly; when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding

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joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

The second year after her arrival at the Institution Miss Drew took her to Hanover for the three weeks of the annual vacation. She could not wait to take off her bonnet and cloak, but led her teacher through all the rooms of the house, upstairs and down, touching the familiar objects and asking their names. During this visit she taught her mother the finger alphabet and wandered with Uncle Asa, who came to see her soon after her return, over the old haunts to which he had first introduced her.

But she had outgrown her old friend. Though still devoted to him she chided him for his letters, written as Dr. Howe put it, in defiance of every rule, containing the most extraordinary rigmarole about all manner of things, but especially about the vanity of book-learning: "We could not understand your letter, for you did not write it very good and the words were very funny and I wish that you could write much better, as we do." But she grieved deeply for his death in 1847 at the age of sixty-three: it marked her first serious realization of death, even more mysterious to the blind, perhaps, than to those who see.

After her first visit she returned to Hanover for the annual vacations, always accompanied by her teacher or, as her formal education was ended, by a companion. In 1849 she was twenty; in his annual report—the last in which he wrote of her at length—Dr. Howe raised the question of her financial support. He noted that, though she cared little for the display of rich shawls, fine lace, and precious stones, she had begun to desire money, not for the possession of these luxuries, but as a means of independence; she had asked Miss Bremer: "Do you think, if I should write a book, it would pay well?" Her father would gladly give her shelter but, though she loved her family, she could not find in their remote village the means of culture and improvement which had now become to her the bread of life. By making bags and purses she had earned some money, but not enough to make her independent. The doctor suggested that perhaps money enough might be raised to buy her a life annuity, to secure for her a companion who might be to her what Miss Wight had been.

The money did not seem to be forthcoming and a year or two later some members of her family conceived the scheme of taking her about the country to give exhibitions and to sell her auto-

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biography. This idea being repugnant to the doctor, he sent Miss Paddock to Hanover to bring her back and to try to dissuade the family from pursuing this plan. When her father told Miss Paddock what they had "got in their heads about Laura" and asked her opinion as to what Dr. Howe would think, Miss Paddock replied immediately: "Oh, I *know* that doctor would disapprove of any such plan." That was enough for Mr. Bridgman: "Dr. Howe has made Laura what she is, and we have no right to do anything contrary to his judgment."

The question of financial support, however, remained still unsolved. When, in Laura's twenty-third year, Dr. Howe decided it would be wisest for her to return to Hanover permanently, it precipitated a crisis. Life at the farm was too quiet for the girl accustomed to the manifold activity of Perkins Institution. Moreover, none of her family had time to give to her. She quickly got herself into a nervous state—once she became so impatient with her mother for not taking time from her household affairs to talk with her manually that she struck her. Her appetite failed, she went into a decline. Dr. Howe was summoned; he diagnosed her trouble as homesickness and prescribed a return to Perkins Institution. Miss Paddock arrived in midwinter to bring her back. The roads being blocked with snow Miss Paddock was obliged to spend four days in Lebanon. When she at last arrived in Etna she spelt the news into Laura's listless hand: "I have come to take you home." "When do we start?" whispered the thin fingers. "As soon as you can eat an egg." To the father the departure seemed like turning his child out of doors; he sobbed aloud as he tucked his frail daughter into the sleigh. But Harmony Bridgman reproved him: "The child will be happier and better off in Boston." Perkins Institution was to be henceforth her permanent home, though she returned periodically to her family.

It is not surprising that such a sensitive organism as hers should be subject to occasional irritable moods and tempers, though ordinarily she was gay and cheerful. As the doctor observed, she wore her nerves on the outside and yet was usually uncomplaining and happy. Aware of disturbing the delicate equilibrium, Dr. Howe as a good Unitarian had been careful to keep her religious instruction wholesome and free from unsettling influences.

Her family were good Baptists. In 1860, when Laura was thirty, her sister Mary died and she was overwhelmed with grief. The next summer she made a visit to a cousin in Vermont where she

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met a connection of her father's, a pious and devout woman who urged her to join the Baptist Church. Her father's pastor, the Rev. Mr. Herrick, and his wife completed her conversion and as a result of this "religious experience" she was baptized in Mink Brook on a visit to Etna in 1862, though her father apparently viewed this act with some reluctance.

Indeed the effect of this emotional experience upon the young woman was not a happy one: for the first time since the haunted dreams of her childhood, her biographer says, "a new and awful fear darkened her soul, the fear of an angry God" and the fears "of those human inventions, Hell, Damnation, and the Devil," from which Dr. Howe would have spared her. But as time went on her usual tranquillity returned. A Congregational minister, who called on her in Etna years later, when she was forty-seven, found her untroubled by doctrinal differences: "We cannot commune here," she said, "but we can in heaven." The Bible remained her most valued book, especially the 14th chapter of St. John: in her Father's house were many mansions. . . . "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Her remaining years were tranquil. Spectacles had long ago replaced the green band across her eyes. She continued to knit and crochet ladies' collars, lamp mats and other articles, which she sold for her partial support. Her father died when she was forty, leaving the homestead to his son John on condition that he should give a home to her and her mother as long as they lived. Her brother interpreted this provision narrowly, relegating his mother to a single room which she was obliged to share with Laura on her visits. "I have been disinherited!" Laura said to Mrs. Howe, when she met her shortly after her father's death. Dr. Howe was equally incensed. Aside from what she earned she had the interest on two thousand dollars bequeathed to her by friends and a home at Perkins Institution during the cold weather, but these provisions were not enough to secure for her the dresses, bonnets, and trinkets in which she took a feminine delight. He appealed for further contributions to the Loring fund and made a provision for her in his will so that she could be independent and still live at the Institution.

In January 1876 her benefactor died, to her great sorrow. She lived on at the Institution, whose director was now Mr. Michael Anagnos, a young man whom Dr. Howe had brought back from Athens in 1867, when he had gone there to aid the Cretans in

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their rebellion against the Turks, and who had married the Howes' oldest daughter. She had already moved from the main building into one of the four cottages which Dr. Howe had built to house the inmates; she divided her time for the rest of her life among the four cottages, living for a year in each.

On December 21, 1887 her fifty-eighth birthday was celebrated at the Institution. Mrs. Howe presided; the kindergarten children hailed her with a song and laid at her feet an offering of the flowers she loved best; there were many speakers, including Bishop Phillips Brooks; she listened eagerly through an interpreter as they told her story. She herself re-told the story, in the third person, paying her final tribute to her benefactor in the first: "I loved Dr. Howe as well as an own father. He was a precious gift from above for my youth. He is more worthy than fine gold." She spent the last summer of her life at Hanover, returning to the Institution where, after a brief illness, she died on May 24, 1889 in her sixtieth year.

The living Laura still lingers in the memory of the eldest generation: one Hanover citizen remembers the guttural inarticulations of her voice which frightened her as a child; another, the slender figure lightly fingering the clothesline about the farmhouse put up for her guidance. Above all her memory lives in the career of her illustrious successor in the annals of the blind. In 1888 Anne Sullivan, who had lived with Laura in one of the cottages, brought to Boston from Alabama the blind Helen Keller, whom Miss Sullivan had been teaching according to Dr. Howe's methods. She too was a child of seven—the same age at which Laura came down to Boston from Hanover. The elderly blind woman kissed the little blind girl kindly but would not let her touch the lace she was crocheting—"I'm afraid your hands are not clean." The little girl wanted to feel her face, but "she shrank away like a mimosa blossom from my peering fingers." Laura told Miss Sullivan: "You have not taught her to be gentle," and adjured the little girl not to be forward, when calling on a lady, not to sit on the floor, because she would muss her dress: "You must remember many things when you understand them." Helen Keller grew up to "remember many things," not least this tall woman who seemed like a statue she had once felt in a garden, so motionless, her hands so cool, like flowers grown in shady places.

So Laura's fame persists. Only a year after her death she was

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mentioned in William James's *Principles of Psychology*, an epochal book in the history of the subject. In 1919 *La Symphonie Pastorale* was published. Does one detect in André Gide's simple story of the blind girl and her pastor in the French Alpine village an echo of the relationship between Laura and Dr. Howe? At any rate, the village doctor brings to the pastor's attention an account, from a psychological review, of a blind child named Laura B. whom a doctor—"from I do not know what county in England"—led to the light; and the pastor was thereby encouraged to undertake the tutelage of the blind Gertrude. At Perkins Institution, now in Watertown, Laura's name is perpetuated in the Bridgman Cottage of brick and stone. And in Etna, before the story and a half house, stands the granite boulder with its tablet of bronze.

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The Christie Warden Murder

by Robert P. Richmond

ALTHOUGH a graph of Hanover's emotional climate over the years would show some outstanding peaks, it is probable that none has ever matched the crest of 1891, caused by the slaying of pretty young Christina Warden in the Vale of Tempe, and the subsequent capture of her murderer, Frank Almy.

It was a murder more brutal than most. Yet, if brutality had been its only distinguishing feature, it would long since have been consigned to the limbo of yellowing newspaper files. Instead, the tale has been repeated with increasing frequency through the years until it now has gained the dubious distinction of becoming New Hampshire's most famous murder.

The reason for its continuing attraction lies in the personalities and situations involved, which might have been lifted from a dime novel of the period. The cast of characters featured Christina Warden, nicknamed Christie, an innocent farmer's daughter; the murderer, Frank Almy, her father's handsome farmhand with a sinister past, who fell in love with Christie; a teen-age sister, Fanny, who dared Almy's bullets in a brave attempt to save Christie's life.

The tale supplied melodrama in good measure: a mysterious face peering in the windows of the Warden farm; a widespread hunt for the murderer, while he hid in the Warden barn; Almy's nocturnal visits to Christie's grave; finally a climactic search in the barn.

To set the scene for a detailed account of the murder, it should be helpful to establish the location of several mute reminders of the crime that still remain in Hanover. The gleaming lights of a gas station and of its next-door neighbor, a combination bowling alley and restaurant, mark the intersection of Lyme Road and Reservoir Road. A short way up this latter road stands the deserted Warden farmhouse and the famous barn. They were owned by the Garipay family from 1903 until 1957, when the land and buildings were sold to Dartmouth College as a site for future de-

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velopment. Raymond Garipay and his family now live across the road from the old buildings in a snug new house.

"You can still see the marks of what some say are bullet holes in the barn," Mr. Garipay remarks.

The Vale of Tempe, a classical designation for the general area where the murder was committed, is now part of an eighteen hole golf course, and boasts a sizable landmark—the Dartmouth ski jump.

Christie Warden's grave is located in the old Dartmouth cemetery near the rear of Thayer Hall—not too far from Hanover's bustling main street.

The Grafton Star Grange still meets in the building on Lebanon Street, near the center of town, where Christie attended Grange meeting just before her murder.

Perhaps such tangible reminders of the past will help us to associate ourselves with a July day in 1890, when thirty-three-year-old Frank Almy, an escaped convict, wandered up the Lyme Road toward the Andrew Warden farm, just as a summer thunderstorm was about to break. Heavy clouds churned overhead and lightning flecked the sky in the distance. Certainly, the powers of darkness that controlled Almy's life outdid themselves to provide a suitable setting for his appearance on the Hanover scene.

He asked Mr. Warden for work, and was hired on the spot for \$1.25 a day, as the farmer needed help badly. He went to work immediately, helping to get as much hay as possible into the barn before the rain began.

Almy lived with the Warden family in the big farmhouse from that day until he was discharged nine months later. He worked hard, hoping to ingratiate himself with the family. The cause of Almy's good behavior for such a prolonged period can only have been the love he felt for Christie, the Warden's oldest daughter. She was a smart, bookish girl of twenty-eight with a pleasant disposition, "fine rounded form and discreet manners." At the time Almy entered her life, she was doing part-time office work for Prof. Charles H. Pettee, of the State Agricultural College, then located in Hanover.

Other members of the Warden household at the time of Almy's appearance included Christie's father and mother; her four sisters, Alice, Myra, Fanny, and Susie, the latter being of pre-school age; and two brothers, Bert and Johnny. Soon after Almy's arrival, Alice and Myra left to take teaching positions out west. Fanny, a

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muscular fifteen-year-old, expressed an active dislike for Almy soon after he entered the household. Bert, the sixteen-year-old brother, worked with Almy in the fields. Johnny, twelve, took an active part in the events that followed. He later attended Dartmouth College, graduating in 1900 and later from the Medical School in the class of 1903. Bert also attended Dartmouth, graduating with the class of 1896, and became an electrical engineer.

Almy's courtship must have been a highly proper one, from all we can learn in the newspaper accounts of the period. The couple went on sleigh rides, attended church events and small gatherings at neighboring homes, and played whist. Fanny, who suspected with good reason that Almy was a card sharp, became upset during these whist sessions.

Christie, lecturer at the Grafton Star Grange, frequently read aloud to Frank from the sentimental novels of the period. At Christie's insistence, Almy manfully tried to improve his mind by reading *The Last Days of Pompeii*. "The Mocking Bird" was Almy's favorite tune, and Christie obligingly would play it for him on the piano. Frank helped Christie with the household chores, wringing out the family wash, waiting on table, and making fried fritters for breakfast. She in turn mended his clothes and cooked special dishes for him. Four gifts that Almy claimed Christie gave him during this period he treasured to the end—a lock of her hair, her photograph, her glove, and a necktie case ornamented with hand-painted pansies.

In January 1891 Christie left to take shorthand lessons in a Manchester, New Hampshire, commercial college. Almy wrote her longing letters. Christie's reply, stilted though it was and influenced by the style of the period, nevertheless denotes a degree of affection, and also some knowledge of Almy's past misdeeds.

"Dear Friend: I don't know as you expect an answer to your letters, and perhaps you do not require one, but to be honest with you and true to myself, I think you should know how I feel toward you. You already know, for I have told you, the sort of man I wish to love. . . . You have set yourself in defiance of God and man. I believe you have suffered the misery that must follow. You surely would not wish me, whom you love, to share that misery.

"Since living with us, you have not gained my highest regard or respect, nor that of my relatives and friends. Your conduct at the card table has given me more insight into the dark side of

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your character, of which you have spoken, than any other one thing. . . . I would never think of marrying a man to reform him. The reformation must come first. I am free to confess that should a man with a clear record desire my love, he would stand a much better chance than yourself. But there are none such that I know of.

“Frank, I shall test the strength of your love. Can you open your heart to all good influences, practice a rigid self-control, and wait patiently? If it is ever so, I believe you must win in the end, for you have many fine qualities which I admire and cannot help liking you with all your faults. I fear I am not worthy of such a love, but I cannot be satisfied unless the man I love is able to help me to become better, for I am weak, rather than drag me down. Hoping you will take this as I wish, I am in all sincerity, Truly your friend, Christie.”

When Christie returned home from school in March she began working full time for Professor Pettee. Almy became increasingly jealous during this period, particularly of the professor, who was a married man of good reputation. Transportation was not readily available in those days, so Christie boarded in the Pettee house, 1 North Park Street, at the corner of East Wheelock Street. This building is now an apartment house, owned by Dartmouth.

A final break in Frank and Christie's relationship occurred during a Grange box party. Against her wishes, Almy bid for the box lunch Christie had made. Her anger kindled his own. The feelings Almy displayed as he walked Christie to the Pettees' home that night frightened the girl.

On April 2, 1891, Mr. Warden decided to discharge Almy. Evidently the farmer did not say goodbye in person to his hired hand. He quoted his young son Johnny as telling him that “Almy bade all those who were at the house goodbye, and when he went out of the door there were tears on both his cheeks.”

Almy went further than this in describing the scene. At his trial he said, “When I left I kissed Christie goodbye and she returned the kiss.”

It is certain that no kiss marked his farewell to Fanny, whose original dislike had grown with continued association. Fanny's feminine intuition was well founded, for this man was George Abbott, whose lawless deeds were even then becoming a legend on the Vermont side of the Connecticut River. The fact that he could live unrecognized so near the scene of his former crimes

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testifies to the stay-at-home habits of the Vermonters and Granite Staters of that period. It was not until after his capture for Christie's murder that Almy and Abbott were found to be the same man, although Almy denied the association to his death.

Abbott was born in 1857, left motherless at the age of three days, was adopted by an uncle and an aunt, and lived in Salem, Massachusetts, until he was ten years old. Then his uncle, Israel Abbott, purchased the family homestead in North Thetford, Vermont, where Abbotts and Wilmots, on his mother's side, had lived for generations.

Young George's larcenous nature showed itself at an early age, but he managed to escape prison until the age of seventeen, when he was convicted for several robberies in Orford. He was sent to Concord State Prison for four years. On learning of his son's disgrace, his father committed suicide in Salem by hanging. He unwisely left his estate to young George, when he should come of age.

After his release from prison, Abbott promptly went through all the money that had been left him, and showed up penniless at Uncle Israel's farm in North Thetford, where he pitched hay for a time. He then disappeared from the farm and began a systematic series of robberies on both sides of the Connecticut River. He hid his loot and lived in a small cave on Thetford Mountain. A posse found Abbott and wounded him after the location of his cave was discovered, following an ill-advised fireworks display he shot off there to celebrate the November 1880 election of President James A. Garfield.

Thought to be in critical condition, with a posse bullet in his leg and two more in his body, Abbott was placed under a sheriff's care in a private home. Although it was a cold November night, Abbott did not hesitate to escape in his nightshirt when he saw an opportunity. He hid under a railroad culvert all night. The next morning he was found by the posse, practically frozen.

He was convicted, and admitted to Windsor State Prison, Vermont, to begin a fifteen-year term for burglary on June 23, 1881. This maximum security prison held him for a time, until 1887, when at the age of thirty, he scaled the prison wall with the aid of a homemade ladder. He left his real name behind him there. Henceforth he called himself Frank C. Almy, the name by which he is remembered.

After his dismissal from the Warden farm, Almy worked for

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two months at Lynch the stair builder's shop in Dorchester, Massachusetts, during which time he purchased a pair of Smith and Wesson six-barreled self-cocking .44-caliber revolvers. He explained that he had a prospect of a job out west, and wanted revolvers that he knew would stop anything at which he fired.

On June 13 Almy decided he must see Christie again. He packed a traveling bag with his clothing, the two new revolvers, and some gifts for Christie, including a box of handkerchiefs, a novel, *The Light That Failed*, and a box of bonbons.

He boarded a train in Boston for White River Junction. That night he walked over the bridge from Norwich to Hanover and continued to the Warden farm. At 2 a.m. he hid himself in the hayloft of the barn, about sixty feet from the sleeping house.

This was strange conduct for a lovesick man anxious to see his sweetheart again. Almy explained at his trial that he hid himself because he wanted to see Christie alone. If seen first by one of the family he was afraid that he would be sent away.

At that time Almy presumably thought it would be a simple matter to arrange a meeting with the girl. However, it proved to be a difficult problem—maddeningly so. For the next thirty-two days he remained in the barn, emerging only at night to forage for food in the neighborhood. He must have eaten his fill of raw eggs, for he didn't dare build a fire, and many eggs were missing from the Warden farm during this time. Although he had brought shaving equipment with him into the barn, he grew a beard. After the murder he shaved it off, retaining only his familiar drooping mustache.

He made abortive attempts to see Christie. The Warden family saw a bearded face peering in the windows several times during this period. He entered the house four times, staying inside for an hour one night as he brooded over some articles of Christie's clothing he found. Once he opened the door to Christie's bedroom. Seeing that the room was occupied by her brother Johnny, he hastily withdrew without awakening him.

On one occasion, thinking that Christie was staying overnight at the Pettee house, he used a ladder to enter a bedroom window, and badly frightened a Pettee house guest, Miss Amelia Thompson, whom he found in bed there. Placing a hand on her throat to prevent any outcry, he warned her not to tell of his visit, for fear of hurting Christie's reputation. He then placed a cartridge in the girl's hand, and told her to think of it if she was tempted to

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talk. Almy's threats had the desired effect. Miss Thompson did not volunteer her testimony until after Christie's death.

The fatal meeting with Christie took place on July 17, a pleasant night lighted by a full moon. Almy had heard the women plan during the day to attend a Grange meeting in Hanover that night. At his trial he said, "I felt on this night that my physical condition was weak. I felt too that I must see her that night or not at all."

At twilight, Christie, demurely dressed in white, came out of the farmhouse, accompanied by her mother, her sister Fanny, and a neighbor, Miss Louisa F. Goodell. They walked down the Lyme road toward the village.

As darkness fell, Almy made his way across the fields and down Lyme Road to the village center. He thought that he would meet Christie near the Grange hall. His jealous nature was raised to a murderous pitch when he saw a girl dressed in white, whom he thought to be Christie, strolling along with a young man near the hall. He approached the couple, and placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, growled, "Here, this is a pretty piece of business." The girl, Miss Lottie Kellogg, looked up startled at the strange bearded man. Almy stared at her searchingly for a moment, and then quickly walked away.

He then went down Lyme Road about a mile to a pleasant spot where a brook ran at the bottom of a rolling hill, called Potash Hollow at the Vale of Tempe. Almy stood waiting under a tree near a fence that separated the field from the road. There were a pair of bars which could be taken down for easy entrance. They were lowered on this night.

At 9:15 p.m. the four women who had attended the Grange meeting walked past this spot on the nearly deserted Lyme Road on their way back to the Warden farm. As the group was about to pass his place of concealment, Almy stepped into view. "I want to see you, Christie," he said, taking firm hold of her arm. The women stared at him, momentarily speechless with surprise. Turning to Mrs. Warden, Almy said, "You know me, Mrs. Warden. I'm Frank Almy." Then, turning his attention again to Christie, he said with more fervor than accuracy, "I've come a thousand miles to see you, Christie." To Mrs. Warden, who was becoming understandably agitated at this point, he said, "You go on and I won't hurt you." He tugged at Christie, urging her

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toward the bars. Mrs. Warden begged him not to hurt her daughter.

Fanny seized her sister's other arm "in vain endeavor to wrest her from the villain's clutches." Almy pulled a revolver from his pocket. "I hate you, Fan," he said.

"I know it, but whatever you do, Frank, be a gentleman," Fanny pleaded, hopefully appealing to whatever remained of his better nature.

Their neighbor, Miss Goodell, had already run up the road. Mrs. Warden followed, as Fanny urged her to find some help.

With Fanny still clinging to Christie, Almy dragged both girls toward the bars, until Fanny's feet struck uneven ground. She fell, nearly carrying her sister with her. Grasping Christie around the waist, Almy dragged her over to the lowered bars and pulled her into the field, toward the willows on the far side of the brook. When they reached the brook both fell, and Almy continued dragging Christie by her skirts.

"Frank, let me go. This is outrageous!" Almy at his trial quoted her as saying at this point.

The willows overhung and hid from view a small grassy plot into which the light of the full moon barely penetrated. Fanny, following quickly after the pair, was stopped before reaching this spot by Almy's warning, "Stand back or I'll shoot." Her next tentative step forward drew three shots from Almy's revolver, all of which missed her. She then ran back toward the road, screaming for her mother and Miss Goodell to hurry for help. Returning to the hollow, she heard Christie cry, "Help! Fan! He is tearing off my clothes!"

Miss Goodell met a neighboring farmer, Emmett Marshall, who jumped over a stone wall at the edge of the field and advanced toward the willows. Almy fired at him, and Marshall, being unarmed, ran to the village for police assistance.

Fanny again made a move toward the willows. "Go back," Almy warned. There were two more shots. Then silence.

In a short time another man, John Scott, appeared on the scene, and together he and Fanny cautiously walked into the willow grove. Almy was gone. Christie was lying on her back, dead, a pool of blood beside her head. She was stripped of all clothing except a waist, an undergarment, stockings, and one shoe. In addition to the .44-caliber bullet that penetrated her head, one other shot had

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been fired into Christie's body, effectively destroying any evidence of possible rape.

Almy escaped after the murder, back to his hiding place in the barn. Although the greatest manhunt this area has ever seen ranged both sides of the Connecticut River, nobody thought of searching so near the Warden home.

Reporters and curiosity seekers came pouring into town. Every branch and twig was stripped from the willow clump at the murder scene, and on the bare white wood hundreds of names were written. The day after the murder, Hanover's business and educational activities came to almost a complete halt, as most of the men searched the region. The town of Hanover and the State of New Hampshire offered rewards for Almy's capture totaling \$4,000.

Almy, hidden securely in a den he had cut with a sharp knife in the hay, four by eight feet and covered by about three feet of loose hay, was able to lie at ease on a bed of finely cut hay, soft as a featherbed, and observe the activities around the Warden house through a crack in the side boards of the barn. He watched the funeral procession leave the house. He listened to plans for his capture.

The search dragged on for thirty-one days. The ubiquitous Almy was seen in Montreal; at Derby Line, Newport, and Bellows Falls, Vermont; in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New York. Meanwhile, Almy lived like a predatory night animal, devoting his days partly to sleep and partly to carving a series of tunnels through the hay in three connecting barns. At night he roamed at will, as the zeal of the search parties evidently did not extend past the twilight hour.

As told in a contemporary newspaper account: "The orchards of the neighborhood, the milk cans of the Warden creamery, the open cellars of the villagers, and the pantries of the professors afforded him sustenance. At midnight he sat upon the piazza of the Wheelock House and borrowed the current *New York Tribune* belonging to a guest of the house. From the larders of the people of Hanover he secured food, and a dainty rascal he was. Pickled oysters, wine, the best of canned meats . . . and topped off with a cluster of fruit picked from Andrew Warden's orchard."

Almy made several nocturnal visits to Christie's grave, which necessitated walking near the center of town, but he never was seen. He said at his trial, telling of his first trip, "I threw myself

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down by her grave and thought there were only a few sods between me and Christie. I had no flowers, so I broke some branches from the spruce trees and laid them on her grave. After this I went several times and carried flowers picked in the Warden yard."

His long period of hiding finally came to an end when on Tuesday, August 18, Mrs. Warden went to the barn searching for chickens missing from a newly hatched brood. Under a loose board in the barn floor she found a cache of empty cans, an empty jelly tumbler, empty beer bottles, and a freshly whittled yellow birch club, like a policeman's billy. As a result of this find, Johnny crawled under the barn, where he discovered cans and bottles scattered all about.

County Solicitor William H. Mitchell and Sheriff Silas H. Brigham were notified, and ordered a more thorough search on Wednesday, which showed beyond all doubt that someone had very recently been concealed in the barns and stable.

Almy lay hidden in the hay as the search progressed. He later said that on Tuesday afternoon, when he saw Mrs. Warden make her discovery, he realized that his capture was inevitable if he remained in the barn. On Tuesday night he prepared to run away. "I started out and went below West Lebanon. But I could not go away from the place where we had been so happy. I went back to Hanover, and went to the cemetery, where I stopped for a few minutes, after which I went on to Mr. Warden's."

On Wednesday night Prof. G. H. Whitcher of the State Agricultural College and H. C. Brown were detailed to watch the premises. Shortly before midnight they concealed themselves in a cornfield south of the Warden farmhouse, separated from it by an orchard. In about an hour a hatless man, poorly clad, and wearing tennis shoes, was seen emerging from the rear of the barn into the moonlight. Cautiously making his way into the orchard, he began picking apples from a tree not ten feet away from the watching men. He then returned at a leisurely pace to the barn.

The two watchers hurried back to town. Forty armed men, recruited during the night, started a methodical search of the barn at daybreak. Deciding that more volunteers were needed, the big bell was rung on Dartmouth Hall, as well as church bells in Lebanon and Norwich. A crowd soon gathered in a large field opposite the barn. In the testy words of the *Lebanon Free Press*, "The curious, the do-nothings, and the fault finders were coming by

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hundreds from all the region." The crowd eventually numbered 2500.

As recalled in a *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* article written by Stephen Chase, who was an adolescent at the time: ". . . The sheriff soon arrived and then the argument began as to what should be done. Some hotheads even insisted the building should be set afire. Finally the sheriff mounted a ladder placed against the side of one of the barns and, after haranguing the crowd, called for volunteers to enter each of the connected barns and pitch over the hay where Almy might be hidden. Pitchforks from nearby farms were quickly brought and many volunteers climbed over the several mows of hay."

One of these volunteer groups, consisting of seven men led by Professor Pettee, included Charlie Hewitt, a student at the Agricultural School. Hewitt, an acquaintance of Christie's, had known and disliked Almy ever since he began working on the Warden farm. The group climbed a ladder in the middle barn to the hay mow. In one spot the hay had the appearance of having been disturbed, and had a spongy quality when stepped on. One of the search party, Joe Lovell, had a spade handle with which he probed this spot.

"I've struck him!" he shouted, probing again, hard. A shot from the hay at his feet proved the truth of his statement. The bullet struck the handle he was holding, and Mr. Lovell, being unarmed, wisely made his retreat. Two more shots came in quick succession as Almy rose like an apparition from the smoking mass of hay.

"Frank Almy! You villain!" Hewitt later quoted himself as crying out at that moment. He attracted the attention of the disheveled, straw-sprinkled fugitive, who looked like a deadly scarecrow as he extended his arm to fire at his old acquaintance. Hewitt dodged behind a post and emptied his revolver at Almy, as Almy's return fire whined past his head. Hewitt then made a dive for the ladder, reached the barn floor head first, and landed out of range, unhurt except for a slight wound on his nose. The *Free Press* added an admiring footnote to its description of this wild shooting spree. "Everybody allows that Charlie Hewitt has sand in him."

The volunteers left the barn at this point, leaving Almy in full possession. They did not know that three of Hewitt's shots had taken effect, one entering the thigh of Almy's left leg, another breaking the bone of the same leg below the knee, and a third creasing his scalp.

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Almy held the crowd at bay for two hours and then, sensing the futility of further resistance, announced that he would give himself up if he was assured that he would not be lynched. There never has been a lynching in either Vermont or New Hampshire, but he felt with good reason that the crowd might make an exception in his case.

After surrendering his pistols, Almy was taken to the Wheelock House, now the Hanover Inn. After his wounds were dressed, a crowd that filled the street in front of the hotel demanded a closeup view of the murderer. Because of the crowd's ugly temper, its demands were granted, and 1500 people filed past Almy, who lay in his hotel room on a narrow cot. The crowd was persuaded to disperse when Almy fainted.

He was tried and convicted of first degree murder in Plymouth courthouse, and was sentenced to hang. After a long delay, due to legal technicalities, sentence was carried out in Concord State Prison on May 16, 1893. Invitations, printed on black cards, were issued for his hanging, and a special train was run from Hanover to Concord.

In keeping with his life's pattern, Almy's last moment on earth was bungled. As his body shot through the trap, the coil of the hangman's knot became unloosened, giving several inches more rope than had been calculated. His feet struck the pavement. In an instant the sheriffs and officers upon the scaffold seized the rope and drew him into the air. He was unconscious when he struck the pavement, and his heart ceased beating after nine minutes. He died an agnostic.

Although Almy had asked for burial in an unmarked grave within the prison walls, the final disposition of his body remains a mystery. The best guess seems to be that the body was claimed by a relative.

So ended a misspent life, and thanks to the perverse fascination of evil, a legend began.

Flood, Fire and Wind

by Bancroft H. Brown

THE older inhabitants of Hanover still employ a local vocabulary for weather in general, and wind in particular. A heavy snowfall is a "blizzard," although the air may have been absolutely still. The twisting tornado, the tropical hurricane, the severe storm are all referred to as "gales." In fact, any wind velocity of more than twenty miles an hour is a "gale." "Gales" in any sense are relatively rare in Hanover; hence they are noticed. If a few trees are blown down, or if a barn is unroofed, the wind acquires the name "severe gale," and in memory the event assumes the proportions of a catastrophe. The oldest accounts of severe gales sometimes employ such words as "Tornadoes," "Hauricanes," and "Tuffons." Tornado, possibly; hurricane, yes, once or twice; typhoons, no. All such designations are to be regarded with suspicion.

Hanover is north of the ordinary tornado territory. But three early gales: August 15, 1787, August 19, 1788, and June 13, 1802 were always referred to as tremendous tornadoes. The Hanover accounts of the first two seem to be hopelessly jumbled. There were definitely two gales, almost certainly not tornadoes, but since they were in successive years, memories soon merged them into one. Thus William Dewey, writing from memory in 1847, says:

"About midsummer 1787 or 8 about 6 o'clock P.M. of the third successive day of hard and almost incessant rain a tremendous tornado came in from SSEast with a violence unparalled (sic) here before. . . . The roads were filled with fallen trees. We could not pass one mile north of here until more than 40 large trees were cut away in the road next day. . . ." Richardson in his *History of Dartmouth College* puts this in 1787; but some features of the account better fit the 1788 gale. One thing is certain, the wind blew very hard on both days.

The 1802 gale caused much more damage in the village. Several buildings were blown down, the south end of Dartmouth Hall was unroofed, and William Dewey said that the door of his barn was blown so far that it was never found again. Old New Hampshire

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records have a great deal to say about the 1787 and 1788 gales, but very little about this one; hence it may well have been a small local tornado.

New Englanders never really understood about hurricanes until September 21, 1938. They had experienced, without quite realizing what was going on, two genuine ones on August 15, 1635 and September 23, 1815, and they had known the backlash of many others. But very few believed that a tropical hurricane could travel up to Canada, hitting us on the way. Certainly Hanover had had no such experience. The hurricane of 1815 veered northeast after crossing southern New England, and did not hit the upper Connecticut Valley with destructive force.

The 1938 hurricane was first spotted about September 7. Its possible path was plotted, and ships told to get out of the way. The trouble is, they did. It never occurred to the Weather Bureau to send out a plane to see what the thing was up to, and with absolutely no warning it hit Long Island in the early afternoon of September 21. The eye of the hurricane then crossed Connecticut, western Massachusetts, and on into Vermont, leaving New Hampshire on the dangerous eastern side.

No one living in Hanover will forget that day. It had rained steadily for four days, and the ground was soaked. By noon there was something in the atmosphere that no one liked. Seasoned travelers said, "Now if we were in the Caribbean, I'd say there was a hurricane coming." And we laughed. New Hampshire isn't the Caribbean. But we were jumpy; we couldn't settle down to anything. The barometer dropped every time you tapped it. You opened the attic door and got a rush of air in the face. The wind blew stronger and stronger. The radio stuttered something about winds of gale force, and then the electricity went off.

Outdoors the elms swayed more and more. They did not break, or crash down; they simply eased down to the ground uplifting a mass of roots and earth. Pine trees, offering more resistance, broke off.

Dartmouth College was due to open the next day. An eighteen-year-old boy, away from home for perhaps the first time, happy and healthy, hails any act of God as a welcome bonanza. One recalls the excited, cheering groups of freshmen on Main Street that evening when the hurricane was at its height, watching the elms sway, and betting which one would go down next. This is of course

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not all the picture. One also recalls the Dartmouth Outing Club members toiling with axe and saw all that long hurricane night.

The hurricane left a mess, and it was weeks before the mess was cleaned up. In the village the worst damage was to the College Park, which looked like a pile of giant jack-straws. But there were no casualties, no major destruction. And generally, Hanover has been a fortunate town. Floods have never hurt us as they have Hartford, Vermont. We have had fires, but no such fire as the Canaan fire. Sometimes the wind blows; but we have had no tornado like the Claremont one. We have been fortunate.

New England has had many earthquakes, mostly of a minor nature. The Hanover records of 1786 tell of a "severe earthquake which all but ruined the wells of water" so that they had to be dug deeper to bring in the flow again. This earthquake was apparently not wide-spread; and was "severe" only in its nuisance value. Records of later earthquakes tell of chimneys falling, but the truth is that some chimneys are just on the point of falling anyhow, and such a record is not to be considered evidence of any major destruction. Associated with the minor quake of 1925 there is a rather pleasant story. The quake was on Saturday night, February 28, at 9:22 p.m. A college basketball game was being played at Hanover with Princeton, and it was a close, exciting game. The quake occurred at a crucial moment, near the end of the game, with the score tied, and the partisan Dartmouth stands making a great deal of noise. Few of the spectators noticed the tremor at all, but as one Princeton player put it: "The stands were so excited that it seemed as if the floor went up and down in a wave." It did. (Princeton won.)

In any town where artificial heat is needed from September to June, it must be expected that there will be fires. Leaving modern chemicals out of the picture for the moment, the only effective ways of putting out a fire were to smother it with a blanket, or to douse it with water. The two elements, fire and water, are intertwined in the history of every town, and they must be considered together.

People who have never experienced the luxury of running water seem to have survived with no serious damage to their dispositions. Every farm had its well, and there were community wells for the villages. A well doesn't help much when a house catches fire; and prudent householders kept a few pails of water

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always handy in order to douse an incipient blaze. If you didn't get it in time, that was just too bad.

As soon as Dartmouth Hall was built, and the students moved in, every student was required to have on hand by 9:00 p.m. a bucket full of water in case a fire broke out. Some of these buckets, made of leather, have been preserved by the College. The wooden construction of the building, the open fireplaces, and the admittedly casual attitude of students made for a constant threat; and it was mostly by good luck that the Dartmouth Hall fires which started were put out.

The details of one such fire became a Hanover tradition. After Dartmouth Hall was completed, everything was housed in it: library, philosophical apparatus, and museum. A rather serious fire broke out early in 1798. Lord's account runs as follows:

"The different phases of anxiety exhibited by members of the Faculty amused the students so much that reminiscences of it were handed down by tradition almost to the present day. All, of course, rushed breathless to the scene. Professor Smith was calling out to save the library, while Professor Woodward pleaded for the air pump, and the President at the same time shouted to save the zebra." Other accounts substitute "the great bird" for "zebra"; probably President John Wheelock mentioned both, for he was very fond of them. The zebra was the gift of a wealthy shipowner of Salem, Massachusetts, one Elias Hasket Derby. "The great bird" was either a penguin or a flamingo. Books, apparatus, bird, and beast were all removed. One account says the fire was extinguished by the students largely with the aid of snow. However it was done, it was fortunate, for the optimistic trustees had placed no insurance on the building. The variegated scholastic matériel was returned, somewhat the worse for wear. The zebra's travels were by no means over, and he was often found on the belfry of Dartmouth Hall, or suspended from the ceiling of the chapel. Regrettably, no one knows what ultimately happened to the zebra and the great bird—they are no longer with us.

There were sporadic efforts on the part of the College and the village to improve the water supply, and even to purchase a fire engine; but these things cost money. The village was thrifty; the trustees of the College always found more pressing demands upon the little money at their disposal, and nothing was done.

Finally in 1820 an aqueduct system of running water was installed for the benefit of the townspeople who could afford to par-

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ticipate in it; not for the College. The water came from wells on the south side of Mink Brook, south of the Greensboro district, and nearly three miles from the village. The water was brought to the village by gravity through a lead pipe; but since the elevation of the wells was only about one hundred feet above the village, the pressure was usually inadequate for running water in the house. An underground brick vault or cistern was constructed near the subscriber's house, into which the water flowed. The water was hand-pumped to a tank in the kitchen. Small boys could count on a steady revenue from this pumping; standard rates seem to have been one cent per hundred pump strokes. This system was in partial use until well into the present century.

Only a few years ago a stalwart member of the Post Office force, while on his delivery round, strode firmly across a lawn on West South Street. An old aqueduct vault cover, completely concealed, gave way and plunged him about eight feet into three feet of water. No one living knew of the existence of this vault. Fortunately the mailman was uninjured, and the mail, after being dried out, was delivered the next day. How many more of these booby traps there are, time will tell.

The aqueduct gave excellent water to some fortunate families. It has been claimed, and with some truth, that it was far superior to any other supply, including the present one. A few public reservoirs were maintained from which water could be drawn to fight fires. But there was no engine to utilize the water, and in the opinion of the majority, not enough water to warrant the purchase of an engine.

In that relatively waterless age, there were naturally many fires. A complete catalog of these could hardly serve a useful purpose here, and any interested reader is referred to Lord's *History of the Town of Hanover*. But this chapter would be incomplete without mention of the "Great Fire" of May 15, 1883, and the "Hotel Fire" of January 4, 1887.

The "Great Fire" was in the classical tradition: Saturday afternoon, a barn, small children with matches. The barn was on the south side of Lebanon Street, and east of College Street. The fire, fanned by a strong southeast wind, burned everything south of Lebanon Street. Several times the fire leaped across to buildings on the north side. College students as spectators at a *small* fire can be very critical of the efforts of the firemen, and very vocal; but

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in a real emergency, they will give their best. This was an emergency, and they gave their best; but even that would not have been enough except for the timely arrival of a Fire Engine and Company from Lebanon, which confined the fire to the south side. Although fourteen houses were completely destroyed, and twenty families left homeless, the property damage was estimated at only \$25,000. These were humble homes, not stately mansions.

The more serious and destructive "Hotel Fire" broke out in the Dartmouth Hotel, on the site of the present Hanover Inn, about 2 a.m., Tuesday morning, January 4, 1887. South of the Hotel were wooden buildings which soon caught and spread the fire to an enormous brick building, a curious old ark, called the Tontine, which contained most of the stores in the town, and the halls of several fraternities. The night was one of the coldest of the winter; the College being on vacation, there were no students; and again the fire might have swept the entire village, but just at the crucial moment, when the local force, with completely inadequate equipment, was trying to hold the fire at the south wall of the Tontine, the Lebanon Fire Engine and Company arrived—this time by special train!

This must have been an epochal trip, roughly between 5 and 7 of a bitterly cold January morning. The hurried telephone call (and how thankful they must have been that this modern convenience had been installed); the emergency dicker with the B & M for a special train (engine, tender, flat car?); the hauling the Fire Engine to the station; the loading; the swaying, lurching trip to White River Junction and then up the Valley to Norwich and Hanover Station in a moonless night on an open flat car with the temperature twenty below; the hastily organized horse-power at the station; and the long tug up the hill! But the Lebanon Fire Engine and Company saved the day, and by 9 a.m. the chief corner of the village, although a smoking ruin, was no longer dangerous. Perhaps the real heroes were the horses.

The big advance came in 1893 when the reservoir to the northeast was constructed, and a gravity system installed. The driving force behind this was the new President of Dartmouth College, Dr. Tucker, who clearly realized that the village and College must have adequate water. Previously there had been considerable debate as to whether it would not be better to pump Connecticut River water to a stand-pipe. We may be abundantly thankful we were spared this.

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The new reservoir brought an abundance of water to the village, although all the accounts state that it was absolutely unfit to drink for some time, the decaying vegetable matter giving it a very sulphurated taste. Eventually this improved, but aqueduct users continued to show a smug complacency over the superior quality of their supply.

With the new water supply came fire engines; and although there have been fires, they have been confined to one building. The following brief list includes the more serious conflagrations: Dartmouth Hall (February 18, 1904); the Bridgman Block (October 30, 1906); South Fayerweather Hall (February 26, 1910); the Inn Stables Garage (May 13, 1925); the White Church (May 13, 1931); Dartmouth Hall again (April 25, 1935); and the old Nugget (January 28, 1944).

We select two from this list which were of most concern to the village. The Inn Stables Garage was a massive wooden tinder-dry building on Allen Street, containing seventeen automobiles and their gasoline tanks. Competent observers say it was only the complete absence of wind that night which saved the center of the village from destruction. Without paying too high a price, we learned that such a building, and such use of the building simply cannot be tolerated. Less dangerous, because of its relatively isolated situation, the burning of the White Church provided the most spectacular fire of the present century. Of itself a beautiful structure, it did not fit in with the architectural development of the College, and it had been planned to move it to a new site. Before this could be done, it burned. By tradition and sentiment, the town suffered a loss; the new White Church is functionally better equipped to meet the needs of today. This is not a situation where a mathematician should try to balance the gains and the losses.

The picture today is much more reassuring. In the village there is no potential disaster center like the old Inn Stables Garage, and in general the danger spots have been eliminated, or reduced. There is a trained fire-fighting force, and excellent equipment. Lebanon and White River Junction can come to our aid in a matter of minutes—without the assistance of the B & M—and we can go to theirs. It is a long step from the fireward of 1781 with his “staff five feet long, painted red, and headed by a bright brass spire six inches long,” to the firemen who operate the aerial ladder on the precinct truck.

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Floods have actually never played a major role in the history of Hanover. Only a few farms are affected by even a substantial rise in the river. This rise used to make travel away from Hanover somewhat difficult, but this is hardly a significant factor today. It is true our brooks go on a tear and wash out roads and small bridges. This is expensive, and may be of considerable hardship to a few, but not much more than a nuisance to the many. Yet before the river was as much restrained as it is now, the ice going out in the spring was a spine-tingling spectacle. And even today any vague rumor that a barn has washed away in Lyme and is due to hit the Ledyard Bridge in an hour or two, will inspire many, from College and village, to hasten down the hill to the river in what might be called a hopeful frame of mind. Students thoroughly enjoy minor disasters, and acts of God, provided there are no serious injuries, and not an excessive amount of damage. During the November flood of 1927 a possibly prejudiced faculty felt that the students were spending more time in watching the Connecticut and White Rivers than they were on their studies. But one also remembers the long train of flat cars leaving Norwich, loaded with most of the undergraduate body, bound for Hartford, to spend a long, tedious, dirty day cleaning up the silt and muck which the receding waters had left.

The weather of the Proprietors, of the first settler Edmund Freeman 3rd, and of Eleazar Wheelock—that weather is still our burden, or our privilege. The early settlers found the winters long and cold, and with no desire to start a controversy, it must be stated that the weather hasn't changed in the last two hundred years. The old plaint that "winters aren't what they used to be" goes back to the exceedingly mild winter of 1620-21 when the Indians said exactly that to the Pilgrims at Plymouth. All of us remember the bitter cold spells, and we remember that as boys and girls the snow was always over our heads—when we were about three feet tall. The records of the Shattuck Observatory in Hanover show conclusively that there have been no significant changes. And the winter of 1957-58 with the greatest snowfall on record temporarily silenced a few of the oldest inhabitants with their everlasting "winters aren't what they used to be."

Certainly it is cold in Hanover. The all-time official record seems to have been -41° on January 19, 1857; although tradition makes much of January 19, 1810, "Cold Friday," when the tem-

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perature was perhaps a mere -35° , but, so reliable accounts assert, a howling sixty-mile gale blew all day. Modern residents boast of February 16, 1943, when it was -40° in the village. Daylight saving time was in effect—these were war-times—even at 8:00 a.m. it was dark, and the chimes on Baker Library played “Carry me back to old Virginny.”

These temperatures will seem very conservative to some, and undoubtedly will cause mild protest. Nearly every farmer is convinced that it is colder on his farm than anywhere else. When it is thirty below in the village, Etna will report 36, the Center will say 42, and the hardy character who comes in from Moose Mountain mutters 48. Some of this is honest variation, more of it is temperamental thermometers, most of it is simply the desire to show that out our way it is tough, and we can take it.

For either you take pride in your weather because you think it is good, or you take pride in it because it is bad; and in the latter case the worse it is, the more pride you take. This latter pride is a survival pride, and for years it was the dominant pride of town and College.

This century has seen a profound change, and the lion's share of the credit for this change goes to Dartmouth College and the Town of Hanover. Winter has become a New Hampshire asset, not a liability. It is a little difficult to imagine Eleazar Wheelock praying for snow. Yet the ski resorts and the Dartmouth Outing Club do exactly this—and apparently with considerable success. What was bad weather to be endured is now good weather to be enjoyed. And if some of us prefer home and oil heat to hurtling down the slopes of Tuckerman Ravine, we still know that this change is for the better.

The town owes a debt to John Ledyard and his fellow-students who in 1772 climbed Velvet Rocks and slept all night in the snow in the dead of winter, to the students who carried out the zebra and the great bird and then threw snowballs at the flames, to the students who laughed at the hurricane. Something of their perennial youth has become a part of our town. Winters will continue to be cold, and the winds blow and waters flow, and we would not have it otherwise. But these students have shown us that unusual conditions can be met with courage, and even with laughter; that is the important thing.

Hanover Out of Doors

by Frederick S. Page

A HEAVY forest blanketed the land when the first settlers came to Hanover—"a dreary wilderness" as one observer described it. Here on the plain where Wheelock made his first clearing, and running northward to Camp Brook, was a dense growth of lofty pines. A thick stand of hemlock occupied the somewhat lower, and at that time swampy ground, to the immediate southeast of the clearing. Hardwoods—maple, beech, birch, ash, oak, basswood and others predominated on the hills to the eastward, but hemlocks and pines grew among them. Spruces and firs, though not mentioned in any descriptions so far found, were doubtless present in large numbers at the higher altitudes and in swamps, as they are today. The white pines were the tallest trees found here as well as elsewhere in the colonies and often grew to be of extraordinary size. One of these that stood on the campus was measured by David McClure and in his own words "was, from the butt to the top, two hundred and seventy feet." This must have been an unusual specimen but there are records of others found elsewhere that approached this tree in height. An observer who lived on the Lyme Road after the College was established, who saw the stumps and doubtless some of the standing trees north of the village, reported that "trees four and five feet in diameter and one hundred feet to the first limb occupied the ground." Probably pines six feet and more in diameter grew in Hanover but no record of them has been found.

Disposal of the trees was necessary before cultivated crops could be produced. Aside from the comparatively small amounts of wood used locally most of it was burned. The pine stumps in particular were a problem in the new fields, because of their large size and because they were slow to decay. It required as much labor to dispose of the stumps as to cut and burn the above ground portion of the trees. Frequently old pine stumps with several feet of roots still attached were turned up on edge along a desired line to form a fence. The remains of one of these old stump fences, in

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Lebanon, may still be seen along the north side of Gould Road that leads to the present Sachem Village.

All the white pines of a size and quality suitable for masts and spars were reserved for the royal navy when the town was granted and none of these was supposed to be cut without a permit. Apparently no mast timbers were sent to market from Hanover but during the winter of 1771-72 Wheelock cut 1500 pine logs near the river to be sent to Springfield, Massachusetts, in the spring. The logs were seized by the agent of the Surveyor General of Massachusetts as improperly cut. Though eventually released, the assessed damages were greater than the value of the logs.

Today the virgin forest is gone but the Hanover hills are green with newer growth. Many of the fields and pastures cleared during the first century of the town's development have gradually reverted to forest during the second. Crops of pulpwood and sawlogs have been harvested on land that once produced wheat and sheep. Elm and maple shade trees stand along our village streets where the King's pines once grew.

Shade trees were doubtless planted here and there near the village streets soon after land had been cleared and the settlement was well established, but apparently the first organized effort to provide them began in 1843 when the Hanover Ornamental Tree Association was formed. Not only is it on record that the Association sponsored a tree planting program but ring counts on the too numerous stumps of trees felled by the hurricane of 1938, together with smaller numbers since, indicate that most of the larger trees in the village were planted around the middle of the last century when the Association was most active. Photographs that date back to the early seventies show good-sized elms and maples along the older streets that doubtless derive from this period. Many trees that stand today such as the two sugar maples on the east side of the campus, the large American elms in front of Parkhurst, McNutt, and 60 South Main Street can be readily identified in some of the old photographs.

The older elms on the north side of West Wheelock Street were set out during the 1860's by Professor John E. Sinclair. Those on the south side, originally forty in number, were dug up near Blood Brook and planted where many of them stand today, by two men in the employ of Dr. William T. Smith a few years later.

During the last decade of the nineteenth century the Village Improvement Society helped to care for the village trees and to

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plant new ones. Soon after the Society was formed a violent hail and wind storm (June 14, 1892) struck the village and "the entire length of Main Street was stripped of many of her most stately elms, while other streets suffered equally, particularly Maple and School Streets." Many chimneys toppled, including three on Reed Hall, and the Old Pine on Observatory Hill was severely damaged. The Society did much of the work of clearing up the streets and was warmly commended for its work by the *Hanover Gazette*. In the spring of 1895 *The Dartmouth* reported that "between one and two hundred trees have been set out in town this season by the Village Improvement Society."

For many years following its organization in 1922 The Hanover Improvement Society provided funds for the care of precinct trees and for planting new ones. At present the precinct budget regularly carries a substantial amount for these purposes. All the street trees are sprayed once or twice a year, many are pruned, some are perforce removed, new ones are planted. The trees planted and cared for by Dartmouth College and numerous individual landowners all add to the attractiveness of the village streets.

Three important outdoor improvements at the northern end of the village were initiated near the turn of this century: the golf course later to become the Hanover Country Club, Occom Pond, and Pine Park. All of these projects were due to the foresight, energy, and generosity of a few public spirited people and all of them have in different ways added to the attractiveness of the town.

The nine holes of the original golf course were laid out in rough pasture land west of the Rope Ferry Road and running north of the Kibbie property to the top of the hill. The land was purchased by fourteen interested citizens and the organization formed came to be known as the "Country Club." All the profits from this popular venture were used to improve the course but eventually more capital was necessary to make more expensive and extensive changes. Since most of the "Club" members were associated with Dartmouth College it seemed desirable to them that the College should take over the property. This was done in 1915 and since that date the history of the Hanover Country Club is more intimately connected with College than with town. However, the chief immediate improvements were the extension of the original course to eighteen holes on land purchased along the



The Old Pine (cut down 1895) and its stump



The White Church, before 1869; erected 1795, burned 1931



Episcopal Church on Lebanon Street in the 1860s

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Lyme Road and by arrangement with the Pine Park Association, the construction of a club house, and the erection of a high steel footbridge across Girl Brook valley. Later a new nine-hole course was added.

The shallow waters of Occom Pond now cover what was earlier an unattractive marsh. The funds necessary to buy the land, remove bushes and build the low earth dam were raised by subscription through the efforts of Charles P. Chase and Thomas W. D. Worthen.

During the winter a considerable area is kept cleared for skaters under the cooperative auspices of the College and the community. Before the construction of a covered rink the hockey teams practiced and played their games on the pond.

Soon after the ice has disappeared the pond is taken over by a host of noisy frogs and toads for breeding purposes. The frog's eggs imbedded in rounded masses of gelatinous material and the similar toad's eggs in two long parallel strings are left to hatch in the gradually warming water, but the mature toads soon leave for drier abodes. Through the summer months the greenish tinted, usually tranquil water reflects the images of passing clouds and those of the trees along the shore. During some summers in the past a pair of graceful swans and a flock of mallards provided by Dr. Howard N. Kingsford swam about the pond. In the late fall an occasional flock of wild ducks and more rarely a flock of geese, on their way south, spend the night here.

Pine Park contains about ninety acres of land located in the lower Girl Brook valley and stretching for some distance along the shore of the Connecticut River to the north of the Hanover Precinct. Most of this irregularly shaped property lies well hidden between the hills but from nearby Vermont the portion next to the river is readily visible. There the pine woods stretch southward from the flooded valley of Girl Brook nearly to the gully through which Occom Pond drains to the river.

The history of Pine Park as such goes back to the year 1900 when Charles P. Chase, then treasurer of Dartmouth College, learned that the Diamond Match Company had opened negotiations for the purchase from the Hutchinson estate of the pine woods near the river north of the village. Others were consulted and \$4100 was raised among eighteen subscribers to purchase the property. An informal association under the active leadership of Professor D. Collin Wells managed the tract until 1905 when the

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present Pine Park Association was formed and incorporated under the laws of New Hampshire as a tax-free, non-profit organization. The next year, on petition of the Pine Park Association, the Hanover Country Club and other abutters, Rope Ferry Road was realigned from the end of North Main Street to the park boundary and the portion within the park discontinued as a town road. This was desirable "to secure more adequate protection against fire and other damage." The last addition to the park area was made in 1912 when Mrs. Emily Howe Hitchcock bequeathed forty-six and a half acres of wooded land adjacent to the north and northeastern sides of the original tract to the association. This, with a small strip of land given by her earlier to straighten the eastern boundary, brought the park to its present size.

During the winter of 1912-1913 changes were made to insure a better and more permanent method of park management. The stockholders transferred their property in the corporation "both real and personal" to five persons "to hold the same as joint trustees." Negotiations were concluded with the Precinct Commissioners and the Trustees of Dartmouth College for the Precinct and the College to assume active administrative details through two managers. Adna D. Storrs was elected Park Commissioner by the Precinct and Charles P. Chase was appointed by the College. The trustees, earlier directors of the Corporation, were William J. Tucker, president; Charles P. Chase, secretary and treasurer; John M. Gile, John V. Hazen, James F. Colby. After the death of Dr. Gile in 1925 neither of the managers was a member of the board of trustees. This unfortunate situation was remedied in 1937 when Donald L. Stone was elected Park Commissioner following the resignation of Mr. Storrs. Still later the College Forester, Robert S. Monahan, who is also a member of the board of trustees was appointed Manager for the College.

Improvement of the park was started soon after the tract was acquired and continued on a voluntary basis for about a dozen years. Paths were cleared, dead and down trees together with most of the undesirable hardwoods removed and many of the pines were pruned. In later years hired labor has been used for the necessary upkeep.

During the winter of 1924-1925 a thinning was made over the whole park area. The operation is of interest, not only because it improved the Park, but also because it was the first large-scale

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operation of the sort to be made in or near Hanover. The cutting was probably at the suggestion of Dr. Gile who secured Mr. Frank Hancock of Milan to supervise the work. Mr. Hancock and his family spent the winter in a small temporary building not far from the spring on the east side of the esker (the narrow ridge near the river) and the horses used in the operation were housed nearby. Mr. Storrs blazed the trees to be removed and local laborers were hired to cut and haul the logs and burn the slash. Due to close supervision, the stumps were cut lower than was the current practice and remarkably little damage was done to the remaining trees. Nearby logs were dragged with a single horse to one of several skidways on the river bank but those from more remote areas were hauled on sleds. Gile and Brackett, who had contracted for the logs, set up a portable mill on the Vermont side of the river a short distance south of the highway railroad crossing. In late spring a boom was run diagonally downstream from below the park to the mill and the marked logs were floated to their destination a few at a time. This was doubtless the shortest drive of any large number of logs ever made on this part of the Connecticut River.

During the 1938 hurricane most of the oldest and largest trees growing on the slopes of the esker were uprooted or broken. Destruction was also heavy in the area near the ski jump but fortunately most of the trees on the flat next to the river escaped injury. The salvaged logs were sawed in a mill set up near the Reservoir Road along with the logs from College Park. The construction of a new and higher dam on the Connecticut at Wilder some ten years ago, necessitated the removal of part of the trees along the steep river bank and along the shores at the mouth of Girl Brook. Among the trees cut in the latter area was a group of fourteen particularly choice old pines with straight clear lower boles. The largest of these measured 33 inches in diameter at breast height.

Today the most attractive area in Pine Park is the flat next to the river bank sometimes referred to as "The Cathedral Pines." Here disturbances by man and wind over past years are least evident. The overstory of white pines, with an occasional paper birch, consists of trees about eighty-five years old and about one hundred feet in height. Annual sample measurements indicate that these trees, bought of Arabella Hutchinson, have doubled in volume since the thinning made in the winter of 1924-1925. An irregular understory of young hardwoods and softwoods assures

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replacements for the future. Pine Park is the only large forested area in Hanover dedicated entirely to public use.

The Hanover Improvement Society is a voluntary corporation formed in 1922 to operate the Nugget Theatre. Since its formation the Society has appropriated funds in excess of \$250,000 for the benefit of the community. The more expensive items for which money has been appropriated are: the purchase of trucks and other equipment for the Fire and Street Departments, the care and planting of street trees, new sidewalks, Storrs Pond, and contributions toward clearing the ice at Occom Pond. In 1956 the Society volunteered to act for the community and purchased the so-called Tavern Block on South Main Street for use as a parking lot. This project was the result of the combined efforts of the Hanover Improvement Society, the Hanover Planning Board, Dartmouth College and the Precinct Commissioners.

Among the earliest expenditures made by the Society for the Precinct were those for the purchase of two fully equipped trucks for the Fire Department and the construction of a cement sidewalk from Main Street to Ledyard Bridge. The need for this particular sidewalk was obvious as at that time practically all travel to and from Hanover was by rail via the Norwich and Hanover station. The desirability of a good sidewalk in this location had been called to the attention of the Village Improvement Society by Professor Charles F. Emerson nearly thirty years earlier! In later years travel from this point declined rapidly, and on December 1, 1959 the station was closed permanently.

Storrs Pond is a three-quarter mile long, one hundred-acre body of water named after Adna D. Storrs, the first president of the Society, and one of its original twenty members. A cement dam was built across Camp Brook with C.W.A. labor a short distance from where the brook enters the Connecticut River. An artificial beach with a bathhouse and other facilities, reached from the Reservoir Road, was constructed at the south end of the pond and officially opened to the public July 1, 1935. Here hundreds of children have learned to swim, other somewhat older people have improved their techniques and many have qualified as life guards, all under the skillful direction of Professor Sidney C. Hazelton and his assistants.

During the years that the Society used the original Nugget Theatre, on the site of the present telegraph office, many changes

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were made in the building. The first major improvements were made in 1927 when a new lobby, entered from West Wheelock Street, was added, new seats installed and the interior redecorated. Nine years later the roof was raised, a balcony added, the lounge enlarged and the interior renovated. The end of the old building as a theatre came on an early January morning in 1944 soon after smoke was discovered seeping through the roof. The alarm was given but even before the heating plant whistle ceased to blow, the roof was blown upward by a terrific explosion. The front portion of the building was repaired by the Society, remodelled and now is leased by the Western Union Telegraph Company. Eventually the remains of the old theatre walls were razed.

For several years through arrangements with Dartmouth College movies were shown in Webster Hall where "the many portraits of Daniel hanging on the walls saw more shows than the most eager sophomore." In the fall of 1951 the present Nugget opposite the Post Office was opened. The dignified exterior, the gracious lobby decorated with murals depicting early Hanover scenes, and the quiet comfortable auditorium are in sharp contrast to the first building. Patrons who once sought entertainment in the original Nugget with its crowded entrance, sheet-metal covered, radiator decorated walls can best appreciate the advantages of the present structure. Gone with the old building, but unwept in their passing, are the barrages of peanuts and apple cores that too often enveloped late entrants as they passed down its aisles.

The detailed history of the Dartmouth Outing Club, popularly referred to as the D.O.C., belongs properly perhaps with College rather than with Town history but this organization has added immeasurably to the winter recreational facilities available to all, and some items in connection with its development should be mentioned. The first organized meeting of what was to become the Dartmouth Outing Club was called by Fred Harris in January 1910 and the first "Winter Meet" with ski-jumping and ski and snowshoe races was held the next month. The jump in the Vale of Tempe was a tiny affair by today's standards, but the jumps themselves were breath-taking to the spectators, and probably to some of the contestants as well. A larger jump was built a few years later farther down the Vale with a toboggan slide close beside it. In 1922 the present jump in the edge of Pine Park off the

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Lyme Road was constructed with funds advanced by the College.

The ski lift at Oak Hill, east of Lyme Road, which started operations during the winter of 1935-1936 was the first lift (as contrasted to a rope tow) built in the United States. The original rough pasture with its scattered bushy pine trees has been cleared and smoothed and numerous pines planted to shade the lift itself. Oak Hill continues to be popular because of its convenient location.

The Dartmouth Skiway at Holts Ledge in Lyme is an elaborate project with five trails ranging from novice to expert, served by the 3775-foot Pomalift erected in 1956, and a new 1600-foot Mueller T-Bar lift put up in 1960. All the trails were cut through the woods in a northward exposure and all of them lie at a higher altitude than the Oak Hill slopes.

About one hundred miles of D.O.C. trails can be used by anyone with sufficient energy, winter or summer. The Appalachian trail from Maine to Georgia runs through Hanover and is a part of the Club system. Since the advent of the automobile and the construction of numerous tows, cross-country skiing has become less popular and the trails are not so widely used during the winter months as was earlier the case.

The most spectacular entertainment furnished by the D.O.C. for non-participants is of course the Winter Carnival with its Outdoor Evening, races, ski-jumping and other attractions.

The first Children's Carnival was held on the golf course in 1917 under the auspices of, and with prizes provided by, the Hanover Inn. The next year the Dartmouth Outing Club managed the meet and continued to do so for about twenty years. Community groups ran the competitions until the Ford K. Sayre Memorial Ski Council was formed (about 1948) and took over the program. The Carnival is usually held on the golf course and nearby Occom Pond in late winter with events appropriate for children in different age groups. With nearly three hundred competitors the rivalry is intense and the youngest winners at least are not backward in demanding their prizes immediately after the successful race; tears of disappointment are frequently seen. The oldest prize, now one among many, is the John E. Johnson Cup, awarded each year since 1922 to the child accumulating the largest number of points.

Ski lessons for Hanover children were started at least as early

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as 1938 by Ford K. Sayre and his wife Peggy, then managers of the Hanover Inn. After the death of Captain Sayre in 1944 a memorial fund was established in his name to continue this work with children and the next year lessons were given. After the Ford K. Sayre Memorial Ski Council was formed this organization assumed control of the ski instructions program as well as management of the Children's Carnival.

The program, at first limited to Hanover children, was soon broadened to include those from Norwich as well. Today it also includes children from Lyme and Thetford, and the attendance has increased from a mere handful to nearly six hundred youngsters. The children at present are charged \$1.00 for nine lessons and those unable to provide their own equipment rent it for the season for a very small fee. Except for some hired coaches all the work is done by volunteers; the program is supported by gifts of money, services, and equipment. This is probably the oldest and very likely the largest children's ski instruction program in the United States.

Hanover's use and enjoyment of its fascinating outdoor environment is of long standing and has expanded and deepened over the years. It is one of the strong links that binds the community together.

Doctors and Hospitals

by Alice H. Pollard

WHEN in June 1770, Eleazar Wheelock paid what was to be his last visit to Hanover as a president selecting a home for his School, he was accompanied by his personal physician, Dr. John Crane. The doctor later helped in wresting the first clearings from the wilderness, being on the scene even before Wheelock's family.

This early appearance in Hanover of the academic profession in close company with the medical turned out to be a true harbinger of events to come. Just twenty-seven years later, Dr. Nathan Smith founded the Dartmouth Medical School and with it the tradition that Hanover's practicing physicians were usually allied to the College as members of the Medical School faculty.

In the case of Dr. Crane, however, his tie to Dartmouth was personal and official, and the double bond was tightly knotted. Dr. Crane served faithfully as a courier and companion. When Wheelock found that living quarters in Hanover could not be ready as soon as planned for the members of his family, it was Dr. Crane who was sent back to Connecticut to tell them. They had, however, already left for the primitive shelters awaiting them in the New Hampshire forests. Later when Eleazar Wheelock was engaged in his grim battle with the tavern keeper Payne, who persisted in demoralizing students with his sale of spirits, the president endeavored to make Dr. Crane, the town apothecary, the licensed retailer of spirits as well. The effort was unsuccessful. As Hanover's approved physician, Dr. Crane was given a choice one-acre lot on the Common's south side (now part of the Hopkins Center site), but his fine house, built about 1773, had to be turned over some years later to Crane's business partner, Moses Chase, presumably for debts. The house was leveled in the great winter fire of 1887.

During the American Revolution, Dr. Crane, who served three years as surgeon in the Massachusetts 6th Regiment, is said to have sold medicines in quantity and at a good price to the surgeons of Colonel Timothy Bedel's regiment. However, in spite of

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Dr. Crane's favorable opportunities and his connection with President Wheelock, it would appear that he did not prosper, and had little head for business.

In payment for services rendered during Wheelock's last illness in April 1779, Dr. Crane was given by the Trustees "fifteen acres of land west of the village near the river." By then, he needed money rather than lands. When Hanover's first physician himself died, seven years after his benefactor, he left his wife and children in destitute circumstances.

In marked contrast to Dr. Crane was Dr. Joseph Lewis, who lived across the river but practiced extensively in Hanover. He came to Norwich from Windsor, Connecticut, in 1767. His business acumen is said to have been surpassed only by his eccentricities, neither preventing him from having an unusually successful medical career. Eyebrows to this day are lifted at some of Dr. Lewis' exploits.

He first lived in a little log house south of Blood Brook. By 1790 he had purchased John Sargent's land and house at the west end of the ferry which he successfully ran. In addition he bought and operated the mill at the Blood Brook falls.

As Dr. Lewis prospered, his wife requested that he dispense with the dirty buckskin garments which he habitually wore. Since he refused, she waited until he slept, then put the buckskins to soak under the ice in the horse trough,—leaving beside him a new suit of broadcloth. Unfortunately an emergency arose and Dr. Lewis was sent for during the night. When he discovered that his buckskins were missing, he was so irate that his wife had no choice but to produce them. The doctor wrung out the icy water, donned the garments and left on his midnight summons.

On another occasion, public opinion became aroused against him when, requiring a skeleton to study, Dr. Lewis boiled the body of an old Negro, Cato, in a kettle set on the rocks behind his house. Yet he was accounted an able doctor and was active in practice almost up to the time of his death, at eighty-six years.

More than one of Hanover's early physicians were involved in the bitter smallpox controversy which resulted in Eleazar's attempt in 1777 to have Dartmouth College bodily removed to New York state. Foremost among them was Dr. Laban Gates who came from Connecticut in 1774 and lived in Hanover until his death in 1836. According to the historian John K. Lord, "He was a man of great eccentricity and doubtless difficult to live with." In a day

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when divorce was almost unknown, he braved public opinion and tried valiantly but unsuccessfully to obtain a decree from his wife. He was conspicuous also for becoming a prime target for Wheelock's wrath when in 1776 he took it upon himself to inoculate two Dartmouth students with smallpox.

At that time, the only means of protection against a severe attack of this disease was through an inoculation of the live virus. The result was a genuine case of smallpox, which it was hoped would prove mild. Meanwhile the inoculated patient could and often did transmit the disease to others in the immunizing process. The control of inoculation therefore was of vital concern to the community.

In addition to President Wheelock's normal anxiety, he seems to have had an extraordinary dread of contracting smallpox himself. He addressed a fiery letter to Dr. Gates, forbidding him to perform further inoculations on Dartmouth students and pointing out that "He, Gates, had never had the small Pox Himself, nor any more than a theoretical acquaintance with it, or what treatment would be suitable for those who should have it."

Dr. Gates swiftly apologized, no outbreak of smallpox resulted, and the matter seemed closed. However, President Wheelock had become sensitive to the very word "inoculation." Six months later he received a petition which could not be ignored, signed by eight students and approved by fifteen townspeople, in which his permission for their inoculation was requested. What followed was an example of the cure, or prevention, of a disease being almost worse than the sickness itself.

With Wheelock's sanction, quarantine headquarters were set up at the isolated College mills on Mink Brook, and a supervisory committee placed in charge. Confusion began to reign when Dr. George Eager of Hanover brought in his own infected patients to the already crowded mill buildings. Wheelock then objected forcibly that only a College-approved physician should have this prerogative. A town-gown fight ensued, which resulted in the town's Committee of Safety decreeing that forthwith all inoculations must be suspended. Nonetheless, two students who claimed they had done so with Wheelock's permission obtained inoculations. The town selectmen then determined to take over complete supervision of both quarantined groups—students and townspeople—and ruled that all be isolated in one place, the College-owned mills.

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At this President Wheelock's resentment was extreme. In a letter to the trustees he wrote in acid of the crucial split between College and town authority, condemning "the arbitrary power and control usurped and exercised by the town of Hanover, and their Selectmen and Committee of Safety in their name, over this College. . . ." More disturbing than the President's anger was the direct action he took in writing to Robert Livingston and George Morris, leaders of the patriot party in New York. In this letter Wheelock offered to remove Dartmouth College to that state. Fortunately the suggestion was tactfully shelved by the officials in New York.

The physician called by Wheelock "rash and presumptuous" took revenge in a rather petty spirit if a footnote from Chase's *History of Dartmouth College and Hanover, N. H.* is rightly interpreted: "Doctr. Wheelock: Sir,—I should take it as a grait Favour if you would put up your small pigs, for they Daly Do me Damage and as you are knowing to it, I shall take it unkind if you don't take care of them. From your humble Servt., George Eager."

It was not until Dr. Nathan Smith's coming in 1797 that Hanover had a physician of outstanding competence. He ushered in a tradition of medical excellence which has grown with time, reaching beyond the boundaries of the town and College, and the state itself.

Nathan Smith was twenty-one years old when as a spectator he watched an amputation being performed by Dr. Josiah Goodhue of Putney, Vermont. Upon the doctor's asking for someone to assist him, Smith volunteered. After skillfully concluding his part in the operation, even tying the arteries, he said that he, too, wanted to be a doctor. Goodhue asked him what his training had been and Smith replied, "Until last night I have labored daily with my hands."

Few knew better than he the difficulties faced by farm boys who sought medical educations. Later when Dr. Smith was practicing in Cornish, he went to President John Wheelock and the trustees, urging the founding of a medical department at Dartmouth. Told he would have to wait a year for the answer, Nathan Smith embarked upon twelve months of study in Edinburgh and London, there buying books with his own money for the prospective medical school library.

His first lectures to Dartmouth medical students took place in November 1797. In his sixteen years at the College Dr. Smith oc-

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cupied, in Oliver Wendell Holmes' words, "not a chair but a whole settee of professorships." He also carried on a far-flung rural practice, frequently teaching a medical student traveling on horseback beside him. A skilled surgeon, he was respected for having both compassion and a cool head.

It was Nathan Smith who obtained funds for a medical school building, being required himself to give the site on which it would be constructed. His own love of learning never left him, and to the end of his days he was a student of medicine.

Professor Knight of Yale University said of him "Dr. Smith was more extensively known than any other medical man in New England, or indeed than any man in any profession." When at the age of fifty-one, Nathan Smith moved away from Hanover, he was to found the medical schools of Yale and of Bowdoin, and to help start the University of Vermont School of Medicine. He left behind in Hanover an enduring ideal, which in its three-fold aspect is vital today: the practice, teaching and learning of medicine.

The town early became known as a medical center for a large rural community. In summer and early fall, distinguished doctors from Boston and New York came to teach students at the Medical School. They also acted as consultants to physicians practicing in Hanover and outlying regions. Not only did these well-known doctors bring the advantages of city medicine to the small town, but the cities all too often benefited when Hanover's excellent doctors removed their practices to these more populous centers.

The eccentricity which characterized the town's earliest doctors became individuality in the able men who appeared on the scene after the founding of the Dartmouth Medical School. In a day when diagnosis depended upon observation, and laboratory findings were not to be had, independence of judgment was prized. It was Dr. Dixi Crosby, who practiced and taught in Hanover for some forty-five years, who advised his students: "Depend upon yourself, young gentlemen. Take no man's diagnosis, but see with your own eyes, feel with your own fingers, judge with your own judgment, and be the disciple of no man."

Two former students took over the greater part of Nathan Smith's practice and teaching duties after his departure: Dr. Cyrus Perkins and Dr. Reuben D. Mussey. Both were popular in the community. Dr. Perkins, loyal to the cause of John Wheelock, was a trustee of the University during those times of disruptive

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struggle, and went to New York City after his side lost. He carried on a successful medical practice there for thirty years.

Dr. Mussey was a devout man and eminent surgeon. After his death, his life and work were commemorated in an address before the Dartmouth Medical School in 1869 by Dr. Alpheus B. Crosby, who said, "It was as a surgeon that he came to be most extensively known . . . he attained a national reputation. . . . He believed much in skilled surgery, something in nature, and most of all in God."

In Hanover Dr. Mussey's three ruling passions were well known: vegetarianism, the temperance cause, and music. Henry W. Longfellow, who attended the commencement of 1838, refers to two of them: "Last night I was at Dr. Mussey's, where there was music and lemonade." He taught on the Medical School faculty for almost a quarter-century, then accepted in 1838 a professorship in the Cincinnati Medical School. On numerous occasions Dr. Mussey revealed his independence as a man and scientist. In 1830 "the doctrine of non-union in cases of intra-capsular fracture" had been widely accepted, in large measure because of the work and views of Sir Astley Cooper in England. To help disprove the doctrine, Dr. Mussey took to England a perfectly healed specimen. By means of experiments made on himself, soaking in tubs of water containing various chemicals, he also challenged the conclusions of the famous Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, who stated that skin did not absorb.

The famous Dr. Dixie Crosby came to Hanover in 1838 after years of practice with his father, Dr. Asa Crosby, in Gilmanton, and Meredith Bridge, New Hampshire. He had received the M.D. degree from Dartmouth in 1824.

At a young age Dixie Crosby had won a reputation for medical skill and boldness. While studying medicine with his father, he was forbidden to pursue "practical anatomy" or dissection. However, Dixie obtained the body of a young child which he hid in the wainscot of his father's office. After midnight, "when slumber's chain had bound the other members of the family," he would darken the windows and dissect till dawn; then the subject would be returned to its hiding place. When in 1838 he succeeded Dr. Mussey in the Medical School, Dr. Dixie Crosby's knowledge of anatomy excelled his father's.

L. B. Richardson, the historian, writes: "Dr. Dixie Crosby was the most prominent member of the Crosby family which came

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very near dominating Hanover in his day." He carried on a successful and extensive practice, which one of his contemporaries characterized as "stretching from Lake Champlain to Boston." A man of outstanding personality and energy, he established the first hospital in Hanover, for the use of his patients and those of other Medical School doctors. It was located in the house which still stands just north of the White Church and is now occupied by Captain Howard F. Eaton. His hospital was closed upon Dr. Crosby's retirement in 1870, but its loss was keenly felt, and it later served as an impetus to the founding of Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital.

Several other Crosby doctors practiced or taught in Hanover. Dr. Alpheus Benning Crosby, called "Dr. Ben" to distinguish him from his father "Dr. Dixi," was the best known. He obtained the M.D. degree at Dartmouth in 1856 and won wide renown as a surgeon and as a speaker on serious and light subjects. At one time he was a lecturer on the faculties of five different medical schools, including Dartmouth. In 1872 he went to New York City to carry on a distinguished practice, dying of an infected wound at the age of forty-five.

While not a practitioner, the versatile Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes made a favorable impression on townspeople when he taught anatomy and physiology at the Medical School from 1838 to 1841. It is believed that the character of Dr. Kittredge in *Elsie Venner* was sketched from Holmes' observation of his colleague Dixi Crosby. During his Hanover years, Holmes' inventiveness produced a light hand-microscope to enable his students to examine specimens without moving from their seats in the classroom.

Dr. Edmund R. Peaslee, who succeeded Dr. Holmes, was a social and learned man; his writings were among the medical authorities of his day. An excellent physician and surgeon, he taught at Dartmouth and practiced in Hanover for thirty-six years. Then like so many of his colleagues, he removed his practice to the city. He died in New York in 1878.

Dr. Joel Brown, a respected and able citizen who came from Coventry, Connecticut, and settled in Hanover Center before the Revolution, practiced medicine here for over fifty years. Throughout his lifetime he cared for nearly all the residents of East Hanover in their times of sickness.

Hanover has had a fortunate continuity in its medical tradi-

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tion, partly because able sons chose to follow in their doctor-fathers' footsteps. After the Crosbys left the scene, the Frost family succeeded.

A distinct note of modernity highlights the local medical picture with the advent of Dr. Carlton Pennington Frost. A good share of his well-directed energy was devoted to bringing about changes which would benefit those living after him. He served as the first dean of the Medical School, and was a much loved and tireless physician. Day and night, summer and winter, his carriage or sleigh might be seen on the road. Through his efforts the permanent Medical School faculty was enlarged; a recitation period was added to the existing lecture term, and the enrollment rose to one hundred students in 1879. He was largely responsible for having such improvements as electricity and running water brought to Hanover. Most valuable of all was his success in interesting the philanthropist Hiram Hitchcock in the town's need for a hospital.

Because of his busy practice, Dr. Frost had to carry on most of his teaching duties at night, with students coming to his home. His son Edwin B. Frost, later a noted astronomer, enjoyed with other town boys frequent visits to the Medical School dissecting rooms. In his book *An Astronomer's Life*, he writes: "I can recall a portly cadaver sitting in a chair in the large lecture room not used in winter, waiting for his turn to be taken down to the tables below. Formalin had not at that time been discovered. . . . The winter class came to Father's office about five evenings in the week for recitation, at our house. . . . The first process after the students left was a most thorough ventilation."

Dr. Carlton Frost had another son, Gilman D. Frost, who was to follow in his footsteps, in the Medical School, practicing, and serving as the first acting medical director of Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital. A brilliant man, he is still vividly remembered by older Hanoverians who admired his medical ability yet sometimes had cause to dread the steady acumen of his gaze.

The Frost brothers had their part in making history. Both were greatly interested in Roentgen's discovery on December 28, 1895, of X-ray. It happened that in January, Eddie McCarthy, a Hanover schoolboy, had broken his wrist while skating on the Connecticut River. In the presence of his wife and brother, Dr. Gilman Frost performed an X-ray of his patient's injury in Dartmouth's physics laboratory in Reed Hall. Thanks to Edwin B.

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Frost's prompt action, this event was recorded by him under date of February 4, 1896, in *Science* magazine, the article describing his brother's use of the new ray in diagnosis and establishing this as the first *medical* X-ray on record in the United States.

Under the leadership of Dr. Carlton Frost, the "Dartmouth Hospital Association" had been formed in 1885 by resident and visiting doctors. A tract of land had been secured north of the village and a small building fund started. Then a benefactor appeared. Hiram Hitchcock, wealthy proprietor of New York's Fifth Avenue Hotel, and a friend of Dr. Frost's, had long been a summer resident of Hanover and active in its affairs. Upon his wife's death he made known his desire to give a hospital to the community in her name. A corporation was set up consisting of some twenty men who at their first meeting on September 2, 1889, elected twelve trustees. Among them were Dr. C. P. Frost and Dr. Edward Cowles, non-resident lecturer at the Medical School. Both were active in early hospital planning.

In 1890 the building's foundations were laid, and on May 3, 1893, Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital was dedicated. The Reverend S. P. Leeds made the invocation and President Tucker spoke on behalf of the College. There was some caution about entering the new hospital, but fifteen days after its opening, the first patient, a thirteen-year-old girl from West Lebanon, was admitted for "hip joint disease."

The first medical staff was made up of three members of the Dartmouth Medical School: Dr. Carlton Frost; Dr. William T. Smith, son of Dartmouth's President Asa D. Smith; and Dr. Gilman D. Frost.

Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital, with a bed capacity of thirty-six, was the first in the United States to be built on the pavilion plan. Constructed of the finest materials, the building was of early Italian Renaissance architecture: its foundations of granite; the outer walls of Pompeian mottled brick; and the roof of red tile. Set in spacious grounds, the hospital was a handsome addition to the town, and brought it fame, as architectural magazines in this country and abroad praised the institution for its utility and elegance.

It was Hiram Hitchcock's wish that a training school for nurses be established along with the hospital. Its first class numbered two students, but by 1902 the school had sixteen members and twenty had been graduated.

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Dr. C. P. Frost died in May 1896, and that fall Dr. John M. Gile began his long and invaluable service to the hospital, to Hanover, and to the surrounding countryside. A graduate of Dartmouth, he received the M.D. degree in 1891 and became a professor in the Medical School in 1897. He was made its dean in 1910. In the Crosby and Frost tradition he had a son who later took over much of his work. Dr. John F. Gile perpetuated in his own right the bond of affection felt by more than two generations of patients.

Returning from his long and rough journeys to the sick in the back North Country, Dr. Gile Sr. brought with him an invaluable contribution to the hospital: a fund of good will from rural communities. A calm and skillful surgeon, he had often to adapt himself to such operating rooms as farm kitchens, and was accustomed to driving at all hours to reach them. The impact of Dr. Gile's personality is well described by L. B. Richardson: "Companionable . . . always interested in the interests of others, whole-souled and genuine, wherever he was known he was admired and loved. . . . He had so built himself into his chosen environment that at his departure the multitude with whom he had come into contact—everyone his friend—looked at each other aghast as at the loss of one indispensable to the community life."

In 1900 Hiram Hitchcock died, and the support of the hospital's great benefactor came to an end. With a shock akin to that of the orphaned, trustees and townspeople realized that they were on their own. The hospital would have to be closed without prompt and generous help from the community. The help came, but from this time on there was to be a never-ending struggle: the need for hospital expansion coupled with a scarcity of funds.

Fortunately, Mary Hitchcock Hospital has always been rich in its human resources. The careful planning by intelligent men who have believed in its purposes, and the whole-hearted response of an ever larger group benefiting from its services have mainly been responsible for its steady and remarkable growth.

Outright gifts of money and supplies, the endowment of free beds, benefit entertainments and many other forms of contribution helped stabilize the hospital's existence. While it was still comparatively small and before the times of modern refrigeration, Donation Day was for many years a valued and genial form of assistance. From far and near, farmers, kitchen gardeners and housewives brought vegetables, canned goods, jams, jellies and other gifts. From the beginning, women's groups have proved invaluable.

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able. Many diverse efforts were unified with the forming of the Women's Auxiliary. Proud of its large membership and its ten or more volunteer committees, it has made outstanding contributions in service, as well as in fund drives and other money raising activities.

During the hospital's first year of existence, the daily average occupancy was an estimated 5.5; in the year 1900-01 it was 15.2; and by 1905 it had risen to 28.7. In 1918 when the hospital observed its first quarter-century of use, the daily average occupancy was over 54. The medical staff was made up of Dr. Gilman D. Frost; Dr. John M. Gile; Dr. Percy Bartlett; Dr. Elmer H. Carleton, an eye, ear and throat specialist; and Dr. Howard N. Kingsford, pathologist. In 1922 Dr. Harry T. French came as a roentgenologist, later joining the regular medical staff. He is now an emeritus member.

In his report of 1927, William R. Gray, president of the board of trustees, said, "Gratifying as such evidence of serviceableness may be, it is apparent that the problem of meeting the growing demands upon the Hospital is becoming critical." In that year Dick Hall's House was given to the College by Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Hall in memory of their son Richard. Designed to provide both a hospital of some forty beds and a home-like environment for ill Dartmouth students, Dick's House is connected with Mary Hitchcock Hospital and is served by its medical staff. In the year 1926-27 the hospital underwent some major enlargements, as its central plant would be used to serve Dick's House, and as Mary Hitchcock's bed capacity and other requirements were gravely inadequate.

It was in this year of decision that a major and far-reaching change came from within the hospital. This was a plan whose form was unique in northern New England, although in tradition it went back to Nathan Smith's concept of combining the practice, teaching and learning of medicine, even in a rural setting. The circumstances which determined the plan were unusual. The hospital's medical staff then consisted of five men, each with his own office and practice. Only the ward patient had the benefit of treatment by all the doctors. Between Boston and Montreal there was a great lack of specialized medical practice, and an amazing ninety per cent of Mary Hitchcock's patients came from beyond Hanover. It was recognized that in the near future the hospital

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would either have to give up its role as a regional medical center or radically change the form of its professional service.

The challenge was met, and with trustee approval the Hitchcock Clinic was established. Coordinating personnel and equipment, the doctors now practiced as a unit, their offices being located within the hospital. Consultations were readily achieved. The multiple injury case, often the result of an accident, promptly had the benefit of the surgeon, medical internist and neurologist, should these be required. A child with a broken leg might be routinely treated by the pediatrician as well as the orthopedic surgeon. More than was ever anticipated, patients were referred to the hospital and clinic by doctors in outlying areas for surgery, diagnosis and special treatment.

Today some sixty doctors representing twenty specialties make up the Hitchcock Clinic and are the professional staff of the three-hundred-bed Mary Hitchcock Hospital. The largest group are devoted to the practice of internal medicine. All teach on the faculty of the Dartmouth Medical School and many carry on research projects in laboratories under the direction of the Medical School and the Hitchcock Foundation. Dr. John P. Bowler, whose father Dr. John W. Bowler was Physical Director at Dartmouth, was a clinic founder, and until his retirement from practice in 1960 headed it for many years. Others serving in this capacity were Dr. Percy Bartlett and Dr. Harry T. French. Today Dr. Sven M. Gundersen is chairman of the board of directors of the Hitchcock Clinic.

Even with generous gifts which made possible such additions as the Carter X-ray unit, in its own building; the Billings-Lee Residence for nurses; more rooms for patients and doctors' offices; the Raven Convalescent Unit and many other improvements, the hospital's physical limitations still prevented its handling the increased demands put upon it. In the fall of 1947 a vigorous fund campaign was launched. This was generously responded to by individuals, foundations and private and governmental agencies. The largest single contribution—one million dollars—was made by Mrs. Marianne Faulkner of Woodstock, Vermont, in memory of her husband, Edward Daniels Faulkner. Her outstanding gift made possible the completion of a three-million-dollar building program.

On February 2, 1952, Faulkner House was dedicated by Mrs. Faulkner at an impressive ceremony. Hundreds of people—many

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from miles away—came to see a transformed Mary Hitchcock Hospital. The ladies of the Auxiliary conducted tours, proudly showing the new spacious lobbies; the doctors' offices; operating suites; the large cheerful rooms for patients; the auditorium; the ample kitchen; and a bewildering array of modern additions. In a Cinderella-like change, Hiram Hitchcock's gift to the community took on the shape befitting its vital role in the North Country region.

The original members of the Hitchcock Clinic had realized that local residents relied upon having their own family physicians. Consciously the group has endeavored to work together as a medical unit to fill this need. The patient first sees the doctor for whom he asks; and it is the obligation of one staff member to consider the case as a whole, interpreting all data gathered by the staff. The results have been remarkably good. People living in Hanover and Norwich seem to feel that they do indeed have a family doctor, and one who can provide additional security because of the hospital and clinic resources. Here are centered specialized skills and equipment normally found only in large city institutions. The techniques and apparatus required for cardio-pulmonary surgery, including "open heart surgery"; operating rooms where are carried out such intricate procedures as neurosurgery, plastic surgery, orthopedic surgery, broncho-esophagology, and other life saving measures provide residents of northern New England with an unusual reassurance of health and longevity. In the medical field such facilities as a diagnostic hearing and speech center, a large and well-equipped department of physical medicine and rehabilitation, a diagnostic and therapeutic radiology wing which includes the Cobalt-60 Teletherapy Unit, and other invaluable acquisitions have helped to make the Hitchcock Clinic the best known rural medical group practicing in the East.

Educational projects of the clinic and hospital have kept pace with other developments. Postgraduate training for interns and residents is conducted in cooperation with the Veterans Administration Hospital in White River Junction and the Medical School. In addition to the School of Nursing, which graduates about forty-five nurses a year, there are technology courses for students of laboratory medicine, X-ray and anesthesiology. Mary Hitchcock is a full accredited member of the American Hospital Association, and approved by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals.

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In 1960 more than 8,800 patients came to Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital from 184 towns in New Hampshire; from 141 in Vermont; from 24 other states, and eight foreign countries. More than 4,800 surgical operations were performed, and patient days of care numbered over 85,000. Such figures tell even the layman that more changes are taking place, and that other major expansions must come soon.

In the past, Nathan Smith's professional excellence had drawn to Hanover outstanding medical men. Too often these had later left the small town to practice in cities. Today the Hitchcock Clinic brings doctors of outstanding ability back to the rural environment which many prefer, if they can combine country living with the practice of their medical and surgical specialties.

However remote the doctor traveling by horseback, carriage or sleigh over back roads may be to us of the present, the human tie of need and hope which brought patient and doctor together then exists unchanged today. From the beginning Hanover has felt affection and pride for its medical men, knowing that their achievements have gone far beyond the limits of the times they lived in and the small town they served. Perhaps, more deeply, Hanover has felt that in their generous efforts for others, these physicians have revealed the truth in the lines once quoted by Dr. Edmund Peaslee in his presidential address to the New Hampshire Medical Society:

"Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
'Tis the great spirit and the busy heart."

The Churches of Hanover

by Rebecca Gallagher Williams

BEFORE there was an organized church for the Hanover settlers along the Connecticut River, the early inhabitants worshiped in a log "hutt" by the river's edge across from Bush's Island, nearly opposite the mouth of the Pompanoosuc. During the summers of 1766 and 1767, the Reverend Knight Sexton of Colchester, Connecticut, preached, being paid by the Proprietors "eighteen pounds, twelve shillings, lawful money" for the first season according to a receipt signed by him. At this early time, too, occasional visits were made by the Reverend Peter Powers of Newbury and Haverhill, who was "accustomed to itinerate along the river, when it was open, in a canoe." It was he who performed Hanover's first marriage ceremony, that of Isaac Walbridge and Hannah Smith, on May 22, 1768 as he "chanced to be passing on the river" at the time.

The Proprietors' concern with religion became a "town affair" in 1771 when the support of preaching was definitely assumed by the growing community. On July 17, twenty-five inhabitants—eleven males, fourteen females—were "by solemn covenant incorporated as *The Church of Christ* in Hanover." The town voted to raise £25 to support preaching and defray town charges for the ensuing year and to call a candidate to preach on probation. Thus began the church at Hanover Center.

In 1772 the town invited the Reverend Eden Burroughs of Killingly, Connecticut, to settle with them in the ministry. He received land reserved for the first minister as well as additional land given by individuals to induce his acceptance. His salary for the first year was £50 (half in money, half in grain), with £12 more for expenses of his removal from Connecticut. As the town did not yet have a meeting-house, Mr. Burroughs was installed at the barn of Isaac Bridgman.

A committee had been chosen at Town Meeting in 1771 "to pitch a place for a Meeting-house." Various locations were proposed, agreed upon, and changed, and plans for "the great Meet-

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ing-house" abandoned for a "house of less size" before work finally began (1773) at the southeast corner of the parade on land belonging to Mr. John Wright. The construction of pews for this building was at first left to individual members. In 1778 it was voted that the town "take the pews now in the Meeting-house into their hands," making an appraisal of those already built. Apparently work on both the building and its interior continued intermittently for several years until a committee in 1782 was chosen "to finish the outside of the Meeting-house, lay the floors, and make some seats in the galleries." References to choosing "quiresters" at various times, and a provision "that vacant ground on the east side of the Meeting be allowed to the use of the singers" show that church members gave "due regard to the interest and accommodations for singing." Arrangements for the care of the Meeting-house itself were made annually by electing a "key keeper" who was charged with "the sweeping of the house."

The church does not seem to have had any distinct ecclesiastical connection until the organization of the Grafton Presbytery in 1773, when members expressed their preference for the Presbyterian form of church government. President Eleazar Wheelock became chairman of the Presbytery, while Mr. Burroughs was chosen scribe. Although busy in forming his own "family church" in the vicinity of the College, President Wheelock guided the affairs of the official town church to a considerable extent. He had been influential in its securing Mr. Burroughs after the Reverend Benjamin Pomeroy, the President's brother-in-law, had declined a call to the Center Church. He also succeeded in having Mr. Burroughs elected to the board of trustees of the College soon after his installation as the town's first minister.

President Wheelock, in his *Narrative* for 1771, describes the intimate beginnings of his college church. "The 23rd day of January was kept as a day of solemn fasting and prayer, on which I gathered a church in this college, and school, which consisted of twenty-seven members" (sixteen students, two or three employees of the Indian School, and members of the President's immediate family). . . . "And a solemn and joyful day it was." This small group grew into a strong and active church presided over by President Wheelock until his death in 1779.

Services were held in the "old college building" on the Green (opposite the site of Reed Hall) which served as commons, chapel,

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and meeting-house. The west section of the building, divided in the center by a broad alley, had "15 pews and 10 slips" on one side reserved for the citizens for worship on the Sabbath. "Long slips," filling the other side, were assigned to the students for morning and evening prayers.

This old chapel and commons by 1789 had fallen into a ruinous state of repair and was pulled down during a student riot. Within a few months the so-called "New Chapel," pictured in the famous Dunham engraving, was erected just southwest of Dartmouth Hall. The 50' x 36' room, two stories high, was arched overhead, producing what was described as "a perfect whispering gallery." The College and the inhabitants in the vicinity shared the £300 cost of this chapel, the first separate building to be used by "the Church of Christ at Dartmouth College."

The people maintaining the college church had little concern with matters of the town church, and at an early date were excused by the town from taxation "for the support of preaching." The college church, organized by President Wheelock, and the Church of Christ in Hanover, served by Mr. Burroughs, vied for the central position in the early life of the town.

The proprietors of the "Church at Dartmouth College," with the assistance of President Wheelock and the trustees, in 1794 projected a meeting-house to stand "on Mr. Lang's lot on the North side of the college green" to replace the "New Chapel" (1790) which the student body and residents had already outgrown. Plans called for a building "60' x 60' on the ground" with 30' posts and a "belcony" and slender spire. The cost, approximately \$5,000, was met almost entirely from the sale of pews "at auction at the inn of General Brewster."

A committee from the church, meeting with the trustees, agreed upon terms for the use of the "unappropriated" parts of the new meeting-house for the students at times of religious worship, commencements, and other public occasions and also for the appointment and support of a minister. The building was dedicated on December 17, 1795, just short of the church's twenty-fifth anniversary of its "imbodiment."

Very early the Church of England had its representative in the area. The Reverend Ranna Cossit of Farmington, Connecticut, who had been ordained priest by the Bishop of London in 1772, was sent to the "Haverhill Parish" the following year as "itinerant

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missionary" by the London "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." He "fixed his residence in Claremont," but spent one-fourth of his time conducting Episcopal services up the valley as far as Haverhill, paying occasional visits to Hanover.

"Prevailing and apparent divisions and contentions" within the membership of Mr. Burroughs' church started in 1783. The difficulties concerning action of the ruling elders in censuring a member grew into bitter dissension which culminated in an appeal to the Grafton Presbytery. The case was decided against Mr. Burroughs and his faction. Thereupon he and fifty-six members withdrew from the Presbytery and from further use of the meeting-house. This group held services in barns and private homes until 1791, when they built what came to be known as the "North Meeting-house" on land of Jonathan Freeman just west and north of the Parade. Mr. Burroughs, however, continued to demand payment from the town for his services. Year after year town records show the appointment of committees to settle the controversy of "Mr. Burroughs vs the town" which eventually reached the Superior Court. The case was finally dismissed and settlement of "costs accrued" made to Mr. Burroughs with payment "for executions of Mr. Burroughs vs Hanover and officers fees" listed in the entries of the selectmen's accounts for the year 1801-02.

After the secession of Mr. Burroughs and his group, the remaining members of the original church continued to use the "South Meeting-house" under the leadership of Elder Bezaleel Woodward, their temporary moderator. Preachers from the College and elsewhere supplied the pulpit on occasion. Among them were Professor John Smith and Eleazar Wheelock's son-in-law, Professor Sylvanus Ripley, who was about to accept a call to the vacant pastorate in 1786 when he met his untimely end. Returning home in a blizzard after preaching at the Center, he was thrown from a sleigh and died of a broken neck.

Two years later Reverend Samuel Collins was ordained minister at the South Meeting-house and continued until his dismissal in 1796. Due to the division of the church and the reluctance of the inhabitants to pay taxes for the support of preaching, Mr. Collins' salary was always in arrears. He is reported to have suffered much from poverty, "apparently forsaken by God and Man." These tax difficulties caused the town to leave supervision of religious matters to the individual churches after 1796. With their

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old building in a state of disrepair, church members themselves undertook the expense of building a new South Meeting-house a few rods north of the burying ground. The "large" house was finished in 1797 in a "neat and handsome manner" both inside and out, with a graceful one hundred foot spire topped by a cockerel. It was popularly believed (by the youngsters of the neighborhood, at least) that when that cockerel heard other cockerels crow, he crowed too.

The Universalists, who had gained a foothold during the dissension, contributed towards this new building and, in return, were allowed to hold services there every fourth Sunday. In spite of this unusual arrangement in ownership, with its inevitable difficulties, the new South Meeting-house was used by the two groups for some thirty to forty years. The Baptists also had certain privileges. The old South Meeting-house was burned by an incendiary in 1797, and a committee was charged with the disposal of this town property.

Attempts to bring the North and South groups together from time to time were hindered by a few aggrieved members who felt they "could not be privileged under Mr. Burroughs' administration." This stumbling block, removed in 1809 when Mr. Burroughs was called to Dothan, Vermont, left the way clear for a union. On May 16, 1810, the two churches presented themselves before a council, meeting at their request at the home of Colonel Otis Freeman, and gave their "assent and consent" to the "Confession of faith" and "covenant" and became the "First Church of Christ or Congregational establishment in Hanover, New Hampshire," with sixty-eight members.

While discord prevailed at the center of the town, the college church was encountering its own difficulties. In the early days many settlers from the Dothan section of Hartford, Vermont, had united with the church in Hanover. After President Eleazar Wheelock's death, they gradually ceased to attend meetings on the east side of the river or to contribute to the pastor's salary, although they retained their membership. At first, services were held in homes in the Dothan neighborhood, and later in their meeting-house built in 1799. Reverend John Smith, professor of learned languages, served as minister, after the tragic death of Reverend Sylvanus Ripley, and preached both at Dothan and Hanover, being appointed on a somewhat unusual year-to-year

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basis. Previously he had assisted Professor Ripley, who had become minister of the college church upon the death of Eleazar Wheelock.

Bitter dissension broke out in 1804 when the College trustees appointed the Reverend Roswell Shurtleff to the long vacant chair of divinity and assigned to him "the business of preaching" to the students. Church members called a meeting to vote on extending an invitation to Mr. Shurtleff to become *their* minister, expecting Professor Smith to withdraw. But domineering President John Wheelock was anxious to retain Professor Smith, who was completely under his thumb, and name Mr. Shurtleff, likely to be less subservient, as assistant. In a surprise move the Dothan members, who had not attended services in Hanover for years, appeared at this meeting to back up President Wheelock and a few supporters from the town in voting against the settlement of Mr. Shurtleff. The ensuing quarrel, during which President Wheelock tried to force the trustees to withdraw Mr. Shurtleff from preaching, was the beginning of President Wheelock's "disaffection" to the trustees which grew into open enmity and resulted in the famous Dartmouth College Case.

The Dothan faction, being in the majority in the 1804 dispute, had boldly kept the name "The Church of Christ at Dartmouth College" and remained Presbyterian. Twenty-two members on the east side of the Connecticut River became an independent church, Congregational in form, sanctioned by a special council on July 2, 1805. This group took the name "The Church in the Vicinity of Dartmouth College." On May 28, 1812, it was voted "that this church shall in future be designated by the name 'The Congregational Church at Dartmouth College.'" So it remained for nearly a century, until 1906, when it resumed its original name, "The Church of Christ at Dartmouth College," as the Dothan church was no longer in existence.

Both the church at the Center and the college church became attached (1805) to the Congregational Association, which had grown in strength in the Upper Connecticut Valley with the fading of the Grafton Presbytery and its short-lived successor known as the Consociation.

The formal religious life of Hanover was further extended when at Mill Village (Etna) on October 10, 1791, "the Baptist brethren and sisters met, and after opening the meeting by prayer pro-

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ceeded to embody as a church" with David Eaton, deacon, Abel Bridgman, moderator, and Thomas Nevins, clerk. The nucleus of this group consisted of former members of Mr. Burroughs' church, one of whom, Susanna Dowe, as early as 1785 had become convinced that immersion was the only proper mode of baptism. In that year the Reverend Thomas Baldwin of Canaan administered the rite to Miss Dowe in the Pressey Brook not far from Goose Pond.

The Baptists for some years "enjoyed preaching of the word from different persons." Some were ministers from nearby towns, others their own members. In the early years the church was associated with the Woodstock, Barre, and Meredith Associations, in turn, and had members coming from Hanover, Lyme, Dorchester, and Norwich. For a short period it was known as "the church of Hanover and Lyme." Having no building of its own, the group met in private homes, the schoolhouse, or barns with privileges on certain occasions in the new "South" Meeting-house at the Center.

The Baptists grew in strength under the guidance of Elder Isaac Bridgman and also prospered under Elder Jesse Coburn during whose ministry their meeting-house was built. In 1825 the "First Baptist Society" was formed in accordance with the State Legislative Act of 1819. Records of the Society give details of the building of the "neat and convenient brick edifice two miles south of the center near the mills" on land given by Ithamar Hall.

Forty-six subscribers pledged "2,000 feet of boards" and \$873, specifying in most cases that part would be paid in labor and material. Mr. Coburn is credited with the plans for the building and with the design and actual construction of the pulpit. The 40' x 40' brick church with belfry was dedicated in 1827. During the latter part of the century extensive repairs and improvements were made, including the building of a vestry in 1898-99.

From the beginning the church granted privileges to those outside its membership, stating that the church "shall be free for ministers of other Christian denominations who sustain a good moral character, to occupy when unoccupied by the Baptists." Specifically to the Universalists the Society said, "We have agreed to give you the use of our Meeting-house the first Sabbath in July and the first Sabbath in November, if you should wish to use it those days; which with the one you have had will make three Sabbaths for the present year (1832)." The arrangement was later

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extended to "every second Sabbath of every second month during the year."

Just after the Baptists had established themselves at Mill Village, the Congregational Church at the Center laid plans for a new meeting-house. Following the custom of the times, the church at the Center in 1835 organized a Religious Society for the better conduct of its business and appointed three trustees. A major endeavor five years later (1840) was the construction of a new building to replace the now dilapidated "new" South Meeting-house. This building, 56' x 42' with a belfry and dome, was situated a few rods north of its predecessor on land given by John Smith II. The arrangement whereby the Universalists had previously held part ownership in the Congregational Church building was not renewed at the new location.

The ministry of the Reverend John M. Ellis, pastor during the building of the new church, was marked by considerable activity both by him and by his wife who led the Female Missionary Society. Mr. Ellis' salary is recorded as "\$400 a year in addition to the use of the parsonage, firewood, and hay for a horse and a cow."

The church was served by a number of ministers for varying lengths of time, the Reverend Charles A. Downs of Lebanon being pastor for twenty-four years. During one period of forty-five years and for shorter intervals between the settled pastorates, services were carried on by stated supplies and in several instances with the assistance of students from the College.

While the people at the Center were raising their new church, the Methodists banded together "on the Plain" to form the "First Methodist Episcopal Society in Hanover, N. H." in September 1840. There had been scattered periods of Methodist activity previously. In 1796 Lorenzo Dow of Coventry, Connecticut, preached while visiting relatives in Hanover, and from 1800 to 1809 appointments were made to a "Hanover Circuit." The Reverend Elijah Hedding, who was assigned to this circuit in 1804, considered it a "resting place," a comparatively easy circuit to travel, preaching on alternate Sundays in Canaan. He described his usual "routine of labour" as follows: "On one Sabbath I was accustomed to preach twice in the daytime in the center of the town of Hanover, in a Congregational Meeting-house where they had no settled minister. In the evening of the same day I would ride to

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the village where Dartmouth College is located and preach in a private house or schoolhouse." The minister "lived from house to house as Providence paved the way," finding in Hanover "no lack of open houses and kind hearts ready to receive and entertain him. His opportunities for study also were better there than ever before and he was diligent in the improvement of them."

Later preachers coming on occasion from the Canaan, Norwich, and Lebanon Circuits laid the groundwork for the formation of the Methodist Church in Hanover. A meeting-house was built in 1841 at the northeast corner of Lebanon and College Streets at a cost of approximately \$2,000. This building was used by the Society until 1850-51, when the Methodists, badly in debt, leased it to the Episcopalians, who purchased it a year or so later. Hanover members then joined the Lebanon Methodists. A local chronicler at mid-century summed up the situation in Hanover in one sentence: "At present the Methodists have no visible organization in the town." And there has been none since that time.

For many years following the "missionary work" of Mr. Cossit of the London Society (1775), the only Episcopalian services were those conducted by itinerant clergymen. About 1831, however, the Reverend Benjamin Hale, professor of chemistry at the Dartmouth Medical School, began holding services in his own parlor and also in the Medical Building for a small group which included a few students, Dr. Daniel Oliver and other residents. Professor Hale's conduct was obnoxious to the Congregationalist College fathers. The trustees, who had no power to remove Professor Hale legally, abolished his professorship in 1835 with no charge of misconduct, no hearing, no warning to discontinue his Episcopal services. The "case of Prof. Hale" was debated beyond the State boundaries and brought forth letters and vituperative pamphlets.

No further Episcopal services are recorded until 1850, when Dr. Fitch Oliver of Boston, who as a boy had attended meetings at Professor Hale's with his father, became interested in seeing an Episcopal Church established in Hanover. Knowing there was a group of active Episcopalians with "three influential ladies" among them, he presented his views to Bishop Carleton Chase of New Hampshire. With the Bishop's support, the use of the Methodist meeting-house and the services of the Reverend Edward Bourns, president and professor of languages at Norwich Uni-

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versity, were secured. Dr. Bourns was installed as priest in charge with a salary of \$300, preaching on Sunday afternoons except for the first Sunday of each month when he came in the morning to administer Communion.

The old church, purchased from the Methodists whose Society had been dissolved, was renovated in 1861 at an expense of \$1200-\$1400, met largely by interested persons outside of Hanover. One of the contributors was the Earl of Dartmouth, who gave £100.

The name "St. Thomas" was officially approved in 1854 and the parish formally organized with vestry, wardens and clerk elected by the whole parish with authority to choose their minister and manage their local affairs. Professor Thomas Crosby became Senior Warden and served as Lay Reader after Dr. Bourns left the area upon the removal of Norwich University to Northfield, Vermont.

Professor Crosby enlisted students as helpers. Among them were two freshmen, Abiel Leonard and Ethelbert Talbot, and a sophomore, Isaac Nicholson, who "conducted services, Sunday School, acted as sexton—sweeping floors, ringing bells, clearing paths etc." When the Reverend James Haughton was made the first rector, these students pledged the \$1200 for his salary and undertook to raise the money *outside* the parish. "And they raised it." The three students assisted in building the rectory in 1869, "literally taking off their coats and becoming diggers and trenchers, to lessen the cost of preparing the foundation." And all three became bishops.

By 1870 the need "for a stone structure, solid, churchly, beautiful," was expressed by Bishop William Woodruff Niles, Bishop Chase's successor, who began soliciting funds among friends outside of New Hampshire. In the next few years more than sixty contributors gave approximately \$30,000. Two substantial local gifts came from Dartmouth College's President Asa Dodge Smith and Treasurer Daniel Blaisdell, showing the change in attitude of college officials towards Episcopalianism from the days of Professor Hale. The old Methodist meeting-house was sold to become, in turn, Kibling's Opera House, a commercial inn, and "South Hall," used as a college dormitory until it was razed in 1959.

The foundation for the new "Gothic" St. Thomas Episcopal Church was laid in 1874. The nave, seating three hundred worshipers, was built the next year, and the chancel completed the following year. The chancel, altar and reredos, stained glass win-

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dows and organ were memorial gifts contributed at various times by members and friends of the church.

The edifice of granite from a local quarry, designed by Frederick Clarke Withers of New York, was consecrated on September 19, 1876. Since 1892, when the vestry was given up, the Senior Warden has been appointed by the Rector and the Rector by the Bishop of New Hampshire.

About the middle of the nineteenth century (probably 1845) Roman Catholic Mass was said for the first time in Hanover by the Reverend John B. Daley of Rutland, missionary at large, in a house on the corner of Lebanon Street and Sanborn Road. Later Mass was said at the O'Leary home and also at the Precinct Hall. Pastors from Lancaster, Laconia and Lebanon visited Hanover and administered to Roman Catholic residents.

In 1887 the Reverend Louis M. LaPlante, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church in Lebanon, purchased land for the building of a church on South Street. Under the Reverend Cyril J. Paradis, "work began July 6 and the church including altar and vestment case was completed December 29, 1887," Mass being said for the first time in the new wooden church three days later on New Year's Day, 1888. The building was blessed and dedicated on July 8 of that year by the Right Reverend Denis M. Brady, D.D., first Bishop of Manchester. Confirmation for the first time was administered on this occasion. Roman Catholics were under the spiritual jurisdiction of the pastor of the church at Lebanon until the establishment of a parish in Hanover in 1907.

The Congregational church on the green underwent many physical changes during the nineteenth century. In 1827 the upper fifty feet of the tall and beautifully proportioned spire was pulled down as it had become unsafe. The square tower, capped by a railing, remained until remodeling in 1838, when a new steeple was built and the square pews were replaced by "slips."

A vestry for prayer meetings and social activities was built in 1841 on land given by Mills Olcott adjoining the meeting-house. The large white church with the small vestry at its side came to be known as "the Cow and the Calf." "Improvements" in the church building were the installation in 1852 of an organ for music previously provided by the Handel Society Orchestra, and the addition of vestibule porches, the repair of foundations, a



Congregational Church at Hanover Center, erected 1841



Baptist Church at Etna, erected 1827



District No. 1 Schoolhouse, built 1839 at 1 School Street;
now owned by the Christian Science Society



Hanover Grade School on Allen Street; built 1877, enlarged 1896

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furnace for wood, and carpets for the aisles in 1869. Even the students' seats were "cushioned and widened, being too narrow to sleep on with safety." More radical remodeling was done in 1877 when \$4,000 was spent in "necessary and convenient changes in the interior" and in lengthening the building by eleven feet.

Extensive alterations took place in 1889 when Stanford H. White of New York was engaged as architect to beautify and modernize the church called by students "the college barn." The building was extended twelve feet at the north end to make room for the new organ given by Mr. Hiram Hitchcock, who also met the greater part of the cost of the renovations. Dartmouth College contributed \$500. On its ninety-fourth birthday the building, greatly changed in proportion and decoration, was reopened with an address by Frederick Chase, Esquire, and remarks by Professor E. R. Ruggles, chairman of the building committee, and the Reverend Samuel Penniman Leeds, the pastor.

The business affairs of the church, the custody of "the house," and the church's relationship with the College were carried on by the Dartmouth Religious Society, organized in 1830. From that date a pastor was engaged independently by the Society, no longer being the Professor of Divinity supplied by the College. However, the College contributed a substantial sum towards the minister's salary, as he was recognized as the official preacher to the students, and the College trustees were given the "right to use the building without charge (doing it no damage) for commencement and other public exercises of the College." This arrangement continued until 1908 when commencements and other public assemblies of the College were transferred to the newly completed Webster Hall.

During the present century several new church buildings have been erected and additions and improvements made to existing ones.

St. Denis Roman Catholic Church, which had been under the care of Lebanon, became a separate parish in 1907 when the Reverend James E. McCooey was made resident pastor of the church on South Street. It was not until 1922 that land was bought for a larger place of worship at the corner of Lebanon Street and Sanborn Road. Mass was said for the first time on November 1, 1924, in the new gray stone edifice, 108' x 52', designed by the firm of Larson and Wells, and the blessing and

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dedication of the church took place on May 23, 1925. The present parish covers Hanover, Lyme, Lyme Center, Hanover Center and Etna.

The Baptist Church at Etna and the Congregational Church at the Center united in 1911 in an effort to overcome financial difficulties each was experiencing. A conference, held at the home of the Reverend F. L. Knapp in Lebanon, by committees of the two churches with representatives of their respective State organizations, resolved that "the interest of the Kingdom of God will be best served by a federation for the joint support of a resident minister." It was understood that "whatever arrangement is made shall not jeopardize the integrity of either church or their denominational interests."

The two churches held joint meetings annually, and conferences between their pulpit committees considered such matters as those "relating to the salary of our minister." The first minister under the federation was the Reverend Edward C. Sargent, a Congregationalist, who was followed by the Reverend Charles L. Chamberlain, a Baptist, and, in turn, by the Reverend Addison P. Gifford, a Congregationalist, whose pastorate ended with the discontinuance of the federation in 1924.

Termination was due to the acceptance by the Baptist Church of the terms of the bequest of Mr. John L. Bridgman. A phrase in the will, "maintaining preaching of the Baptist denomination," was interpreted as placing emphasis upon "baptism by immersion," which could not be carried out under the federation. At a final meeting of the pulpit committees it was voted that "the Congregational church be thanked for their participation in the federation now terminated" and "that the Baptist church wishes to cooperate with said Congregational Church in all ways consistent with the terms of said will and invites that church to participate in its services."

Since the "unfederation," each group has maintained its respective church, finding its own minister and making changes in its building from time to time. A vestry was added to the First Church of Christ at the Center in 1918 in a community enterprise in which Congregationalist members, neighbors of other faiths, and "unchurched" friends worked together on the construction.

Fire totally destroyed the Congregational Church of Christ at Dartmouth College on May 13, 1931. The lot on which the

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church had stood was transferred to the College in exchange for a sum which, with the insurance on the burned building, made possible the erection of a new church on College Street a little north of the old site.

This Classic Revival edifice with its 125' spire was designed by Mr. Hobart Upjohn of New York with Wells, Hudson and Granger of Hanover, associate architects. It was dedicated on November 10, 1935, with services conducted by the Reverend William Henry Spence, the church's minister.

The new "White Church" and Parish House, built as a single unit, are used by community groups as well as the Sunday School, Women's Association, Pilgrim Fellowship, and other organizations of the church.

Since World War II, a number of new religious societies have emerged, growing from informal groups into definite church organizations in several instances.

The Christian Scientists rented Stockbridge House on the corner of West Wheelock and School Streets for several months in 1949. Services were held on Sunday evenings and certain Wednesday evenings when the building was not in use by the Episcopalians, for whom it served as Sunday School and Parish House.

The Christian Science Society rented a hall in the Bridgman Building on Main Street for services from November 1949 until November 1954, when the group returned to the Stockbridge House where it has continued and which it purchased in 1960. "Christian Science Society, Hanover, New Hampshire" was accepted by the Christian Science Board of Directors as a branch of The Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, on March 1, 1951. "Christian Science Society, Hanover," was incorporated in January 1955 under the laws of the State of New Hampshire. The title, or name, was changed on January 28, 1961 to—"First Church of Christ, Scientist, Hanover, New Hampshire."

St. Thomas moved its church school and parish activities in 1954 from Stockbridge House to its new Milham House adjoining the church. This educational unit, designed by Mr. Stanley Orcutt, was built in memory of Mr. Charles Gilbert Milham, Lay Reader for many years. At the same time renovations beneath the church itself created a hall for social gatherings which was named

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in honor of Professor William R. Gray, former Dean of Tuck School. A porch, designed by Mr. Frank Barrett, was added to the church in 1959. This entrance of Indiana limestone and granite from a Concord, New Hampshire quarry was made possible by funds given by the late Winifred Storrs Raven of Hanover.

The most recent church building in Hanover is that of the Chapel of our Saviour, Lutheran, on Summer Street which was dedicated on January 27, 1958. The chapel, contemporary in style, which serves both for worship and as a fellowship hall, was designed by E. H. and M. K. Hunter of Hanover and financed by the Atlantic District, the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, to which the congregation belongs. Large granite blocks from "the old haunted house on the River Road" were used in the foundations, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Stanhope.

Lutherans became active in the community about 1945 when the Reverend Darrell Helmers, pastor of the Enfield Community Church, was instrumental in gathering a group of Lutheran students and Hanover residents at the home of a Dartmouth professor. The growth of the group led Mr. Helmers to petition the Atlantic District for a mission at Hanover. In 1955 the informal group became "The Chapel of our Saviour, Lutheran" with a missionary. Services were held at first in St. Thomas Episcopal Church, later in Rollins Chapel, the Grade School, and the Musgrove Building before the mission moved to the present location in 1958. The mission was organized into a congregation the following year, and the pastor, who had been serving as missionary, installed on January 31, 1960.

Changes in the churches at Hanover Center and Etna were also being made about the time that the Episcopalians and Lutherans were in the midst of their building projects. Both the interior and exterior of the Congregational Church at the Center were painted and a heating system installed in 1958. At the Baptist Church in Etna the construction of Trumbull Hall, dedicated in January 1955 and named for Mr. W. H. Trumbull, greatly increased facilities for the various church organizations and community activities.

Although Jewish residents of Hanover have never formed a congregation, many have attended services conducted by students at Dartmouth College. Occasionally High Holy Day Observances have been held in which residents of Hanover and neighboring towns have participated.

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Four Unitarian families whose main concern was Sunday School for their children were instrumental in organizing "The Unitarian Fellowship of Hanover," which was approved by the American Unitarian Association on November 6, 1955. In the beginning the children attended Sunday School in the basement of a private home and later moved to the present location in the Hanover Nursery School.

The Fellowship met every other Sunday evening in various college buildings for the first few years. Meetings are now held every Sunday in Rollins Chapel, sometimes for worship, sometimes for discussion. In addition to providing leaders from its own membership, the group has invited ministers from Unitarian and Universalist churches in New Hampshire and Vermont to conduct services and has had professors from the Dartmouth faculty and representatives from headquarters of the American Unitarian Association and the Unitarian Service Committee as speakers. An executive committee, elected annually, has general charge of the business affairs and control of the administration of the Fellowship.

Just as President Eleazar Wheelock "gathered" his church in his home in 1771 and as all the other churches started, so Hanover Friends (Quakers), the most recently organized religious group in Hanover, began with an informal meeting in a private home. Seven residents and two students met in October 1954 in the living room of a Dartmouth faculty member. Meetings for worship and fortnightly discussions continued until the following spring, when meetings for worship were transferred to the Dartmouth Christian Union Lounge in College Hall.

The group has grown with members and attenders coming from other towns on both sides of the river in the Upper Connecticut Valley. "The Hanover Monthly Meeting, Religious Society of Friends" was recognized by the New England Yearly Meeting on June 24, 1959. The Hanover Meeting and the Burlington (Vermont) Monthly Meeting constitute the Northwest Quarterly Meeting of the New England Yearly Meeting and meet together four times a year for worship and business. Concerns of the Hanover Meeting are under the care of the Clerk and assisting committees.

Note: Further information regarding Hanover's Churches may be found in the Archives of Baker Library, Dartmouth College, or by consulting the pastors and clerks of the respective religious groups.

Schools in Town and Village

by Elisabeth and David Bradley

THE first record we have of the Hanover schools dates from a time twenty years after the settlement of Hanover and refers to schools already in operation. The spare report of a town meeting in 1787 tells simply that Jonathan Freeman Esq., Deacon John Wright and Wm. Dewey were appointed a committee "to take care of the school Right in this town."

The "Worning" for Town Meeting three years later carried among other articles the following: "to see if the town will agree on any regular methord to Cary on Schooling." The need for a more formal administration of the schools came about because of a state law recently passed requiring both state and local support of public education; the community trained in the New Englander's simple but effective ways of self-government, heeded the warning and "voted to raise £150 for the use of Schooling the Insuing Year to be paid Equal to wheat at 5/ per Bushal . . ." The money apparently was to be spent at the discretion of the "Committee."

This, to some members of the community, seemed to be too large a grant of power, for on April 2, 1790 the selectmen were handed a "pertition" signed by nineteen voters protesting against the committee and asserting that taxes were already so burdensome that this additional one could not be borne "without impoverishing there Familyes to a suffering condition."

Upon receiving this remonstrance the Selectmen called another meeting, four weeks later, at which time the town voted to "disanul" the action raising £150. No further action in support of the school was taken: whether owing to the lateness of the hour, a snow storm, or hot tempers. But three weeks later a third meeting was called at which £100 was voted, including the "£30 which is Raised by the State." The petitioners were apparently satisfied that seventy pounds (or the equivalent in wheat) would not bring their families to a suffering condition, and the committee must have established itself as one of wise and prudent men, for the method of "laying out" the money was not changed. This is the

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earliest record we have of a dispute over the cost of education in Hanover. It was settled in the calm and civilized way of self-governing people.

Meanwhile, as the village of Hanover grew, the land around it was settled, cleared, farmed, northward first, later to the east, over the hills, ultimately to the far side of Moose Mountain. New schools had to be established, school buildings built, teachers found, administrative machinery set up. By 1790 there were five districts in the town of Hanover, by 1807 there were twelve, by the middle of the century there were eighteen, the last one split off from District 11 when three families, deciding they had enough children between them and too far to travel, set up a school and built a schoolhouse of their own. This situation persisted, with each district a "little republic" unto itself, until 1885 when all schools (other than the District No. 1 school in the village) were consolidated under one board and called the Town District. Not until 1927 (and then mainly to qualify for state aid under a new Concord statute) did the Town District and District No. 1 merge and establish the present management by Superintendent and School Board.

Administration in those early school districts was simple, voluntary, and generally adequate. A "School Committee" was elected at the district meeting. At first these committees consisted of three people, later the number was reduced to two and then one. It was sufficient. That man had only to oversee the general operation of the school. A warning posted usually on the door of the schoolhouse would at any time call the district together; there might be only one meeting a year, there might be several, depending upon the business at hand.

We may take the following record, from District No. 3, as typical:

The legal voters of School District No. 3 of Hanover, met pursuant to previous notice given by committee Mar. 30, 1829, and organized their meeting by choosing Cyrus Chandler Moderator.

Voted and chose Jeremiah Chandler clerk.

Voted to have a school four months the summer ensuing.

Voted to leave it discretionary with their committee to have a teacher.

Voted to furnish wood out of the publick money. Wood accordingly bid off by John W. Chandler at \$1.45 per cord.

Voted to dissolve this meeting.

Attest

Jeremiah Chandler
Clerk

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In addition to the School Committee (of one) there was usually a Prudential Committee (of one) whose job it was to hire teachers, see to the repairs of the building, and pay the bills.

While eruptions were frequent in the affairs of District No. 1, the outlying schools maintained themselves largely unmodified for nearly two centuries: they were good or poor depending upon teachers and upon the interest of the families in schooling. The schoolhouses were almost always of one large room, illuminated through its windows, heated by a fireplace in the early days, later by a proper wood-burning stove. The schoolmistress had her large desk, blackboard, books, flag. The smaller children sat on the benches, or at desks, nearest her while the larger ones occupied the rear seats. First grade to eighth were conducted simultaneously: while the rest were working at assignments, one group would be up in the recitation seats next to the teacher. Anyone in the room might be called upon to answer a question. A "Roll of Honor" was often kept and published—the names of those who had perfect attendance.

The testing of the teacher's discipline was the annual prerogative of the larger boys, and stories of teachers being thrown from the windows are matched by those in which the teacher "threw to the floor" some obstreperous young man. Whispering was regarded high among the deadly sins. But since whispering is to school boys what wetness is to water we can reasonably doubt the record claimed in District 2 that "not one had whispered during the term, a very uncommon fact."

School went on: the graduates went to work, a few went to high school in Lebanon or Hanover, whichever was nearer; they married and took their turns on school or prudential committees. The subjects taught were not called a "curriculum," and they were largely unchanged in two hundred years: reading, writing, number work, grammar, spelling (with frequent public spelling bees), Bible readings, stories, history and civics, geography, declamation, a little Latin. The school together with the church was the center of the community's modest social life. It had to fit into the community's economic life. For a long time there was a "winter school" of two or three months, and a "summer school" of four or five. Sometimes there were separate schools for "males and females," as weather and farming allowed. Later, as the need for "longer schools" was recognized, there were three terms: spring, fall, and winter—varying in length as money and wood held out.

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In the spring the oldest students would present themselves to be examined, in public and orally, by “the committee” to see what they had learned and whether they were ready to be graduated.

The costs of running a district school in the early nineteenth century are given in figures too small to be grasped nowadays. Thus the record for District 3 in 1837 reads:

On school bill	\$26.36
Publick money rec'd of D. Bridgeman	\$13.25
Rec'd of Francis Woodward	\$.50
	<hr/>
	\$40.11
Paid for summer school	\$ 9.00
Paid for winter school	\$17.00
Paid for washing schoolhouse	.33
Paid for glass and broom	.70
Paid for Wood	\$ 2.47
Paid for boreting school mistress	\$11.21
	<hr/>
	\$40.11

Sometimes the school mistress was paid by the term, sometimes by the month. She might be given a stipend for “boarding” or she might be “boarded around” among the families in the district. Heat was a constant problem during the winter terms; the warrants invariably contain an article about “wood” (whether it shall be paid out of taxes, or assessed among the several families in the community according to the number of children in school). One of the older school boys might be paid fifty cents for splitting the wood and building the fires for a term—or, as one of the records shows: “Paid to widow Hatch for making fires—\$1.00.” In any case the school mistress was expected to know how to handle an axe, build fires, draw water, shovel snow as she was expected to know how to handle almost everything else.

The buildings, of course, were as plain as the studies. They stood in the center of a trampled (and often muddy) play ground. There was always a flagpole outside, and in back a privy. Travel to the schools was on foot (barefoot in the warm months) and the boy who was old enough to drive down in his father’s wagon or buggy was lord of all indeed and about ready to be married.

The problems of building, adding, rebuilding which have occupied the records of District 1 in Hanover since 1808, were not less acute in the country because rural budgets and rural expectations were simpler. For example in the warning for the Rudds-

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boro District of 1856 we read: "Art. iii To see if the district will remove and fit up the present school house or build a new one and fix upon a location for the same."

The district voted to pass over this article and continued to do so each year until 1862, when after two meetings of deliberation they went so far as to engage a Mr. Abbott of Lyme to estimate the cost of a new house (\$290) and of repairing the old one (\$249). At a later meeting that year they voted to raise \$200 to repair the old house and build a privy, and "to sell [i.e. contract out] all the materials to repair the schoolhouse in lots to the lowest bidder to be delivered on the spot by the 20th of June next." By the next summer the schoolhouse was completely renovated from stone underpinnings to ridgepole, the total cost being within forty-three cents of Mr. Abbott's estimate.

It would be easy to idealize the rural schools now that they have gone. They were often poor, crowded, dirty, noisy, ill-lit, and ventilated by Aeolus himself. Yet, strange to say, the hardy youngsters who grew up through such an environment (ignorant of the word "underprivileged") seem to remember best the kind of homespun adventures the school provided—adventures which don't get into school records and which may never come in modern well-appointed classrooms.

One girl, recounting her years (1937-1946) in the Goss School (District 14) during the reign of Mertena Gardner, tells of things which only a child would recognize as being "education":

One of my most vivid memories is drinking from the clear cool brook that came running down the mountainside. Mert would come outside 10 or 15 minutes before recess time was over 3 times a day and announce it was time for drinks, whereupon we would go dashing up the North Peak of the Moose Mountain range to our familiar spots, lie down on tummies & drink & daydream at our own reflection, contemplating our own child universe until the bell in the doorway would remind us that school must go on.

Later when a small water cooler arrived from the big city of Hanover everyone was pleased with the novelty for about 3 days, then sadness set in over giving up the stream.

On those mornings when the fire was good, everyone would get out potatoes, brought from home, initial them with pencil & place them on the grate over the stove. Halfway through the morning, Mert would announce potato-turning time & everyone tended to his own. By noon they'd be just right to eat with a pat of home-made butter & dash of salt.

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The doings in School District No. 1 (in the village or "Precinct" of Hanover, once called the Dresden District) have been distinctly different from those of the surrounding districts and deserve special mention. Hanover Plain itself was never a typical New England town, growing out of a farm community into a village, establishing a church, stores, roads, and a school. In Hanover the school established the town—it was Moor's Indian Charity School, moved bodily from Connecticut, and thenceforth appended to Wheelock's new Dartmouth College.

The first settler had been here only five years, the first town meeting held only three years, prior to the coming of Wheelock and his scholars, his wagons and his family. Town and College were one at the beginning and to a large extent have remained so. It is not surprising therefore that almost no records exist of the early years of the local public school: it was established by common consent, its administration so well known as to require no special notice.

The District No. 1 school had begun in the earliest days as a part of the elementary department attached to the College under the name of Moor's School and designed for teaching Indians and other pupils preparing for college. The teachers were members of the faculty and upperclassmen of the College; the same instructors taught both the children and the older boys. The school was housed in the old college building until the Moor's Academy was erected in 1791, after which time it occupied that house. From 1803 to 1805 it was sheltered in "Little's Hall" on Main Street, but then returned to the Academy. Both College and village found this arrangement unsatisfactory, but it had the advantage of being inexpensive and served for two generations.

Finally in 1808, after a dispute over costs and site, the first schoolhouse was built on the knoll where the Christian Science Building, No. 1 School Street, now stands. The close connection with "Moor's School" and the College continued, however, a school mistress teaching the elementary subjects and the faculty and students teaching the college preparatory work.

For nearly a century the subjects taught were of the strict classical type: reading, writing, arithmetic, music, spelling, grammar, geography in the lower grades; Greek, Latin, geometry, history, civics, rhetoric in the higher. As late as 1894 "school" consisted of four departments (Primary, Intermediate, Grammar, and High

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school) occupying one building and having only five regular teachers.

Whether such subjects constitute the basis of an education is as debatable now as it was in 1821 when a writer calling himself "Crito" (for reasons of authority or obscurity) published twenty essays in the *Dartmouth Herald* ranging from religious instruction to corporal punishment. Who this lone and literary trumpeter was would be hard to guess: was he a scientist? ("Arithmetic may be very easily taught;" Geography "is the fittest for children.") Or an editor? ("Writing is an art seldom acquired in any perfection.") Or a "committee" pleading for better pay for the teachers? ("It is after all more the manner of teaching than the things taught that constitutes a good education.") Or a bleak and dangerous radical? ("English grammar is unsuitable for the study of children . . . it requires a degree of judgement which they cannot be supposed to possess.")

Perhaps Crito was only a clown, or a parent asking that some consideration be given to the congestion then and chronically present in the classrooms:

Custom has generally established among instructors the practice of hearing two reading lessons by each pupil in every half day. But in a school of fifty it would enable the instructor to devote scarcely half a minute to the exercise of each individual. Now, nothing is more demonstrable than the utter impossibility of teaching the art of reading by lessons of a half a minute each.

The nineteenth century was the era of general elementary education "to prepare all the youth, rich or poor . . . in upright conduct and practical religion" for successful farming or business. Subjects other than the "fundamentals" previously mentioned did not begin to be taught until the end of the century: physiology, physics, sometimes chemistry and botany when teachers and classroom space were concurrently available. French appears in 1894, and agitation for German. Laboratories, libraries, and algebra are in demand. Bookkeeping and stenography courses appear just prior to World War I. Home Economics, Shop, Physical Education, and School Lunches "for those whose weight is below normal" become part of the business of the schools in the twenties. In recent times full time "Guidance," "Problems of Democracy" and "Driver Training" have been added, along with the steady division of former courses into more specialized units.

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More than a hundred courses are now offered at high school alone.

We are now nearly done with the era of universal high school education. The first agitation by the "Superintending School Committee" for a high school in Hanover began in 1860, but it was not until 1888 that a regular high school was established, growing out of what had previously been "the higher department." It continued to occupy a room in the single brick building on the north side of Allen Street erected in 1877, until 1914 when a separate high school building was put up on the south side of the same street. In 1930 only about half of the high school students stayed on to finish the four-year course; now the drop-out rate is under 1%.

What the children thought of having to go to school has probably not changed in spite of better schoolhouses and a "curriculum." Their cheers were not recorded by the Committee when it reported in 1888 that "school closes one week earlier than usual this winter. A satisfactory reason has not been given, although among which are a lack of coal, a lack of ventilation, and Dutch measles."

The report, in 1852, that "whispering & every species of disorder were triumphantly suppressed," again we may doubt, but we do not question the statement that the brow of the hill, and that wonderful sweep from School Street to the river, were

A constant source of trouble to the teachers. The pupils become more expert in steering a handsled than in solving problems in arithmetic. They learn more of the profane and vulgar dialect of the street than of the chaste and virtuous language of the school room. They spend more time in amusement than in study . . . others actually fail to reach the school on the day of their departure from home.

In those early and unrecorded years the school in District 1 had its School Committee and Prudential Committee; that was the traditional administration. Then in 1808, because state funds for education were involved, the Legislature required a further governing body: the "Superintending School Committee," composed of two or three citizens who were to oversee the work of all of the districts. They were commissioned to visit each school during the year, account for expenditures, and write the annual reports.

Their largest task, however, was with District No. 1. It must be admitted that the local schools, for more than a century and despite their close relation with the College, by any other standard

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than indifference were poor and scratching things. The annual reports, written by conservative and respected members of the community, are replete with comments on the condition of buildings, noise, overcrowding, truancy, insubordination, and disinterest of parents. Occasionally the words "dilapidated," "a lamentable fact," "disgrace" creep in; yet even these epithets tell not so accurate a story as:

1889: We are sorry to hear that none of our teachers are to return next year.

1896: It is a lamentable fact, but nevertheless true, that in this college town there is no school where a young man may prepare for college.

For more than a hundred years (until the advent of the modern Superintendent and School Board) the Superintending School Committee served the town as best it could and moved ahead as rapidly as the town would allow. They had to make do in the matter of buildings; common indeed were such entries as this of 1874: "Voted—\$4,500 to repair the old house," rescinded at a later meeting, and "\$500 raised to build a new privy."

And they had to make do in the matter of studies. Of necessity they had to experiment, proving, incidentally, the cyclic nature of change. They experimented with sizes of classes (up to sixty pupils!); length of high school (four or five years); one- or two-session systems; a 6-6 system, a Junior High, and an 8-4 system, and similar attempts at solving educational problems.

In spite of their year-by-year frustrations, these voluntary guardians of the schools were largely successful; what they hoped for in time came to pass. If the town failed at first to see their needs, at least the town acted when the need became unavoidable. Meanwhile we cannot doubt the great pride the Committee felt when, at the end of the spring term, with the families assembled, all could read the real accomplishments of the year at the exercises of graduation.

The history of school buildings in District No. 1 may be summarized briefly. The first separate school building was a one-room wooden structure, erected in 1807 at the 1 School Street site, at a cost of \$432. It was superseded at a later but unrecorded date by a larger, two story house on the same spot. In 1839 the brick building still standing on that site was built; its cost is no longer known. Agitation begun in 1869 for a new schoolhouse resulted

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in 1877 in a three story, four room brick schoolhouse built on Allen Street to accommodate four "departments," at a cost of \$10,933. After six years of complaint against overcrowding in this building an additional wing was attached to it in 1896; cost \$7,795. Demands for a separate high school begun in 1911 culminated in 1914 in a new building also on Allen Street, costing \$30,048. But "enlarged school facilities" were called for as soon as 1918, the clamor increased, and in 1924 the grade school on Lebanon Street was erected for \$98,500. Five years later the first agitation for a new high school began, and the new building just south of the grade school was put up in 1934 for \$203,849. The addition to the high school in 1956 cost \$707,000, and that to the grade school in 1959 \$214,000, each the result of several years of discussion and deliberation.

If government is indeed the art of the possible, then school buildings are a fair test of local government. The above brief history of school building in Hanover reveals that the town meeting type of government, as might be expected, provides a calm hand in a crisis and very little capacity to plan ahead. In the nineteenth century congestion in the classrooms was chronic and crises came only periodically. But since 1890—with rising costs, increased demands for better education, and the popularity and population of Hanover always exceeding the measured expectations—the building of classrooms seems to be almost an eternal problem. On an average it took almost five years for a "crisis" to reach effective action. On an average the "relief" provided by additions or new buildings lasted no longer.

So the record runs for the two extant buildings in Hanover. The grade school has been added to twice, the high school doubled in size. The struggle for "a new high school" in the mid-1950's was not different in any significant way from those of the thirties, twenties, 1914, 1896, 1877. The generation of the 1960's will not be exempt.

There were in addition to the public schools, many private schools in Hanover, generally small and run by strong-minded women for weak-minded girls. The rowdy elements, both native and imported, were deemed by many parents to offer not quite the proper environment for young ladies. Records of such "finishing schools" are scarce indeed; one finds little more than advertisements in the local papers. The first of such schools probably existed prior to 1800 and between then and 1865 they flourished.

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Boys too needed private schools. Those going on to college usually had to take an extra year or two away at a "college prep" school. At the end of the nineteenth century there was the Leyden Tutoring School in Hanover, and then "Clark School" which only recently (1953) merged with the Cardigan Mountain School and moved to Canaan, New Hampshire.

Two things in particular stand witness to the changes of the past two hundred years in Hanover. The first is that the rural schools are gone: Goss closed in 1951; Etna, after a brief revival, in 1957. Buses can be bought but teachers for such schools are no longer easily come by. The passing of such ancient and important institutions of American education should serve to remind us, amid our annual concerns with cement block and glass brick, that it is still as Crito said in 1821 "more the manner of teaching than the things taught that constitutes a good education."

The second point is this: that in the last few decades (and measurably in the past ten years) Hanover's schools have improved to a point where "overcrowding" is only a relative term and the words "dilapidated" or "disgrace" no longer are appropriate. The schools are excellent.

The growth of town pride in, and support of, its public schools can be read in a comparison of the annual expenditures in 1910 and 1960. The annual school budget rose from \$7,482 in 1910 to \$595,000 in 1960; the average attendance from 261 to 1,102; the cost per pupil from \$29 to \$541; and the average teachers' annual salaries from \$507 to \$5,194. In this comparison too abides the work of many School Board members and citizens' groups which, like that of earlier Superintending School Committees and Prudential "Committees" (of one), was never adequately recorded and is long since forgotten.

This history, gleaned from the brief records we have, tells only a small part of the two hundred years which have gone into the making of our schools. We have no way to measure or record the rest. In 1860 an anonymous member of the "School Committee" was trying to say the same thing in an annual report; it will serve as well now and doubtless still be true in 2060.

Such is the brief record of the year. As it appears on these pages it is of comparatively little worth and will soon be lost to view. Not so

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the actual record of which this is the faintest shadow. Could we have laid before us all the impressions which have been made upon the minds of the youth attending these schools—all the impulses given—all the feelings excited—all the thoughts awakened . . . and could we see the bearing of these impressions . . . upon the life of these youths in coming years . . . the work would be felt a solemnly responsible one. These beginnings are very far from being trifles.

Printer's Ink

by Charles E. Widmayer

IN a community of free citizens the printing press is honored as an essential of both enlightenment and freedom. Except for the earliest years of its history, Hanover has never been without its own local means of producing the printed word. The story of newspapers in the village is a sporadic one, with more gaps than continuity until the *Hanover Gazette* began in 1885; but local printing has made its contribution to community life continuously since 1793, and goes back, indeed, to 1778.

"I was greatly surprised, though much pleased, to find a printing-office established in this part of the world. This vehicle of learning, this liberty of liberties, is in the south end of the College; it is a small though neat printing-office, and where a vast deal of printing work is performed."

This entry in the journal of Sergeant Major John Hawkins, dated April 28, 1779, refers to the famous Dresden Press, which was established here in the period when the southwest district of Hanover had joined with the northwest district of Lebanon to form the new and separate town of Dresden. Whether Dresden was in Vermont or New Hampshire, or in no state at all, as it was at one point, was a fluctuating matter; but at the time the Dresden Press was established, Dresden was in Vermont. The press was in fact created primarily to serve as official printer to the general assembly of the new State of Vermont; and since the College also needed a good printer in the vicinity, Alden Spooner of Norwich, Conn., was persuaded to bring equipment to Dresden and set up a printing office in the fall of 1778. It was the first press in the western part of New Hampshire, preceded in the state only by those in Portsmouth and Exeter.

Spooner was given a half-acre of land on what is now the east side of Main Street, south of the Inn, but since there was no building there, he set up shop "in the south end of the College," near the southeast corner of the present Green. The printing press that Spooner brought with him is believed to have been the historic Stephen Daye press, the first one used in Colonial America.

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It was brought from England to Massachusetts in 1638, with Stephen Daye accompanying it as printer, and was set up in Cambridge that year or early in 1639. Among the rarities printed on it were the *Bay Psalm Book* and Eliot's Indian New Testament. Coming into the possession of the Green family of Cambridge, the press was moved to Connecticut and there was eventually acquired by Spooner. After its short stay in Hanover, the Stephen Daye press traveled to Windsor and other Vermont towns and now belongs to the Vermont Historical Society in Montpelier.

Dresden Press imprints are extremely rare today and are prized by collectors. The late Harold G. Rugg of Hanover prepared a list of thirty-four known titles, fourteen of which do not exist in any known copy. Among the items printed in Hanover in 1779 was *A Compend of English Grammar* by Abel Curtis, Dartmouth 1776, which was probably the earliest purely English grammar written and published in America. It appeared five years before Noah Webster's grammar. The Dresden Press printed the first Dartmouth College catalogue in 1779, and also Ethan Allen's 172-page *Vindication of the Opposition of the Inhabitants of Vermont to the Government of New York, and of their Right to form into an Independent State*.

Sergeant Major Hawkins, who made the journal entry about the Dresden Press, marched north with his regiment, and upon reaching Piermont he made another entry of historic interest to Hanover. Into his hands had come, he reported, Volume 1, Number 1 of the *Dresden Mercury*, dated May 4, 1779. This weekly newspaper, edited by Alden Spooner, was the first paper in the upper Connecticut Valley. Only five copies are known to exist; one of them, the issue of September 27, 1779, is in the archives of Baker Library. The paper did not have a very long life, and it probably came to an end with its twenty-second number in the fall of 1779.

Baker Library's copy of *The Dresden Mercury and the Universal Intelligencer*, a four-page paper of medium size, shows that the weekly gave little space to local news. Featured is a long report from London, five months old, of a House of Commons debate about the conduct of the American war. News items deal with events in Philadelphia, Providence, Hartford and New London. The editor announces that sheepskins are wanted at the printing office, and that rum, tea, coffee, sugar, nails, tobacco, spices, pins, stockings and shoes will be taken in barter for the paper. Delin-

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quent taxpayers are warned, a sorrel mare and a black satin cloak are reported lost, and a Plainfield subscriber advises all and sundry that his wife Eunis has left his bed and board, "contrary to my mind," and has taken all the household furniture with her. The *Dresden Mercury* testifies that human beings in this region were busy being human.

Alden Spooner returned to Connecticut in 1780, and for the next thirteen years Hanover was without a printer or a newspaper. In 1793, Josiah Dunham, who graduated from Dartmouth in 1789 and served as preceptor in Moor's School for the next four years, established a printing office "at the Northwest Corner of College-Square." In addition to setting up a book store, he promptly began publication of a weekly newspaper, and on July 22, 1793, the first issue of *The Eagle or Dartmouth Centinel* appeared.

The *Eagle* continued for six years, until June 1799. In a much truer sense than did the short-lived Dresden paper, it launched the long succession of local newspapers that have served the Hanover community during the past 168 years. Immediately after the *Eagle* came the *Dartmouth Gazette*, 1799-1820, which enjoyed the only existence of any decent length until the present *Gazette* began publication in 1885. During the sixty-five years between the two *Gazettes* the dozen or so papers that tried to make a go of it were out of business more years than they were in. The financial difficulty of keeping a weekly paper going was great, and only job printing in the same shop made it at all possible. The early weeklies cost \$1.00 or \$1.50 a year, paid supposedly in advance. But a constant refrain over the years is the editor's plea for subscription arrears to be paid. In the *People's Advocate*, which managed less than three years of life in the early 1840's, the editor writes that he will be "happy to receive payment in corn, rye, oats, wheat, potatoes, hay, wood, butter and cheese, delivered at this office . . . whatever will pay the board of workmen, keep a family, or feed a horse will be acceptable." The editor of *The Iris* boldly announced that orders "without the money . . . will receive no attention whatever," but this monthly had one of the shortest lives of all—ten months.

Josiah Dunham, however, when he began the *Eagle* on July 22, 1793, was off on a relatively successful six years of publication. Like many of the Hanover papers to come later, the *Eagle* had a certain literary tone and regularly printed a poetry column, in

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its case called "Aonian Rill." Baker Library has twenty-two complete issues of the *Eagle*, and in the paper of September 9, 1793 we find what might be Hanover's first real estate advertisement: "For Sale—Building spot, handsomely and conveniently situated, in the vicinity of Dartmouth College, about twenty rods from College-Square, on the road to the Rope Ferry." A prescient villager would have snapped it up.

Dunham's nephew, John M. Dunham, joined in the printing enterprise in February 1795, and about a month later he and Benjamin True became the publishers of the *Eagle*, with Josiah Dunham continuing as editor. True became sole publisher in March 1797 but died the following year, whereupon Moses Fiske, a former tutor in the College, managed the paper until it ceased publication in June 1799.

Hanover's journalistic hiatus lasted only two months, for Moses Davis, an energetic printer from Concord, purchased the business from True's heirs and had a new weekly paper, the *Dartmouth Gazette*, going by August 27, 1799. Davis was a talented editor, with a head for business, and his many attractive qualities made him a popular citizen of the town. His friendship with Daniel Webster, then a Dartmouth undergraduate, adds special interest to the early years of the *Gazette*, for Webster served as an assistant editor in his junior year and, under the pen name "Icarus," was a regular contributor of poems, moral essays, and political articles. Like the *Eagle* before it, the *Dartmouth Gazette* was strongly Federalist in its politics.

Not only in its concern with politics but in its printing of moral and philosophical essays, poetry, and a great deal of "foreign intelligence," while local news got relatively scant treatment, the *Gazette* was no doubt representative of the rural weeklies of its time. News from abroad, brought back by ship captains along with tales about gigantic sea monsters encountered at sea, was given a great deal of space; and reports from Congress, usually one month old, were also run at length. There was none of the present-day importance attached to page one. In the *Gazette* of February 10, 1819, for example, the front page is given over to a Congressional debate on the Seminole War, and a story of intense local interest—the Dartmouth College Case—appears on page three, although there is an especially large head (18 point!) proclaiming "Good News From Washington!!"

The *Dartmouth Gazette* provides a distinctive chapter in the

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history of Hanover journalism, and its yellowed pages make fascinating reading today. Imagine reading the black-bordered issue of December 30, 1799, which tells of the death of George Washington two weeks earlier, and then reading in succeeding issues how the whole nation mourned him—"the College bell tolled from 12 o'clock until sunset." We learn of Daniel Webster's delivering Hanover's Fourth of July oration in 1800, while still a student, and doing so in a manner that "would have done honor to grey-headed patriotism, and crowned with new laurels the most celebrated orator of our country"—a judgment that shows more than a tinge of the editor's close friendship with young Dan'l.

"Melancholy News" is almost a standard heading for stories of human tragedy, and more of the human story, some of it intriguing, is to be found in the personal notices and the little advertisements about possessions lost or stolen, livestock strayed, and panaceas offered. Picture the repentant sinner behind this notice in the issue of January 5, 1814: "Take Notice! The man who sold fruit some years ago to a member of College, and received counterfeit money in return, is requested to call on Professor Shurtleff, who is authorized to settle with him in behalf of the PENITENT CRIMINAL."

Moses Davis, once he had the *Dartmouth Gazette* firmly established, started a bi-weekly publication of four pages, quarto, called the *Literary Tablet*. Volume 1, Number 1 appeared on August 6, 1803. Both Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel were occasional contributors to this well-intentioned little paper. By Volume 4 it had descended a notch to become "A General Repository of Useful Entertainment." In May 1807 the *Literary Tablet* began coming out weekly, but the financial road was too rocky and it died with the issue of August 5, 1807, in which appears: "Our expenditures have been considerable, our income but small; and we do humbly wish that what is honestly our due may no longer be withheld."

Moses Davis handled a goodly volume of miscellaneous printing in his shop, and some small books, sermons and pamphlets, together with the annual Dartmouth catalogues of officers and students started in 1802, remain as examples of his competent work. One of these pieces is S. Dewey's "Account of a hail storm which fell on part of the towns of Lebanon, Bozrah and Franklin on the 15th of July, 1799; perhaps never equalled by any other ever known, not even in Egypt."

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Never in robust health, Davis died July 24, 1808, at the age of thirty-one. For a few months the *Dartmouth Gazette* was managed by Colburn and Day, about whom nothing is known, and then Mrs. Davis sold the paper and printing business to two brothers, Charles and William Spear, in October 1808. In the fall of 1810 the Spears were joined by a third brother, Henry, who left with William in April 1811 to publish the *Concord Gazette*. Charles Spear remained in Hanover and continued to publish the local paper until June 1820, changing its name for a period, 1813 to 1816, to the *Dartmouth Gazette and Grafton and Coos Advertiser* and then reverting to the original title.

Since the whole of the controversy leading to the Dartmouth College Case fell within the period of the *Dartmouth Gazette's* existence, 1799-1820, stories of the fight between the College and the University, juxtaposed in the town, are particularly interesting. Just one sample: The University in 1818, expecting a Supreme Court decision in its favor rather than a delay until the next Court term, was primed for celebration. Reports the *Gazette* in its issue of March 25, 1818: "On Saturday evening last the University gentry prepared themselves, on the arrival of the Mail, to greet the expected News from Washington. We learn that the old French six-pounder was to be loaded for the purpose, and everything ripe for a fine frolick, in true University style. The Mail arrived;—and lo! the information received occasioned the tolling of the University bell!"

In the fight between the College and the University the *Gazette* after an initial period of impartiality gave ardent support to the College trustees. John Wheelock had the backing of Josiah Dunham, the former *Eagle* editor, who published a paper in Windsor, but in order to have a journalistic ally right in Hanover he was instrumental in establishing the *American* as a new weekly paper, with David Watson Jr. as editor. The first Wednesday issue appeared February 7, 1816. On page one Watson denied that the paper had been created in opposition to the *Gazette*, but from the beginning there was much bickering back and forth between the two Hanover weeklies. There was also a steady stream of letters to the editor, most of which bore no name but were signed "Truth," "Light," "Caution," "X" and "XX." President Wheelock died April 5, 1817, and the *American* did not survive him. In its final issue, April 2, 1817, it went down with its guns still blazing away at the *Gazette*.

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The *American* had its office in the "Tontine," a large and rambling four-storied brick building on the east side of Main Street. The *Gazette* had preceded it there by a year, having left the northwest corner of the Green in 1801 for Main Street, after which it moved in 1809 to a spot near the present College Hall, and finally took up quarters in the newly erected Tontine in 1815.

Charles Spear brought his newspaper and printing business to a close in June 1820, and disposed of both to Ridley Bannister and Lyman Thurston. These two gentlemen brought out on June 21, 1820, the first issue of the weekly *Dartmouth Herald*, which as successor to the *Gazette* promised "accounts of our national and state legislatures, and the most interesting articles of news, foreign and domestic; notices of improvements in the arts and sciences, especially agriculture and the mechanic arts most practiced in our country; and essays, original and selected, upon the mechanical and liberal arts, literature, politics, morals and religion. The original articles will be furnished by a society of gentlemen."

In addition to its moral homilies, the *Herald* was much given to "anecdotes," of which this is a fair sample: A talkative young man, upon being asked his name, replied, "Tis Scarlet." Which led the Duchess of Devonshire to say, "That may be, and yet he is not deep read." But neither anecdotes nor essays original and selected, nor the Society of Gentlemen, could make the *Herald* the successful paper the *Gazette* had been, and when Bannister and Thurston dissolved their partnership on July 25, 1821, the *Herald* at the same time suspended "for the present" but never reappeared. Bannister continued the printing business for six more years.

From the *Eagle*, started in July 1793, to the *Herald*, ended in July 1821, there was a period of twenty-eight years during which Hanover had a weekly paper almost without break; and during part of that time it had a second newspaper in John Wheelock's *American*, 1816-17, and a literary paper in the *Tablet*, 1803-07. The journalistic jump that Hanover got on other Connecticut Valley towns was fast disappearing, however, as new papers came into being; and it was also easier for larger papers, from a distance, to reach subscribers in this region. As the old postrider circulation beyond Hanover dwindled, it became extremely difficult for a local paper to operate profitably. After the *Herald* expired, twenty years passed before another substantial newspaper effort developed in Hanover with the weekly *People's Advocate*, but even this was short-lived. The establishment of a newspaper of

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some permanence had to wait on the growth of the village, and it took over sixty years for such favorable conditions to come about.

In the interim, however, there were a number of brave efforts to fill Hanover's newspaper vacuum. The first commenced on March 12, 1828, with the appearance of the weekly *Hanover Chronicle*, published by Thomas Mann, local printer from 1827 to 1840, and an associate named Sweetser. This first issue exists but it is not known how many, if any, succeeding issues came out. Seven years later the next effort took the form of the *Independent Chronicle* which lasted, according to John King Lord, from October to November, 1835. No copy of this paper is known. Not a town publication, but one of special interest to Hanover today because of what it grew into, *The Dartmouth* first appeared as a literary monthly in November 1839.

Soon after, on May 4, 1840, Edward A. Allen began publication of *The Experiment*, a weekly of four 12 x 18 pages. It had a certain editorial character that earlier papers lacked, and it also was a good deal more literary than its predecessors. It contained the usual poetry column, ran serial stories, and promised to be "filled with the interesting and instructive lucubrations of the village Literati." The *Experiment* also ran approximations of the modern editorial, and in its issue of June 1, 1840, it made a brave call for female education. It completed Volume 1 (six months) on November 10, 1840, and the next week it appeared in a larger, 15 x 21 size, with its name changed to *The Amulet* and its price raised from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a year. "We are done with Experiments," asserted the editors, explaining that the *Experiment* "was thrown out at random, as a sort of literary bait, to try the taste of the reading and enlightened portion of this community." As the *Amulet* the weekly ran from November 17, 1840 to September 24, 1841, when it too passed from the Hanover scene. Its special one-sheet issue of June 22, 1841 was probably Hanover's first "extra"; it reported on a temperance lecture delivered in town, printed the confessions of a reformed drunkard, and urged all to join the "Cold Water Army." On the same date there appeared a paper called *Gordon Miscellany*, with no publisher or editor given, but since it carried the same temperance story, with "T. Total" added as the writer, it was obviously a single-issue offspring of the *Amulet*.

Edward Allen, emulating Moses Davis, decided to produce a monthly literary magazine while still publishing his weekly news-

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paper. Following a specimen number distributed free, *The Iris and New Hampshire Literary Record* made its bow in March 1841. It was an impressive magazine of thirty-two royal octavo pages, with a blue cover, and was priced at \$1.00 a year—"a cheap and at the same time comprehensive and popular literary magazine." The editors were announced as "An Association of Gentlemen."

The first issue contained an article about Laura Bridgman by Samuel G. Howe, and the second, by printing an engraving of Kimball Union Academy, ran what seems to have been the first illustrated article in a town publication. Volume 2, Number 5, dated January 1842, is the last issue in Baker's collection, and this is believed to have been the final Hanover number. *The Iris and Literary Repository*, started in Manchester later that year by W. A. Patten, a Hanover printer in 1842-43, was most likely a consolidation of the Hanover publication and the *Ladies Literary Repository* of Lowell, Mass.

One month before the *Amulet* ceased publication Hanover's next weekly paper, the *People's Advocate*, was launched in August 1841 by Alanson St. Clair and Chester Briggs as an organ of the Liberty Party opposing slavery. From their office near the Dartmouth Hotel the editors promoted Liberty Party membership, for which St. Clair was general agent in this region, and devoted considerable space to anti-slavery articles. In addition to the emergence of slavery as a public issue, it is interesting to note that temperance also was receiving more and more newspaper space at that time. One issue of the *Advocate* warned its readers of the danger of spontaneous combustion in a human body saturated with alcohol and cited the sad case of human ashes found in a house with no other sign of fire anywhere around them.

John E. Hood took over from St. Clair and Briggs in the issue of July 22, 1843, and continued the *People's Advocate* for another six months, until its last issue on January 23, 1844. After a gap of a week, Hood brought out a new weekly called *The Family Visitor*, "a miscellaneous family paper" of eight pages, quarto. "There is no other place in New England where the facilities for conducting a paper are greater than in this village," wrote Editor Hood. The record makes this an overly optimistic statement, but Hood may have been emphasizing the word *facilities*, because on August 1, 1843 he had established The Dartmouth Press, destined

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to enjoy a continuous existence of ninety-five years until replaced by the present Dartmouth Printing Company in 1938.

The *Family Visitor* was strong for temperance, printed some fiction, and ran lots of advertisements about remedies for human ailments. Much of the earliest newspaper advertising was of this kind, and since self-doctoring was probably widely practiced in the country villages, the advertisers of patent medicines must have found the small weeklies a good sales medium. A medical item of a different sort appeared in one issue of the *Family Visitor* and it bears repeating: "Five Dollars Reward! Wm. C. Tappan, M.D., offers the above reward to any one who will give him information of the person who stuck a pin into the side of one of his mesmerized subjects, as he was waking him from the mesmeric sleep on Friday evening, to the great injury of the magnetizee."

The *Family Visitor* failed to appear after its issue of June 5, 1844, and the following year Hood sold The Dartmouth Press to David Kimball, a Yale graduate, who came to Hanover from Franklin and remained a printer here for twenty-two years. Kimball in 1845 started a monthly publication called the *Parent's Monitor and Young People's Friend*, consisting of eight small pages and priced at 62½ cents a year. The first four pages were for parents and the last four for young people, to whom were addressed moral essays on such subjects as covetousness, the wisdom of confiding in parents, and the dangers of bad company. The last known issue is that of March 1850, and the monthly probably ended that year.

The sporadic sequence of weekly papers, halted with Hood's *Family Visitor* in 1844, resumed in September 1850 when Henry Simpson and John Weeks inaugurated the *Valley Star*. The new weekly professed to follow the principles of Jefferson and was designed to answer "the absence of a journal devoted to the Democratic cause in this part of the country." In the *Valley Star* the first semblance of modern advertising layout appears, with big display type and engravings, and the paper had a fairly large volume of it. This apparently was not enough, however, for in only their fourth issue the editors announced that they would skip the next week in order to "arrange our business affairs for a fair start." Nothing more appeared.

The next thirty-three years were virtually devoid of local journalism, except for that provided by the College. A free-circulation monthly, the *Dartmouth Advertiser*, was published by Israel

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Dewey from March 1853 to June 1857 and consisted mainly of advertising. Baker Library possesses a single copy of *The Wide Awake*, dated Volume 1, Number 1, February 1863, with no publisher named. A few local news items and personals appear in this little paper that did not live up to its name. Then on January 1, 1876, W. D. Walker inaugurated *The Occasional*, distributed free and containing mostly ads. It continued until June 2, 1876, on which date it printed an "extra" of 1500 copies for the Dartmouth Athletic Association, and then, deciding perhaps that it was best to go out with a bang, quit.

David Kimball had sold The Dartmouth Press in 1867 to Bela Chapin of Claremont, who later that year took as his partner Parmenas H. Whitcomb of Sutton, N. H. Whitcomb became sole owner in September 1868 and operated the press in Hanover for the next twenty-five years. May 23, 1885 is an important date in Hanover's newspaper history, for on that day, with Whitcomb as publisher, the first issue of the *Hanover Gazette* appeared. At long last, a weekly newspaper with staying power had arrived on the local scene.

Dorrance Currier was editor of the new paper, published every Saturday, and Chester E. Carey was publisher's assistant. The *Gazette* called itself "an independent journal, with Democratic proclivities, and interested in the material welfare of our town, county and state." For three cents a copy, or \$1.25 a year, the reader got a large paper of seven columns that printed little real "news" but was filled with personals about residents of Hanover, Hanover Center, Norwich, West Lebanon, Enfield, and other nearby towns. Perhaps this emphasis, lacking in its predecessors, was the secret that enabled the paper to make a go of it. The inaugural issue ran the first four chapters of *A Strange Desire: or the Dying Request* by Arthur J. Brandt, and for many years thereafter serialized stories were a regular feature.

The *Gazette* deserves credit for being the first Hanover paper to use type of readable size. Said *The Dartmouth*: "Our new local contemporary, the Hanover Gazette, makes a neat and creditable appearance. Typographically the first issue compares favorably with any paper, and the fullness of its news and the care shown in the selection of other matter gives promise of a not inferior position among the strictly local papers of this state."

Currier's name disappeared from the masthead as editor after the issue of September 10, 1892, but Whitcomb continued as pub-

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lisher until he sold The Dartmouth Press to Linwood C. Gillis of Manchester in 1893. Gillis assumed the publisher's role with Volume 9, Number 28 (November 25, 1893) and dropped all political affiliation, announcing that "the mission of the paper will be to publish the local news." Five weeks later he changed the publication day to Friday. His editorial efforts in general did not match those of Currier and the paper lost some of its attractive appearance.

With the issue of July 7, 1899, the publisher and editor of the *Gazette* became Frank A. Musgrove of Bristol, who purchased The Dartmouth Press shortly after graduating from Dartmouth in 1899. When Musgrove bought the press it was in the rear of the Main Street block where Hanover Hardware is now located. He purchased the old Huntington house on the opposite side of Main Street and set up a new office on the street floor. This building burned in 1914, and on the same site the present red-brick Musgrove Building was erected in 1914-15.

Three and a half years after he assumed control, Musgrove gave the *Gazette* a thorough typographical overhauling. Among the changes were bigger headlines and a new logotype that has remained essentially the same ever since. At that time the weekly also introduced editorials. Four months later, in May 1903, the *Gazette* grew from four pages to six, although of smaller size, and in June it went to eight pages. The present publication day of Thursday was adopted on March 30, 1905. All the while these physical changes were taking place, Hanover's weekly paper was greatly increasing its coverage of local news, as well as its advertising volume, and was holding to its emphasis on the personal items that readers welcomed. In the late twenties and thirties the present character and format of the *Hanover Gazette* were pretty definitely established.

Musgrove died on February 27, 1932. His wife, Lilla H. Musgrove, carried on the *Gazette* for a little over a year and then sold it to Earl S. Hewitt of Enfield, whose name appeared as editor and publisher in the masthead of April 20, 1933. Then in the issue of August 2, 1934, the Cory-Hewitt Press, Inc., was listed as publisher, with Hewitt as editor and manager. David D. Hewitt, Dartmouth graduate of 1945, joined his father as managing editor in 1949, and on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Earl Hewitt's editorship, May 22, 1958, the paper's publishers became Earl S. and David D. Hewitt. Upon the death of his father on June 27, 1959,

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David Hewitt assumed his present full direction of the weekly as editor and publisher.

Not surprisingly, the *Hanover Gazette* during Earl Hewitt's long editorship reflected much of his personal interest in state and local politics, education, and a close and friendly relationship between Town and College. The primary purpose of the paper, to cover the local news, was well and comprehensively fulfilled; and to the news and personals that had already become standard fare in the Hanover weekly he added feature stories, interviews, and occasional by-line articles as regular contents. This new trend in the *Gazette* was no doubt accelerated by the arrival in June 1952 of a new daily paper, the *Valley News*, which could get the town news into print far ahead of a weekly paper. Under the Hewitt family editorship, the *Gazette* has enhanced its reputation as one of New Hampshire's leading weeklies, and it continues, after seventy-five years, to make its distinctive contribution to the Hanover community. The editorial operations of the paper are presently conducted at its office on Allen Street, to which it moved in 1943 after renting space in several Main Street establishments. The printing has been done at the Cory-Hewitt Press in Lebanon since 1934.

Although Mrs. Musgrove sold the *Hanover Gazette* to Earl Hewitt in 1933, she continued to operate The Dartmouth Press until 1936, when Paul C. Belknap of Bellows Falls, Vermont, took over the management. Two years later, when financial difficulties had overtaken the press, the business was bought out in April 1938 by Arthur B. Rotch of Milford (Dartmouth '08) and Kenneth W. Foley of Littleton (Dartmouth '24), who formed a new firm called The Dartmouth Printing Company. The next year, in October 1939, Foley became the sole owner. He moved the printing company to newly built and considerably larger quarters on Allen Street in 1945. There, with modern presses and expanded production capacity, the company today handles book and magazine printing as well as the usual job printing—a far cry from the “small though neat printing-office” that Alden Spooner set up in the “south end of the College” in 1778.

Although a student publication and not strictly a part of this historical account of the town's newspapers and presses, *The Dartmouth* has long had a special place in the Hanover community; for more than forty years, from 1910 on, it provided the town with its only local daily. After being a monthly from 1839 to 1843,

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and again from 1867 to 1879, *The Dartmouth* became a bi-weekly, then a weekly, and in 1907 it began to come out twice a week. In 1910, a short period of publishing three issues a week led to the paper's becoming a daily in September 1910, and this it has continued to be, if one doesn't count the days skipped for holidays, College vacations, and examination periods.

The lonely splendor of being the Upper Valley's only daily paper was lost to *The Dartmouth* when Volume 1, Number 1 of the *Valley News* appeared on June 9, 1952. The new evening paper, published daily except Sunday and holidays, designated the tri-town area of Hanover, Lebanon and White River Junction as its main beat; but it covers in fact a much larger region up and down the New Hampshire and Vermont sides of the Connecticut River. Bought out by the daily when it began publication was White River Junction's weekly paper, *The Landmark*.

Alan C. Butler was the first publisher of the *Valley News*, and associated with him in founding the paper were Allston Goff; James L. Farley, managing editor; and Michael J. deSherbinin, city editor. Farley and deSherbinin, who later became editor, were both members of the Dartmouth class of 1942. The Valley Publishing Company, Inc., which these founding officers formed, built a modern small newspaper plant on Hanover Road in West Lebanon, where editorial rooms, business office and printing plant are all consolidated.

"Our idea," stated the publishers in their first issue, "was to have a newspaper original and yet conservative in appearance, which would both inform and entertain the people of the Upper Valley; a newspaper we would be proud to print and others would be happy to read." Not long after its founding, the *Valley News* in a nationwide competition won a 1953 Ayer Award for excellence in makeup and typographical appearance among small daily papers of less than 10,000 circulation, and in 1959 in the same Ayer competition it won first place in its circulation class. Since February 1, 1956 the *Valley News* has been the property of Walter C. Paine, publisher, and James D. Ewing, president, who also publishes another New Hampshire daily, the *Keene Sentinel*. Paine as publisher, and more recently also as editor, has personally directed the operations of the *Valley News*.

Hanover has by now grown accustomed to having a daily paper reporting its local news, and this function the *Valley News* fulfills professionally and comprehensively in both text and pictures.

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The daily paper demonstrates the same spirit of community service that characterized the long string of Hanover weeklies going back to the *Dresden Mercury* and the *Eagle* in the late 1700's.

As was stated at the outset of this chapter, the story of Hanover's newspapers, covering a span of 182 years, is a disjointed one. But what it lacks in neat continuity it more than makes up for in its variety, vitality, and historical interest. Few New England towns have a journalistic history to match Hanover's in these respects. If there is a common denominator among all the weeklies, monthlies and literary journals leading up to the established publications of the present time it is the idea held by publishers and editors that their Hanover readers are intelligent, enlightened citizens deserving of journalistic efforts of the highest level. They have all defined their work in terms of community responsibility, and that is why the life blood of Hanover has always contained a good measure of printer's ink.



Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital 1893



Dartmouth College 1803. Drawing by George Ticknor showing the Wheelock Mansion on the right



The Wheelock Mansion became the Howe residence on West Wheelock Street. Here Miss Emily Howe and her mother start for a drive.



The Howe residence became the Howe Library

The Chain of Libraries

by Margaret Beck McCallum

IF Eleazar Wheelock brought to Hanover somewhat less than the fabled five-hundred gallons of New England rum, he brought also much more than a *gradus ad Parnassum*. In his baggage train there came north from Connecticut the nucleus of the Dartmouth College library and though its history belongs more to the story of the College than to the history of Hanover, the presence of a college library has from the beginning been a stimulus to the intellectual life of the community. Most of Dr. Wheelock's books, scattered through the years, have found their way back to the College and may be seen in Baker Library, gathered in a room furnished with eighteenth century pieces, a small museum of the seeds of learning in Hanover.

This original library was housed first in the home of Bezaleel Woodward, on the site of what is now the College Street entrance of the Dartmouth library, and was described in 1774 as "not large, but there are some very good books in it." From 1783 to 1791 it was kept in the "President's Mansion," built by Eleazar Wheelock and then occupied by his son, John Wheelock, second president of Dartmouth. After the lapse of over a century the President's Mansion was destined to house a library again, this time to serve the whole Hanover community.

The early college library was in no sense a "town" facility. Even for Dartmouth students and faculty its use was prudently limited to an hour a week until 1864 when it was kept open for undergraduates an hour a day. It was not until 1928, when the new Baker Library hospitably opened its doors to readers in and out of the Dartmouth family, that the college library began to serve more than a closely defined part of Hanover.

"The College District" was still "at one corner of the town and remote from the main body of the inhabitants" when the first town library was incorporated in Mill Village or Etna. On June 12, 1801 there was established by special state charter "The Proprietors of the First Social Library of Hanover," incorporated by Joseph Curtis, Zenas Coleman, Leonard Dow, John Durkee, Otis

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Freeman, Isaac Houston, Samuel Kendrick and Silas Tenney. Little is known of it, but by inference membership was through subscription and the book collection moved from house to house as different members took charge. From the evidence of volume 143, still existent in 1926, the collection was reasonably large.

Contemporaneous, and with even more phantom records, was what Prof. John K. Lord in his *History of Hanover* intriguingly calls "an infidel library" at Mill Village which spread the views of an incorporated society of "deists, Universalists and Democrats." The leading spirits seem to have been Benjamin Miller, Eleazar Wright and that John Durkee who was also active in organizing the First Social Library. It is speculative to wonder if these two libraries, the "infidel" and the First Social, were ever merged, but it is a fact that something developed that was referred to as the "first union Library so called" and members who owned a share in this were considered to have paid the first dollar assessment for membership in The Second Social Library Association in Hanover, which was chartered June 29, 1819.

The incorporators of this library which was to serve readers for fifty-five years were Henry D. Chandler, Silas T. Vaughan and Harvey Chase. As the minutes of its first meeting, September 13, 1819 noted, it was "calculated to facilitate intellectual improvement in useful knowledge, enlarge the understanding, and particularly to promote and cultivate the principles of Morality, Harmony, Benevolence, Charity, and Liberality toward each other in all matters of speculative opinion." A catalogue published in 1835 by L. Wyman Jr. of Hanover shows 183 books on the shelves and at its peak the library contained over 700 volumes.

M. L. Peabody, its one-time librarian, wrote in 1887 that books were drawn the last Saturday of each month and that "from 1840 until 1874 the Library was kept in the north end of the hall occupied by the Town of Hanover for town purposes." This was Hayes Hall or Barrows Hall, depending on the current ownership of the store beneath it, and Town Meetings were held there until it burned down in 1922.

Nine years after the Second Social Library disbanded in 1874 another effort was made to establish a library and cultural center when The Etna Library and Debating Society was formed in December 1883. This was a seasonal organization, meeting weekly from Christmas to the Mud Season, and at the height of its popularity numbered seventy-seven members. Approximately

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three hundred books were purchased through two-dollar membership fees and book fines and were kept at the home of a member who acted as librarian and was eventually paid five dollars a year for this service. The meetings included debates on highly academic subjects, dialogues, "readings" and songs presented by some of the younger members, and also, for a time, the reading of "The Etna Enterprise," a hand-written paper edited by a member. The Society perhaps demanded too much of its members and during its closing decade only four meetings were held. Its books were given to the Hanover Free Library which was opened to the public in 1899 in Etna Village.

In establishing the new library Hanover took advantage of the New Hampshire Library Act of 1891 which granted up to \$100 to any town which to the satisfaction of the State Library Commission provided for "the care, custody and distribution of books furnished" by the grant, and itself appropriated not less than \$50 if the town's last assessed valuation exceeded a million.

Prof. Charles F. Richardson of Dartmouth, Asa W. Fellows and Horace F. Hoyt were elected the first library trustees at the Town Meeting in March 1898 and noted in their first report: "The Hanover Free Library was opened to the public Feb. 4, 1899. More than fifty people were present on the opening day and the library has been well patronized. The books belonging to the Etna Library were consolidated with the books furnished by the town and state, making a total of about 400 volumes, with Thomas W. Praddex as librarian. The state donation consisted of one hundred well-chosen volumes of an aggregate net value of one hundred dollars: about fifty volumes, including the latest and most useful cyclopaedia, were purchased from the town appropriation; and Mr. Edward P. Storrs generously donated books to the amount of ten dollars, besides enabling the trustees to purchase other works on very advantageous terms." Mr. Storrs was owner of the Dartmouth Bookstore in Hanover.

The Town assessment for the library that year was \$151.50 and the total library budget came to \$110.11.

Housed in Hayes Hall over "Charley's" Store, the library was the recipient of many gifts of books and magazines and also purchased books from its funds allocated by the Town. Mr. Praddex noted in 1900 "continued interest in the success of the Library" and that a catalogue of books had been made. "We very much need," he wrote, "a more convenient room for the better accom-

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modation of the library and the patrons, but at present no such room seems to be obtainable."

The Selectmen were not unaware of the library's housing problem and by December 1902 an appropriation of \$1,500 for a new building had been turned over to Mr. Hoyt, treasurer of the Building and Permanent Improvement Fund. This, with \$500 for a book fund, was a generous contribution and seems to have been invested with or through Dartmouth College at four percent interest. "The plan for the library building has been accepted by the trustees and materials are being purchased with the intention of having the building completed and ready by September 1, 1904," Mr. Hoyt reported in Town Meeting. Things did not move quite so fast, however, and in 1905 the town was asked "to raise a sum not exceeding six hundred dollars (in addition to the present building fund) for the purpose of enabling the trustees . . . to erect a brick library building."

The lot for the new library had been purchased in 1903 from A. N. Merrill for fifty dollars (with a slight return when he paid the trustees a dollar in 1904 for grass cut on the still empty land). Felicitously, Robert Fletcher, professor of engineering at the Thayer School, happened to be a member of the board of trustees and drew up plans for the new building for the nominal sum of nine dollars. The library was completed in 1905 and the full account of its construction may be found in the report of the trustees, Mr. Hoyt, Prof. Fletcher and Chandler P. Smith, to the Town Meeting of 1906.

They observe that after the decision to build with brick there was \$2,100 available, with interest accrued. An architect's fee and a contractor's profit would have taken "too large a share of the amount, hence the trustees themselves made the plans and bought the materials and superintended the work. The best materials were procured, the workmanship is first-class throughout, and it is believed that there will be little or no need of repairs for years to come." Time has proved this prophecy to be right.

The final cost of the building and its fireproof vault was \$2,822.11 and the deficiency between this and the amount available was more than made up by donations and the sale of materials. "Loyal friends and citizens" furnished the twenty-five by thirty-three foot one-room interior which was finished throughout in varnished hazelwood. On a solid granite foundation, its double walls are brick "from an extra good lot at the Lebanon yard." Cut

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granite steps and portico were gifts from Henry C. Whipple in memory of John Wright Dodge who for years owned the store under the old Town Hall.

In accepting the library for the town, Mr. Storrs, chairman of the Selectmen, said when the cornerstone was laid: "It is only right that this institution should be located where it is for, as is well known, the western part of the town is amply provided through the College and the Howe Free Library for its Neighborhood, and here will be found a fitting close to the chain of Libraries of which Hanover can well be proud."

Four years later librarian Praddex reported that "interest in the library is maintaining . . . and notwithstanding the population in this vicinity is not materially increasing in numbers, the number of books loaned still holds good and is on the increase."

By 1959 loans had increased to 1,313 books and 194 magazines, with 126 card holders. Monthly visits of the State Bookmobile now augment the library's own stock of 3,633 volumes and fifteen magazines and approximately one hundred records and record albums.

Mr. Praddex completed his service in 1910 and was succeeded by his wife, Mrs. Julia Jeanette Waterman Praddex, who was followed by Mrs. Frank G. Emerson. Miss Kathryn E. Spencer, like Mr. Praddex, was librarian for eighteen years, 1935-1953, followed by Mrs. Corliss C. Greenwood, Mrs. Richard H. Abbott and, in 1960, Miss Faith Stanley.

In 1900 in the "western part of the town," something over a century and a quarter after Eleazar Wheelock ordered 30,000 feet of good boards to be sent downriver from Thomas Johnson of Newbury, Vt., to build "a decent and convenient house for two families," his old home was given by its then owner, Miss Emily Hitchcock Howe, to serve all the people of Hanover as the Howe Library.

The founder of Dartmouth and his family had been miserably housed until in 1773 he commissioned a journeyman carpenter, one Hezekiah Davenport who came from Connecticut "on a venture with tools and workmen," to build for him the dwelling which for the next sixty-five years would be known as the "Wheelock Mansion." As mansions go it was modest, but the first of its kind to be erected in the wilderness of the Hanover Plain. Of narrow clapboard, with minimal decoration, it rose two stories

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and gambrel roof on the slope where Reed Hall now stands. Its walls were raised broadside and the tremendous effort of lifting the east side was reported so great that some of the striving men had nosebleeds. Wheelock gave its dimensions as forty-six feet deep by thirty-six wide and the George Ticknor drawing of 1803 shows the house as a four-chimneyed building with a facade chaste to austerity, four windows in its basement, four on the ground floor with five above and three dormers. A flight of steps led up to a simple entry. The clapboards, beveled and shaved away, overlap in the method of eighteenth century construction about two or three inches at their joinings. Beams, still visible in the cellar, are heavy white oak, the rest of the construction of pine. Each side of a wide central hallway, from which stairs led to the upper floors, there were evidently two large and two small rooms on the ground floor, with three bedrooms and a storeroom on each side of the second floor and a backstairs to the right hand apartment. Not only could the Mansion house two families comfortably (and did, until 1884), but it was also "capable of furnishing several comfortable rooms for students." It was sufficiently "covered" in time to accommodate the commencement exercises of August 25, 1773 and the Wheelocks moved in on November 18, though the house was far from finished.

Here Eleazar Wheelock died on April 24, 1779 leaving "to Mrs. Mary my loving wife, the use and improvement of such a part of my dwelling house and barn and other buildings as she shall find occasion for, for her use and comfort in life," and to his son John, who succeeded him as president, title to the property.

Mrs. Mary died in 1783 and three years later John Wheelock brought home his bride, gently reared Maria de Mallville Suhm, daughter of the Governor of the Danish Virgin Islands and step-daughter of Gen. Lucas Van Beverhoudt of Beverwyk, Troy Hills, N. J. Mrs. John, "knowing the life of a Government House in the tropics, of a European Court, of the lavish luxury and hospitality of Beverwyk and of the best society of New York," was something of a bright exotic in this northern village as she presided over the Wheelock Mansion where, in 1817, "in the midst of a brilliant circle of ladies" she entertained President James Monroe and renewed with gently romantic nostalgia an acquaintance begun years earlier in New Jersey during the Revolution.

In 1813 her daughter Maria was married to the Rev. William Allen and four years later President John Wheelock died in the

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midst of the Dartmouth College-University battle, to be succeeded by his son-in-law. The Allens, with Madam Wheelock, occupied the Mansion through his brief term as president of Dartmouth University, moving to Brunswick, Me., in 1820 on his appointment to the presidency of Bowdoin College.

From Bowdoin President Allen maintained through his agent in Hanover, Col. Amos Avery Brewster, a solicitous, sometimes irascible, absentee landlordism over the Mansion for the next seventeen years. His voluminous correspondence with Brewster (whose wife was the daughter of Madam Wheelock's half-sister) shows the Mansion rented in 1821 to a William Smith Esq., probably of Bradford, Vt., who in lieu of unpaid rent was finally persuaded to paint the building "a *tinge* of yellow" before it was occupied in the spring of 1824 by a new tenant, Bennett Tyler, fifth president of Dartmouth College. The Rev. Nathan Lord, who succeeded Tyler as president, occupied the Mansion from 1828 to 1830, and in 1831, on the suggestion of President Allen's son Wheelock, it was rented to a Mrs. Zabina Carrington who was "in the habit of taking students as boarders and roomers."

In 1837 the expanding college needed the land on which the old building stood and in July a committee was appointed "to bargain with Col. Brewster . . . for the purchase of the Wheelock Mansion House if it can be obtained for Three Thousand dollars as proposed by President Allen." Allen had noted ten years earlier that "a college building standing where the house now is and southerly would be finely situated; and I cannot think but the Trustees will be anxious to purchase," but the trustees were in no position to take action at that time.

On September 25, 1837, agreeable to President Allen's instructions, Col. Brewster sold "at Auction to the Trustees of Dartmouth College, they being the highest bidders, the old Mansion and land for \$3,000 payable in one or two years with interest," and on October 5 the title passed to the College. "I feel sad at this sale of the venerable and much loved mansion," President Allen wrote, "yet doubtless a regard to pecuniary matters and the interests of my children required the sale, and as a place of future residence, should I live to need a home out of Brunswick, probably it might not have been pleasant to me."

A year later the prudential committee of the trustees was authorized "to sell or remove and fit up the Mansion House" and between October 1838 and the spring of 1839 the old house was

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bought by Dr. Otis Russell Freeman and moved to its present location on West Wheelock Street, on land belonging to his father-in-law, Dr. Samuel Alden. Freeman bought the Mansion for \$525 of which he made two payments, \$200 in July 1839 and \$125 in January 1841. There is no evidence that the final \$200 was ever paid and at the time of his father-in-law's death in 1842 he "had not entered into possession of any of the property." On March 26, 1842 he and his wife, Abigail Alden Freeman, transferred to Ira Young, Alpheus Crosby and Edwin D. Sanborn "all lands and buildings occupied by said Alden and said O. R. Freeman."

Four years later Young, as administrator of Alden's estate, deeded to Samuel Allen and Adna Perkins Balch for \$1,405 "all right and title . . . to the dwelling house and out buildings lately occupied by Otis R. Freeman." Allen, who was briefly partner with his brother Ira in the livery business, sold his interest to Balch in the fall of 1849. A. P. Balch, who had a Midas touch in business, had married as his second wife Susan Brewster Bibby, granddaughter of Madam Wheelock's half-sister Adriana, and so the old house came back to a Wheelock connection, albeit a remote one.

Between 1846 and the 1850s Balch made numerous "improvements" to the Mansion. The gambrel roof was changed to the present steep A-roof, the entry was fancied up and a side porch was probably added at this period. By 1850 he was renting the west side to Israel C. Dewey and a year later the east half to Benjamin P. Howe who had a bookstore and bindery where the present Davison building now stands. Mrs. Howe was Eliza Hitchcock of Claremont, N. H., and two of their children were born in the old house, Emily Hitchcock Howe on August 24, 1853 and Charles H. W. Howe three years later. After renting for over a decade Mr. Howe purchased the east side of the house on July 2, 1864, and Mr. Dewey the west.

Dewey sold his half April 18, 1870 to Edward Payson Storrs, whose daughter Harriet was to be third librarian of the future Howe Library. In 1873 Mr. Storrs sold his side to Mrs. Clement Long, widow of the professor of intellectual philosophy at Dartmouth. Eleven years later Mrs. Howe, now widowed, purchased Mrs. Long's half and for probably the first time since it was erected the old Wheelock Mansion was wholly occupied by one family.

The appearance of the building bore little resemblance at this

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time to its early simplicity. A large veranda on the east side, where the library stacks are now, overlooked a spacious garden and led to an ell and an attached barn. Bay windows thrust out on either side of a small entrance porch where simple columns supported an iron balcony lush with trailing vines. The house, lowered when it was moved to its new location, stood close to the ground on its granite foundation and its appearance was comfortable but not distinguished.

Mrs. Howe died in 1897 and three years later, on March 22, 1900, Emily Hitchcock Howe, forty-seven years old, "occupation Lady," was married in Hanover to her sixty-seven-year-old widower cousin, Hiram Hitchcock, "Hotel Proprietor," by the Rev. William Jewett Tucker, president of Dartmouth College.

Hiram Hitchcock's career had been fabulous. Born in Claremont, N. H., a first cousin of Miss Howe's mother, he was a teacher at sixteen, a writer, and a retired gentleman with wide financial holdings by thirty-four. In Hanover he was largely known as a benefactor of the community—he gave a new organ to the Church of Christ and paid for most of the remodeling of the church interior in memory of his first wife, for whom the Mary Hitchcock Memorial Hospital was named. In New York he lived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel of which he was a proprietor and there he died, nine months after his marriage to Emily Howe.

With his support and advice his bride had shortly before her marriage given her family home, the old Wheelock Mansion, to the town of Hanover as a library. "With a heart full of the most sacred memories, mindful of the visible associations with the name and fame of the builder . . . and the prayer that this library may prove a blessing to this community to the remotest generation," it was to her future husband, chairman of the Howe Library Corporation, that she presented the deed of the property at dedication ceremonies held February 22, 1900.

President Tucker gave an historical sketch of the house and the occasion was fully covered by both the metropolitan and local papers. Frank A. Musgrove noted in his *Hanover Gazette* that on entering, "the colonial appearance is at once remarked, furniture, rugs, pictures, paintings and everything, even to the fixtures, door latches and knockers. Old sofas are noted here and there, while the colonial aspect is further increased by white, wide-board finishings, wall-paper in colonial red, broad old-fashioned doors and an arched ceiling . . . several collections of books are specially

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prized for their age and sentiment, especially a few small volumes found in the partitions of the house during repairs, the character and age of which show that they once belonged to President Wheelock by whom they probably had been stored away for safe-keeping and then their whereabouts possibly forgotten."

The little books, actually found at an earlier date than 1900, included a favorite of Eleazar Wheelock's, *The Dying Thoughts of the Reverend and Learned and Holy Mr. Richard Baxter*; a rat-gnawed copy of Aesop's Fables; a New Testament; and *The British Instructor, or the First Book for Children*, printed in London in 1763. This last is still in the library, witness to the pronunciation of our British ancestors as it notes under "Words the same in sound but different in signification":

I'll, I will
Ile, of a church
Isle, an island and
Oil, liquid fat.

The little volume is inscribed to "Hiram A. Hitchcock, Dartmouth 1879" (another cousin, not to be confused with her fiancé) "from Miss Emily H. Howe Found, this date, in the old Wheelock House . . . Feb. 8, 1882."

Some of the Howe family furnishings are still in use in the library: the fender and fire-irons in the adult reading room, the old mahogany clock and gold-framed mirror, a pedestal table and a small, glass-domed, display table. A painting, by W. B. Baker, is a valuable example of the taste of the period. One of the "old-fashioned secretaries" still serves in the storeroom. Over the reading room fireplaces hang the charming twin portraits of the little girl Emily Howe and her delicate young brother Charles, and the painting of an older sister she never knew, Sarah M. Howe, is now hung at the end of the hall.

The remodeling of the house was planned and supervised by the college architect, Charles A. Rich, who added the handsome bonded corners to its original narrow clapboards. Both fireplaces go back to 1773 and so do the thin window sashes and the stairways, except for a side stairs added in 1914. The main door is a copy of fine colonial woodwork and the window above it, the elaborate Corinthian portico and crowning balustrade were designed by Mr. Rich as appropriate for a mansion become library.

Mr. Hitchcock was president of the nineteen-member corpora-

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tion to which Miss Howe gave the new library and also of the first board of trustees which included William T. Smith, John K. Lord, C. F. Richardson, C. P. Chase, Perley R. Bugbee, George Hitchcock (not an immediate relative), H. J. Weston, T. W. D. Worthen, William Jewett Tucker, L. B. Downing and N. A. Frost. Over the years the corporation has increased in membership to about sixty-five men and women who elect the twelve trustees to manage library affairs and stand ready to assist in library affairs when called on.

April 6, 1900 the *Hanover Gazette* announced with a certain dash: "The Howe Library will be thrown open for the delivery of books tomorrow afternoon from 2 to 4 o'clock, and will be open each Saturday thereafter at the same hour. Miss Mabel Read is temporary librarian."

The first patron was little Blanche Poole who "appeared immediately after it was opened" and was just as immediately sent home to get a note from her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Poole. She returned "in season to be the first to draw a book."

By gifts and purchase the library numbered about 1,200 books when it opened, including volumes from the St. Thomas Sunday School library, one of many in the town. That Sunday School libraries perhaps offered more than just pious reading is suggested by the plight of one little girl who "used to get books at Sunday School but had to read them slyly, her mother not allowing her to read them." Preserved in Baker Library some of these Sunday School books may still be seen.

Emily Hitchcock died in Hanover on January 16, 1912 leaving the Howe Library as the residuary legatee of her considerable estate, approximately \$150,000. The inscription on the monument at her grave in the Dartmouth Cemetery was placed there by vote of the library trustees who recognized "with gratitude her great service . . . in the establishment and endowment of the Howe Library and her unfailing interest in everything that contributes to its efficiency."

With this dramatic increase in its resources the library at once expanded its physical plant and its services. A fire-resistant brick building for the stacks was built behind the old house where the ell and barn had been and a new reading room for children was opened. The winter of the new construction was distinguished by a bizarre accident when a lady, probably absorbed in a book, fell through the opening for the booklift in the new stack room.

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From this period work with children became increasingly important and in 1916 a trained children's librarian was employed. Eight years later an additional juvenile room was added by creating a new office at the rear of the center hall and converting the old office into a stack room and reading room for older boys and girls. Until the establishment of a separate library in the high school in 1958 Howe was "the" school library. To a great extent it still is, with the staff closely cooperating with the school librarian, and sending books to the schools as requested. It is still true, as Miss Dorothy A. Hurlbutt noted in a recent report, that "the children's department, which serves from the youngest up through grade eight in Junior High, is unique even in this town of libraries."

From the beginning the library has been the recipient of many gifts, particularly for the children's rooms where favorite books have been purchased through the Jeffrey Copenhaver Memorial Fund and the Franklin and Douglas Ebaugh Memorial, which also gave the reading table and bench for the littlest readers. A memorial to Vera Patterson Stickney, children's librarian, is making some special books available. Illustrations, sculpture and ceramics have been given by the artists to the juvenile department.

The Unity Club, the Demman Fund and the Mabel Read Fund have all given books to the library outside the limits of its regular book budget. Through the Dorothy Jane Guyer Record Collection, established in 1946, a wide selection of fine recordings are available for loan. The Hanover Garden Club has made the beautification of the library grounds an on-going project. Each Christmas since 1934 a large creche, carved by craftsmen in Oberammergau and presented by Winifred Perkins Raven, has been the heart of the Christmas decoration of the library and since 1956 a fifteenth-century wood and polychrome Madonna, a bequest from Mrs. Raven and her husband, has been equally a part of Christmas at the library.

For twenty-seven years Howe Library maintained a branch in Hanover Center or the "North Neighborhood" under the direction of Mrs. H. Derby and Mrs. W. J. Boyd. This was discontinued in 1942 since its need had lessened.

In both World Wars the library did its part, collecting books for the armed forces and offering its facilities to servicemen and their families stationed here. An outdoor "reading room" in the library garden was much patronized by mothers and babies in perambu-

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lators while the Naval Officers Training School and their families were here. In 1945 a Veterans' Shelf, set up by Miss Grace Kingsland (librarian from 1923 to 1946), received special commendation from the New Hampshire Library Commission.

It was Miss Kingsland who initiated the present Hospital Auxiliary "Books for Patients" program in 1934. Each week volunteers carried two suitcases bulging with books selected by the librarian for loan to patients in the Hanover hospital. Eventually the program was moved to a special room at the hospital and a good-sized lending library established there which Miss Kingsland served as a volunteer from her retirement until 1957.

For its first twelve years the library budget depended on the rental of the upper floors in the building to unmarried members of the Dartmouth faculty. With Mrs. Hitchcock's generous bequest in 1912 and judicious handling of the increased income the assets of the library steadily increased to approximately \$220,000 of which \$35,000 is reckoned as the value of the plant. For forty-six years residents had used the library facilities free but by 1947 it had become clear that the basis of income from endowment only was not enough to support the library's extended services and the trustees turned to the town of Hanover for support. Since that time Howe has received from the town an annual amount to meet its actual needs as these became evident. During the Library's Fiftieth Anniversary year Friends of the Howe Library also contributed a capital sum of about \$2,500.

The library's last major renovation was in 1938 when the electric wiring and structure of the old building were thoroughly inspected and new ceilings put up. It was then that the 1773 date of the erection of the Mansion, written in pencil by some long-dead workman on a beam in the adult reading room, was uncovered and photographed before it was hidden by new plaster. In the summer of 1960 the library was re-papered, and painted outside and in, in preparation for Hanover's bicentennial year of 1961 and the historic building's one hundred and eighty-eighth.

The library opened in 1900 with a budget of under a thousand dollars, a book stock of about 1,200 volumes, and an average weekly circulation of 149 books.

The latest annual report, for 1959, shows a book stock of 27,175 volumes, an estimated budget of \$22,894 and an average *daily* circulation of 219 books, with Howe ranked first among libraries in the state in towns between two and ten thousand population.

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From a single librarian working by the hour the staff has grown to three full-time members and two part-time. Its budget for books alone in 1960 was \$3,800 and in addition it makes full use of the State Bookmobile services, borrowing every ten to twelve weeks. It has 2,670 adult card holders and 820 juvenile. Still adamantly refusing to let Dartmouth students hold its library cards, it does make some books available to them with Baker Library the intermediary, and to the Dartmouth faculty it offers the relaxation of frivolous reading. Its large collection of mysteries and westerns pays for itself through rental.

The library has been continuously fortunate in the imagination, devotion and professional capabilities of its succession of librarians, Miss Mabel Read, Miss L. Edith Chandler, Miss Harriet Storrs, Miss Etta M. Clark, Miss Grace E. Kingsland, Mrs. Oliver L. Lilly, Miss Frances E. Haslett and Miss Dorothy A. Hurlbutt. With the Town Library in Etna and Baker Library, Howe completes that "chain of libraries of which Hanover can well be proud," whose influence on Hanover's children is beyond reckoning since, as Eleazar Wheelock's *First Book for Children* noted in 1763:

Children like tender oziers take the bow;
And as they first are fashion'd always grow;
For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by second nature prone.

Town and Gown

by Francis Lane Childs

ELEAZAR WHEELOCK came to Hanover and established Dartmouth College in the summer of 1770, just five years after Edmund Freeman had arrived with his family to become the first permanent settler in the township. Thus town and college grew up together, inseparably intertwined, yet, as in all college towns, with interests that were sometimes the same and resulting in cooperation, at other times different and culminating in disagreements. The cooperations, although less talked about, have always been the more important, but the disagreements have been the more colorful and therefore longest remembered. Some of them have passed from factual anecdote into fanciful legend, and it is not always easy when striving for historical perspective to separate truth from fiction.

Certain problems have been perennial. Eleazar Wheelock's first difficulties with townspeople arose from the surreptitious furnishing of liquor to students by local tradesmen, and from his day to the present that question has never been entirely and satisfactorily solved. Student pranks, often annoying and sometimes harmful but seldom malicious, have persisted throughout the years and have aroused justifiable resentment among the citizens as well as among the faculty.

Throughout the eighteenth and much of the nineteenth century farmers, tradesmen, and village residents alike were plagued by petty thefts on the part of students. An undergraduate of early days attempted to excuse them by saying that they stole only "chickens, turkeys, apples, watermelons, wood and bees"; I suppose the last item really means honey. Poultry were taken from their roosts in henhouses and were cooked in dormitory quarters, and wood, as long as undergraduates were obliged to heat their own rooms, was purloined from any convenient woodpile. Students apprehended in such activities were of course severely dealt with by the college authorities.

Much more serious was the criminal act of "body-snatching" by medical students. Many unsubstantiated stories of such acts

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have come down to us, but only a few can be definitely placed in Hanover. In the autumn of 1809 a medical student removed the body of a boy from a newly-made grave in the cemetery of a town not far distant from Hanover and brought it here, unknown to the officers of the medical faculty. Inadvertently he had dropped a pocket-book with his name in it in the cemetery; irate citizens accompanied by legal authorities promptly came and searched the medical building, finding the body concealed beneath the floor of the lecture room. The guilty student fled on their arrival and was not captured; he never returned to Hanover. Great excitement and excessive hard feelings in this and all the surrounding towns continued for some time, and cemeteries were carefully guarded.

Two or three years earlier a strange event had taken place here. One Hezekiah Jones, who lived in an old house on lower Main Street, near the top of Nigger Hill, died of typhoid fever and was buried in the Dartmouth Cemetery. A few days later his body was discovered in the early morning hanging over the cemetery fence. The story at once spread through the village that he had come to life and had got this far on his way home! The man who resurrected and abandoned him was never identified.

The most spectacular clashes between the students and the villagers on the Plain, however, were those of the long-continued feud between the two factions over the pasturing of cows on the College Common (now called the Campus). For sixty years after the founding of the College the Common was unfenced and—to use a word of that time—"unstumped." On this rough, uneven area, in among the old white pine stumps, the residents of the village were accustomed in the summer season to turn their cows loose at night, to the annoyance and disgust of the students. Upperclassmen for many years imposed upon the freshmen the duty of "cow-driving" during the weeks just preceding commencement in order to keep the Common reasonably clean. But at any time the undergraduates were likely to band together and drive the cows to some distant point or herd them into the cellar of Dartmouth Hall and erect a barricade to prevent their removal. College records and student reminiscences show that hardly a year passed without open and sometimes violent rioting between the cow-owners and the cow-drivers. Two of these contests had repercussions that make them worth recalling here.

Judge Samuel Swift of Middlebury, Vt., a graduate of Dart-

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mouth in the class of 1800, recorded when in his ninetieth year his recollections of his undergraduate days in Hanover. He has this to say about cows:

The college common was not enclosed or in any way ornamented with trees or shrubbery but was used especially in the night for yarding all the village cows. Whoever undertook to cross the common, especially in the night, was liable to soil his boots. This nuisance had, for a long time, occasioned a violent and increasing complaint among the students. One night a number of the boys formed a conspiracy to avenge the wrong and abate the nuisance, and drove the whole body of trespassing cows up the Connecticut river three or four miles and forced them into, and, by their swimming, across the river into Vermont. In the morning there was great inquiry for the cattle, but soon it was ascertained where they were and how they came there. The owners were enraged, and one of the men, who suffered most, threatened to prosecute the offenders. One of the ring-leaders, who had perhaps obtained some legal advice, went to the prosecutor and confessed that he was guilty, but told him that he was obliged to go home and wished to settle the claim against him before he left, and offered to give him five dollars for a discharge, so that he could go away without leaving a lawsuit behind him. To this the man consented and discharged him.

Meanwhile suit was prosecuted against the other defendants. The receipt the plaintiff had given the student who confessed was presented in court as their defense on a principle of law that the discharge of one of joint trespassers is a discharge of all. In an appeal to the highest court in the state, the judgment given in favor of the students was upheld and they went free.

Amos Kendall of the class of 1811 in his *Autobiography* refers to the frequency of shutting cows in the college cellar and gives much detail in regard to the three most serious conflicts that arose from this practice during his college course. The most interesting of these occurred on June 8, 1808. That night the cows were collected and driven into the large empty cellar under Dartmouth Hall and the entrance was blocked up. Next morning when the owners came for their cattle they were told they could not repossess them until they agreed to yard them at night. Emotions rose quickly; attack was being prepared by the citizens and defense was already under way by the students. At this juncture a freshman named Benjamin Darling picked up an abusive town boy, John Baldwin, and tossed him over the fence behind the

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college. Soon after, the lad's father, Jedediah Baldwin the village goldsmith, rushed up and hurled a large stone through one of the windows in Dartmouth Hall. Immediately the turmoil became general, and the students quickly scattered the villagers under a shower of stones and brickbats.

Then a constable appeared and arrested Darling for assault and battery on the boy. The whole crowd followed him into the presence of the local justice of the peace who was to try him. There was no question about the assault, but it was proved that the boy had been very insulting and was unharmed by the plunge over the fence. The justice therefore fined Darling two dollars. A yelling group of students paraded down Main Street to Baldwin's house and watchmaker's shop, which stood where Rand's Furniture Store is now located, and threw stones at it but did no further damage then.

The cows were released that evening, but student sense of justice was not satisfied, and a few mornings later Baldwin's horse which he kept in a pasture nearby presented a strange appearance. During the night someone had coated him with whitewash and painted the words "TWO DOLLARS" in large black letters on both his sides. Then the goldsmith's sign was stolen and a large stone was thrown through the bow window of his shop, scattering the watches hung there and damaging some of them. The students had subscribed one hundred and thirty dollars to help Darling prosecute an appeal, but cooler heads among both the college group and the townsfolk effected a compromise, and the suit was dropped. Relative quiet descended on Main Street and the Common for another brief spell.

In 1831 the College removed the stumps and leveled the ground of the Common, and in 1836 surrounded it with a fence of substantial granite posts and heavy wooden rails. This fulfilled a plan of many years standing that had been delayed by a lack of the necessary funds, and it is interesting to note that its accomplishment was brought about by a joint effort of town and gown. The College subscribed \$100 and the rest of the expense was met by voluntary subscriptions from the citizens.

This fence brought an end to the cow trouble, but it raised new difficulties. The main highway from Hanover to Lyme, laid out in early times, ran diagonally across the Green from southwest to northeast and was now by necessity thrown around its sides instead of across it. Some villagers, resentful at the loss of their cow-

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yard, took up the matter of the changed highway and for years threatened, in town meeting and outside, to have the road reopened across the Common.

The last serious flurry came in April 1873. Up to that time the Common had extended thirty feet further south than it does today; the town authorities, in order to straighten the line of East and West Wheelock Streets, now took a strip from the Common for the road and moved the fence so much to the north. The students considered this an encroachment on the rights of the College and showed their resentment by tearing down and burning the south line of fence. Feelings quickly flared, and the selectmen threatened to reopen the diagonal road which had never been legally discontinued. But the College countered by replacing the fence within a few days, the townspeople calmed down, and President Smith persuaded the undergraduates to foot the bill for the new construction. In 1893, cows and roads forgotten, the fence was removed, with only a few posts and rails left on the west side of the Green as an historic memento, designated "The Senior Fence."

Another source of friction in the nineteenth century grew out of military training as a compensation for voting rights. In 1817, when the College was putting forth every exertion to ensure a representative in the state legislature who would be favorable to their cause, students who were of age and eligible to vote were urged to attend the March meeting. They did so and were peaceably allowed to cast their ballots, but when May training day came around found themselves enrolled in the militia (although the law at that time exempted students from militia service) and warned "to appear on the parade at East Hanover at nine of the clock A.M." They applied to the selectmen for arms, but none came; so they arrived without them, and pretending ignorance of all military orders, turned the training into a farce. The town had one more ace up its sleeve, however, and they were soon notified to work out their tax upon the highway. In this task they managed through a friendly highway surveyor to get off more easily than perhaps they deserved.

Although student voting irked some of the politicians in the town, no further trouble was encountered until 1833, when Ebenezer Symmes, tavernkeeper at the lower stand on Main Street (now the municipal parking lot) and politically unfriendly to the College, as a representative to the legislature from Hanover that

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year succeeded in getting a law passed that repealed the general exemption from military service of students over twenty-one years of age. Under this new law students who voted and all others over eighteen were "warned to appear" at May training and fall muster on the parade ground at East Hanover. The faculty disapproved, fearing disorder between the students and the throng of citizens from the countryside around, but the students hailed the muster with delight as an opportunity for skylarking. They were enrolled in the "Floodwood" or "String Bean" company of the militia under the captaincy of Ulysses Dow, "an honest farmer from East Hanover." "Dressed, or sometimes half-dressed, in every conceivable costume which sophomoric ingenuity could invent," wrote Dr. Barstow, "with miscellaneous equipment and with all restraint laid aside, they literally 'trained' to their hearts' content but to Captain Dow's unspeakable woe. They had fun with Representative Symmes too—at one parade they bore aloft a banner with a rude portrait labeled *Symmes*, with the devil holding him by his nose and prodding him with a pitchfork." After enduring two years of such antics Captain Dow could take no more and resigned his command. Everyone was tired of the situation by this time, and through the state adjutant a compromise was reached by which the students were to organize their own company, choose their own officers, manage their own affairs and report their roster each year to headquarters.

Out of this arrangement grew the Dartmouth Phalanx, made up of one hundred students and attached to the 23rd Regiment of the New Hampshire Militia, which until it was disbanded in 1845 was considered one of the crack companies in the state. Its training days were held on the College Green and were a source of pride and enjoyment to both students and citizens. It was a committee of townspeople who chose the Phalanx to do the honors of escort on the occasion of the long-famous visit of Col. Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky to Hanover and Norwich in 1843. Dr. Josiah Barstow of the class of 1845 and himself a member of the Phalanx has left a vivid account of the proceedings, the full program of which was printed in *The People's Advocate*, with some acid comments by the editor. Col. Johnson, today a forgotten man, was the reputed slayer of the Indian chief Tecumseh at the Battle of the Thames, November 5, 1813, and Vice-President of the United States under Van Buren, 1837-41. Previously a satellite of Andrew Jackson, he was now touring the country in the for-

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lorn hope of finding someone to nominate him for the Presidency. He broke his stage journey at White River Junction to visit Hanover and Norwich October 24 and 25.

There was an early touch of winter that year, and two and a half inches of snow fell on the 23rd. It was still spitting snow at 11 o'clock the next day when the Phalanx met the Colonel and his entourage at the top of the hill south of Mink Brook on the West Lebanon road and with "a cavalcade of citizens" escorted him to the north end of the Common and back to the Dartmouth Hotel, where Squire Duncan, the leading Democrat in the town, mounted a barrel outside the inn and "with his long curly hair waving in the wind," in his best oratorical style delivered a flattering address of welcome. Colonel Johnson, who from 1829 on had worn an ill-fitting coat and a scarlet waistcoat whenever he appeared in public, made a flowery reply. "Yes, gentlemen, Tecumseh was killed, and," he said, slapping his red vest, "this was the man that killed him." He went on to relate the killing to his half-frozen auditors, thanked them for their reception, congratulated the Phalanx on its soldierly bearing and, said Dr. Barstow, "concluded with the fervent hope 'that each member might be *semper parata* (sic) to meet an invading foe and drive him from the soil of the Republic.' The Colonel's Latin was of course employed in deference to his classic surroundings and was received with tremendous applause, not undiluted with criticism. One Hanover lady, I remember, remarked that 'A military gentleman, however distinguished, should be very careful of his genders in a college town.' "

A public dinner in the hotel at 2, and a "Levee in the Hall of the Dartmouth Hotel for the introduction of the Ladies" at 7 concluded the day's program. William W. Dewey wrote in his diary that night that "Col. Johnson . . . was not very cordially greeted by the better and more serious portion of our citizens and was not noticed at all by the Faculty of the College. His conduct formerly on the floor of Congress in reference to the running of the Sabbath mails was not forgotten by the friends of good order here." The faculty, Whig to a man, may not have been cordial, but it is certain that like everybody else they turned out to see the red vest.

Wednesday the 25th everybody went over to Norwich for a still noisier celebration and longer and louder speeches, for Norwich was strongly Democratic. The band was silent and the Phalanx

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broke step crossing the bridge on command of Col. Amos Brewster, grand marshal of the day, who lisped ponderously, "lest with marching step we imperil the safety of the structure!" The Norwich climax was to be a "Barbacue" at noon before the University Barracks—a roasted ox, spitted on a hemlock sapling, "legs absent but horns and tail decorated with evergreens and patriotic emblems,"—but it was instead an anti-climax, for the ox was only half-cooked ("smoked and scorched, *called* roasted," wrote Dewey) and all found it quite unpalatable. Pails of malmsey freely passed around helped to make up for the inedible meat, however, and also helped to make it difficult for some of the Phalanx to get home without assistance. Here town and gown had met on equal terms.

The noisiest meetings of town and gown, however, took place annually throughout the first two-thirds of the nineteenth century at commencement. Not only for the citizens of Hanover but for the inhabitants of the towns for twenty miles around it was a general holiday celebrated in much the same manner as fall muster or the agricultural fair. Indeed, the activities engaged in resembled more closely those of a muster or a fair than anything connected with a dignified academic occasion. Roswell T. Smith, who resided in the 1830s on the main road to Lyme, wrote: "This was the great highway for the Connecticut Valley and it had a large amount of travel. Over this road by 4 o'clock on the morning of Commencement day there would begin to pass an almost continuous line of carriages, keeping it up until about 9 o'clock A.M. and beginning to return about 5 P.M." And every other road leading into Hanover was equally crowded. This huge throng, which packed the village to overflowing, had little interest in the graduating class or the academic exercises of the day; it had come to enjoy the sights, sounds, and tastes upon the campus. The entire south end of the Green and nearly half of the sides had every available spot occupied by booths and tents, from which were dispensed all kinds of food and drink, patent medicines, knickknacks and gewgaws, soap and cologne, and an endless variety of miscellaneous articles. Cider and strong beer were sold openly, and hard liquor scarcely concealed. Jugglers, mountebanks, sideshows and auctioneers were numerous. At the 1833 commencement we are told there were thirty gambling places open on the Green, and twelve auctioneers shouted so loudly that they could be heard inside the meeting house during the graduation exercises. By

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night the revelry and noise became unbearable, and brawls often broke out between groups of drunkards.

In 1835 commencement was moved from the last week in August to the last one in July, a much busier season for the farm population. This resulted in a sharp decrease in the number of visitors, and a corresponding diminution in tippling and gambling, with a notable improvement in general decorum on the campus. Yet in 1845 William Dewey's diary records "an unusual rush of all kinds of people from the circumstance that there was uncommon attractions for them. A somewhat extensive Menagerie of wild animals (in most miserable plight however)—The Boston band of Musicians and the famous foreign Violin player named Ole Bull—and 4 Albinos or white negros—everything to pick away money and lead the minds of people from the great concerns of eternity and their duties of charity to their needy fellow citizens and the perishing heathen. Even clergymen were so enraptured with the mere report of the fame of Ole Bull that they could not resist the inclination to hand out their half dollar to hear him scrape his catgut and another quarter to hear the brass band perform." Although Dewey is obviously not an impartial observer, his comments are always interesting to the researcher; he said near the end of his life that he had attended sixty-two commencements, "more than any other living man."

By the 1860s conditions had improved greatly, with Ross the stentorian "soap man" the most prominent peddler. In 1872 commencement was moved into June and began to assume its modern character. Nevertheless, the commencement issue of *The Dartmouth* in 1883 announces the arrival of a trained bear, and further notes that "The enterprising 'Lenno' man cannot be sat upon—driven from his usual station at the foot of the Campus, he pitches his tent on the field by Conant Hall" (which we know as Hallgarten). Today we have only venders of balloons and pop-sicles.

Politically, town and gown have always got along reasonably well together. Campaigns for state and national office were sometimes hotly contested here as elsewhere, but there was no hard and fast division between town and gown. In local elections from early times there was amicable give and take. For one hundred and fifty years two of the selectmen were chosen from outside the college district and one from within it, but in recent times with the shift in population that proportion has usually been reversed.

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Student voting, except in the instances already discussed, has never carried much weight, although in 1836, 1837 and 1839 student votes were in the majority in the school meetings of District No. 1; in 1836 they elected one of their own number to serve as prudential committee and in 1839 voted to build a new school-house—the brick one now the home of the Christian Science Society. In both these cases, surprisingly, the district profited by the result. The wild stories that are often told of “the time the students invaded town meeting and voted to build a board walk from Hanover to Lebanon” and the like are pure fiction.

Socially, there have always been distinctions between the town group and the college group, but they have grown much less with each passing generation. Mrs. Martha Bridgman Wright, born at Hanover Center in 1820, in writing her memories of her childhood, began with this definition: “To distinguish it from another section of the town where was located the College and where most of the business was carried on and where the aristocracy lived it was called Hanover Center.” No one today talks of the aristocracy of our town, but the term crops up frequently in the early days and always seems to designate the college people. This arose, one supposes, from the fact that the professional group everywhere was then set off from the mercantile, artisan and farmer group. It was as true in Lebanon and Lyme as in Hanover; the minister, the lawyer, the doctor were “aristocracy” in all eighteenth century towns; the addition of an assemblage of classical scholars here only made the distinction more marked. It was primarily the diversity in intellectual interests that made the difference; professors had a formality of dress, manners, and modes of entertainment that did not prevail among the townsfolk in general. In the interchange of everyday activities, however, all met on common ground and mingled with natural ease. Many citizens and college officers ignored these artificial lines entirely and moved freely from one group to the other, though it was seldom that anyone attained the sublime indifference of the Rev. John Richards, pastor of the College Church from 1842 to 1859. It is related of him that when a fellow minister once said to him, “You must have had a difficult congregation to preach to, composed as it is of villagers, the faculty of Dartmouth College, and the students,” he replied, “Well, the fact is the villagers don’t know enough to make me afraid of them, as for the faculty I know more than all of them, and in regard to the students I don’t care a copper for any of them.”

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It is easy to exaggerate this town-and-gown feeling, but when one considers the close interrelations of the two groups it is seen that cooperation has always exceeded disagreement. The unifying factor has been the natural love of place that most men feel for the towns in which their lives are cast, combined here with the pride that all have felt for Dartmouth College, even when disagreeing strongly with some of its policies and actions. In days of crisis for the institution, the townspeople as a whole have stood loyally by it. When, for example, the news of the great decision of the Supreme Court in 1819 reached Hanover, an undergraduate wrote home: "The expressions of joy are excessive. The officers entreated the inhabitants to desist, but to no purpose. In Norwich the shoutings were very great, and in most of the towns in the vicinity."

With the development of athletics in modern times, the townspeople were drawn still closer to the College; they considered the Dartmouth teams "our boys." Moreover, they have always appreciated the cultural advantages that have accrued to them from the presence of the College; lectures, entertainments, concerts, plays, and visits from distinguished personages from all over the world have become an accepted part of their lives and they are grateful for it. Today, as the population rapidly increases and the close intimacies of the old-time small village disappear, neither town nor gown finds much place left for sensitive feelings over class distinctions.

Afterword

HAVING glanced backward over the record of two hundred years, focusing here and there on occurrences and personalities which have formed varied chapters in Hanover's story, there is upon reaching the bicentennial milestone 1961 something of an urge to peer forward as well, to attempt to discern what may lie ahead as further elements of this continuing narrative. History, however, amply documents the incapacity and ineptitude that the present has so often demonstrated in foreseeing or forecasting the future. What is yet to come can be guessed at, but not precisely known.

In the practical sphere of municipal development, for example, it may well be that the careful projections of present-day town planners will prove a good deal more valid than the calculations of their colonial counterparts whose 1761 metropolitan district of "town lotts" remains to this day a phantom city, but their attainment of success in anticipating the town's growing and changing needs can hardly be based on any sure knowledge of a fully predictable future.

Not only do movements and events defy prediction but so also do factors of social structure and values. Life in Hanover had not yet rounded out its first generation when New Hampshire's great historian, Jeremy Belknap, wrote:

Were I to form a picture of happy society, it would be a town consisting of a due mixture of hills, valleys and streams of water: The land well fenced and cultivated; the roads and bridges in good repair; a decent inn for the refreshment of travellers, and for public entertainments: The inhabitants mostly husbandmen; their wives and daughters domestic manufacturers; a suitable proportion of handicraft workmen, and two or three traders; a physician and lawyer, each of whom should have a farm for his support. A clergyman of any denomination, which should be agreeable to the majority, a man of good understanding, of a candid disposition and exemplary morals; not a metaphysical, nor a polemic, but a serious and practical preacher. A school master who should understand his business and teach his pupils to govern themselves. A social library, annually increasing, and under good

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regulation. A club of sensible men, seeking mutual improvement. A decent musical society. No intriguing politician, horse jockey, gambler or sot; but all such characters treated with contempt. Such a situation may be considered as the most favourable to social happiness of any which this world can afford.

Such was the ideal of the eighteenth century, one that has proved, of course, sharply at variance in many of its particulars with the more complicated reality of the twentieth; and who is to doubt that any like definition for a twentieth-century Utopia would in future time seem, though similarly idyllic, equally singular and antique.

If the present is at all to insinuate itself into the future, such interjection ought, probably, to be in terms of broadly stated hopes, rather than specific expectations or prophecy. Accordingly, perhaps 1961 in looking onward into Hanover's third century may simply record a general wish for the years ahead: that this historic town may always be for all its citizens a pleasant, an interesting, and a rewarding community, whatever the character of its society or the nature of its institutions at any given time.

E.C.L.

